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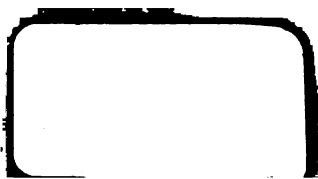
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AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

BY LITTLE TOMMY.

The snowdrifts look like billows;
The garden is a sea;
The sparrow, like a petrel,
Disports in wildest glee.

I'd like to go a-wading
And have a jolly dip,
And in the shining distance
Observe the white-winged ship.

But no; I can't go swimming
And o'er the wild waves shoot
Because it is too freezy
To wear my bathing-suit.

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A GREAT VIRTUE.

They say they're making glass hats now;
I don't see how they do 'em.
But they've this merit, anyhow—
Their wearers can't talk through 'em.



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THERE ARE MANY SUCH.

Asklinton—"Hoopler is a sanguine soul,
isn't he?"

Grimshaw—"To some extent, but a good
deal of what he believes to be hope in his
breast is merely the unfettered fermentation
of prunes."

WE ALL KNOW CHINBY.

"Chinby has failed, they say."

"Yes; he was one of these men who are
never too busy to talk, but are always too talky
to be busy."

Morning, Noon and Night Fast Trains to the West—Via NEW YORK CENTRAL.



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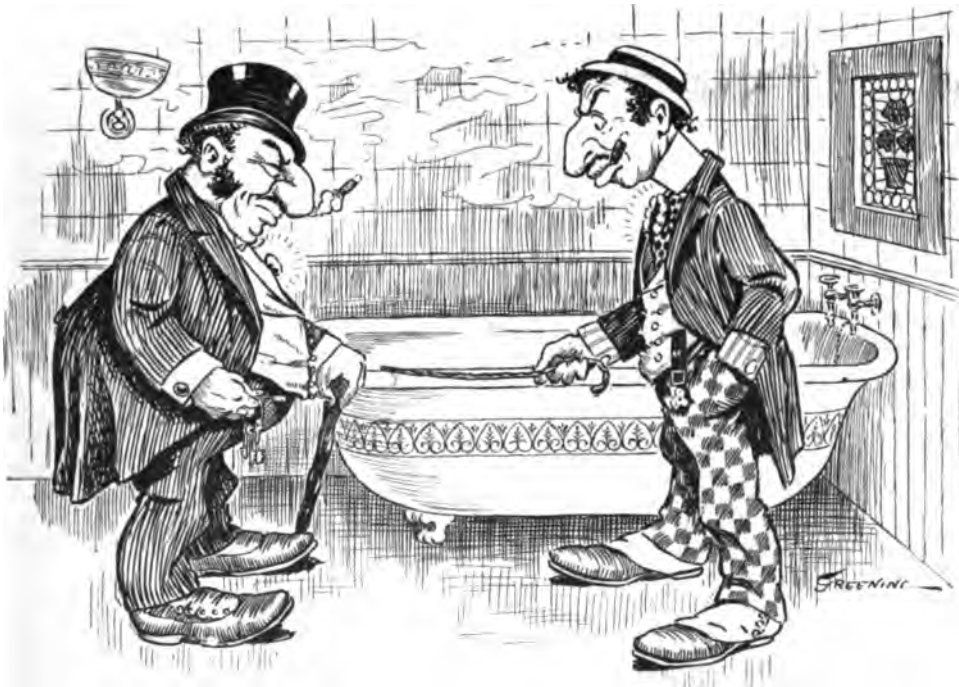
"IT IS TO LAUGH"



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CLASSIFIED.

IKEY, JR. (inspecting house for sale)—"Dot man vot own dis house pefore must haf been a high-rollers. See der big punch-powl!"

IKEY, SR.—"Dot ain't no punch-powl, you fool! Dot is an aquariums for pet fishes."

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HIS WAY.

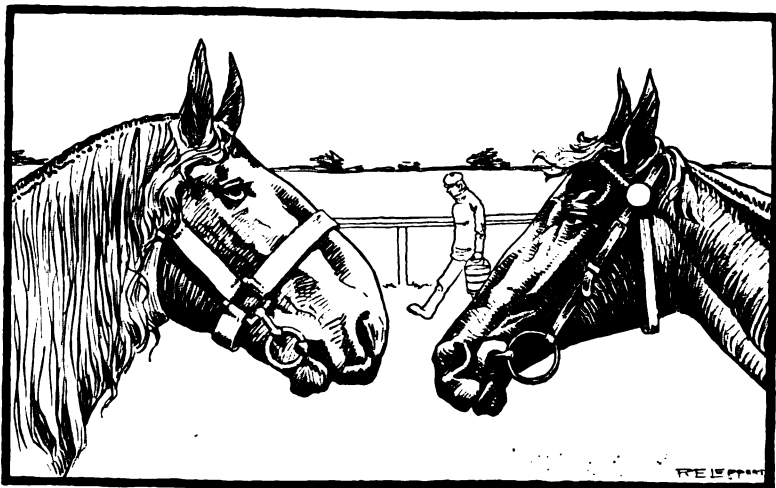
LOWGO is very conservative, isn't he?"

"Yes; he always looks before he leaps—and then doesn't leap."

HIS VIEW OF IT.

She (breakfasting at the summer hotel)—"I never eat a boiled egg but I think of that old saying, 'A kiss without a mustache is like an egg without salt.'"

He—"It ought to be, 'A mustache without a kiss is like salt without an egg.'"



HORSE TALK.

STALLION—"I'm not a beauty, nor do I boast of being a runner, but I've won prizes in my class."

GELDING—"You certainly would carry off first honors at a Jew meeting."



AFTER ALL THERE'S VERY LITTLE DIFFERENCE.

THE ENTERPRISING WEST.

Warwick—"I see Chicago has had another population enumeration. It makes over two million this year."

Wickwire—"What! over two million inhabitants?"

Warwick—"No; enumerations."

ACCEPTANCE.

"It depends on you, dear. What my life will be."
"Well, then, George," she answered,
"Spell it with a we."



AN OVERCOME DIFFICULTY.

SOLSTEIN, SR.—"Great Abimideb! ve vos ruin't. Dot Polack go und maig all dot lot ohf pants mit von leg longer as der odder."
SOLSTEIN, JR.—"Keep cool, popper. Der farmers begin to plow in der shbring unt I het me dese signs bainted."

**LOVERS ONCE,
BUT MARRIED
NOW.**

THE sky was blue
And full of sun.
Rang wedding bells
And two were one.

A stress of storm
Kept all things blue.
Divorce courts yawned
And one was two.

**HE'D BEEN IN
ST. LOUIS.**

Cal. U. Mette —
"What is the difference
between Chicago and St. Louis
time, do you know?"

Winn D. City —
"About half a century.
I should judge
from the appearance
of the cities."

BEWARE of the
woman who is not
fond of dress; she is
unnatural.



CHARITABLE.

"Oh, God," brokenly
prayed little Dorothy,
who had been sent to bed
for being naughty,
"please forgive mamma
for sending me off in the
dark, a sheep without a
shepherd."

IMMOVABLE.

Lawyer — "Do you
swear the collision
raised the entire
car?"

Witness — "Well,
it raised everything
but the windows."

DESERVE IT.

Mrs. Peck — "For-
eigners have to get
married twice, I see."

Mr. Peck —
"Serves 'em right.
Darn a foreigner,
anyhow!"

A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

ISAACS — "Cohen has contributed hefty dollars for spreading der Christian religion on der east side."

ABRAMS — "Ach, yes; Cohen carries der biggest stock of Christmas novelties on der Bowery."



HIS FIRST CLOTHING DUMMY.

UNCLE HANK — "Jimminy, but them's the toniest scarecrows I ever seed! Who'd a thought the darn birds would be thick around here?"



HIS FUTURE ASSURED.

MR. GOLDSTEIN (*admiringly*)—"Mein cracious, Repecca! look ad dot leedle Isadore. He vas a regular peezness man."

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

SNOWFALL and wind; and light,
the soul of day,
From earth hath taken flight;
And we too, from the far
world shut away,
Fain prisoners of night.

The dim bells cry from out
the crypts of dark
Like priests who shrive
the dead;
A time for grief; but in our
hearts—oh, hark,
What fantasy instead!

No old-time hope; no love
that passed unsung,
A mendicant for tears;
No heart-ache like a sere
flower kept among
The leaves of half our
years.

But, oh, what bells that ring,
what pledges true,
The false past to as-
suage,
What time the new year
fully comes into
Its golden heritage!

FORCE OF HABIT.

"Why did you smile
when Mr. Bisnis asked
grace at dinner?"

"Oh, dear! didn't you
notice it? He began it
with 'Dear sir.'"



HIS MISTAKE.

JUNIOR PARTNER—"I examined our cashier's books last night, after he vent home, unt I shall discharge him at vonce."

SENIOR PARTNER—"Vot has he done?"

JUNIOR PARTNER—"He forgot to draw a week's salary last January, vile his wife vas sick. I shall fire him kervick, before he remembers it."

THOSE DEAR GIRLS.

Miss Squaller—"At the little gathering this evening I just got up and sang without making any excuses. Wasn't that much better than to have hemmed and hawed and said I couldn't sing?"

Miss Caustique—"Certainly it was, my dear. Actions speak stronger than words."

UTOPIA.

Crawford—"If we annexed the Philippines what would we do with the natives?"

Crabshaw—"Why, marry them. Just think how easy it would be to support a wife who wears nothing but a skirt and a scarf!"

ONE OF SAM JONES'S.

One of the brightest, brainiest preachers in the Methodist church is Dr. C——. His beauty is, however, somewhat of the sincere type—a good, strong, intelligent face, but one which most people would call decidedly homely. He enjoys a joke even at his own expense, and he tells this good one on himself. He had made arrangements with the noted evangelist Sam Jones to hold a meeting in a certain church. On the appointed day on which the evangelist was to arrive Dr. C—— went down to the train with a carriage to meet him. After mutual introductions—for they had never met before and neither knew the other by sight—and interchange of greetings they took seats in the carriage, where they sat in silence for a few moments, during which time Dr. C—— observed that Mr Jones seemed to be eying him rather curiously. At length the evangelist suddenly broke the silence by exclaiming, "Dr. C——, I am so glad to meet you, and I am especially delighted to find that you are not a two-faced man."

"Well, really," replied the doctor, "I am very much obliged to you for the compliment; but how do you know? You have seen me for so short a time."

"Why," replied Sam Jones, "if you had been a two-faced man you would certainly have left this face at home and worn your other one."

BLESSED are men when the yellow journals revile them and curse them and say all manner of evil against them falsely; for they will think the more of them.

THE THRIFTY MOTHER AND THE THOUGHTLESS CHILDREN.



1. "Now, boys, the one who eats the most mush and milk shall have the largest piece of huckleberry-pie."



2. "Dear me! what appetites those children have got!"



3. "Mercy sakes! Don't want any pie after all? Well, I'll put it in the cupboard for your father's supper."

AN ASTONISHING CONDITION.

"Chicago's population," began the enthusiastic resident of the windy city, "has increased at the rate of one hundred per cent. for each of several decades, while the population of the United States has increased at the rate of only twenty-five per cent. But one conclusion can be drawn from such gratifying conditions."

"And what is that?" inquired a no less enthusiastic though less logical Chicagoan.

"Why, that before many years the population of Chicago will exceed that of the United States."

BETTER THAN APOLOGY.

Walking along the path, barely wide enough for one, which runs by the eastern pier of High bridge, I meet a pretty girl on her wheel coming round the south end of the pier. She barely escapes running into me. She sees my vexation and knows that an apology is due. But, no. Instead of that she says gayly, "It's only me," and rides on, leaving me in admiration of this new and naïve way of settling a difficulty.

THE EXCEPTION.

Mrs. Hinkey—"I wonder if all ministers' sons turn out to be worthless?"

Hinkey—"Oh, no. Some ministers have no sons."

A GENTLE HINT.

It is just as well not to command a child to do anything unless you feel tolerably sure that your request will meet with its approval.

A STICKY INFERENCE.

Farmer (from Illinois)—"It's wonderful how things do grow in my state."

Mrs. Eastern (whose remembrance of Chicago mud is still vivid)—"Oh, not at all; they're only trying to get away from the soil."

NOT MANY OF THEM.

Little Johnnie—"What's a philosopher, pa?"

Brown—"At this time of year, my boy, it is a man who is thankful for what he didn't get."



LOOKING OUT FOR NUMBER ONE.

OFFICER—"Move on out'r thot, now!"

FLUSHED MORBIDS (the tramp)—"Jest wait a minute. The Clawed Rabbits association is goin' t' give their pres'dent a testimonial, an' as I'm him I wanter give 'm some suggestions."

SHE WOULD AND SHE WOULDN'T.

"Ah, if I were only a man!" sighed Mrs. Porkby.

"What would you do?" asked Porkby gruffly.

"What—er—well, I wouldn't chew nasty tobacco, any way."

QUITE IMPOSSIBLE.

Miss Gabbington—"Why, Mr. Primpley, you're not looking well. Is it a fact, as reported, that you are subject to pains in your head?"

Primpley—"No; there's nothing in it."

THE IMPROMPTU SNOW-SHOES.

A HUNTER'S FISH-STORY.



I.

TRAILING TIM—"I must perish in the wilderness. I can't wade another step through this snow. Oh, for a pair of snow-shoes!"



II.

—I'll have a good dinner of fish before I freeze to death.—



III.

—Frozen stiff as boards—an idea.—



IV.

—Saved! Your Uncle Tim's a hard rooster to kill."



COHEN—"So dose are your ancestors?"
 ISAACS—"Vell, yes. Dot is, dey will be if der feller dot hocked 'em don't redeem 'em by Saturday night—der ticket runs out Saturday night!"

PROBABLY HIS.



FRENCH KID.

HIS FAILING.

Mrs. Kaw—"Colonel Chinnaway is a very fluent talker, isn't he?"

Mr. Kaw—"Yes; but he 'pears to lack terminal facilities."



ANOTHER TECHNICAL MISCUE.

KOHN—"A man has got to be preddy particular nowadays how he adverdises."

KLUTS—"How vas dot?"

KOHN—"I vill told you Yesterday I advertised for a diamond expert, and, s'elp me Moses! if mein shtore ain'd been oferrun all day mit base-ball blayers looking for chobs."

SUPERSTITIOUS.

"Jones is very superstitious."

"Why do you think so?"

"He owes me thirteen dollars and won't pay it."



A CLEVER SUGGESTION.

SADIE ISAACSTEIN—"I am going to der masquerade ball as a 'page,' fadder."

MR. ISAACSTEIN—"Vot a clever girl! Shust hang dis leedle card on your back unt go as a *page* of advertisements."

IN SOUTH AMERICA.

"Your father," said the South American caller, "is a remarkably well-preserved man for his age. I suppose he makes it an iron rule to take his siesta each day."

"He always has a sound sleep each day," replied the hostess. "I have known him many a time to sleep through some of our loudest revolutions without waking."

THOSE LONG ARCTIC NIGHTS.

Klondike matron (wrathfully)—"What do you mean, sir, by comin' home in such a state at this untimely hour? Pretty time o' night for you to be returnin' to the bosom of your family."

Klondike husband (humbly)—"It ain't so (hic) very late, m'dearsh. 'Sonly 'bout two (hic) weeks after 'leven o'clock."



A LIE SOMEWHERE.

JACOBSTEIN—"Dot feller 's a fakir!"

COHEN—"Dot feller 's a liar! Look at der top line und der bottom vun! Dere's a lie somevere."

EVEN UP.

Crawford—"The new woman should make Christmas easier for the married man to bear."

Grimshaw—"I don't see it. A bike and set of bloomers cost about as much as a sealskin sacque."

A GRAND SUCCESS.

"If a Christmas present is to be judged by the element of surprise it contains, Mrs. Hunker's gift to her husband was a grand success."

"What did she present him with?"

"Triplets."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Blugg—"What! won't go down to see the mangled remains?"

Wugg—"No."

Blugg (disgustedly)—"Now, that is what I call a morbid lack of curiosity."



LOST HIS TEMPER.

TERRENCE (*with the hod*)—"Yer not workin', Dinnie. Are yez out of a job?"

DENNIS—"Shure, Oi fell off of a nine-shtory buildin' yisterday an' Oi got mad an' quit."

TERRENCE—"Aw, go on! Yer too sensitive."



HIS FIRST TRIP.

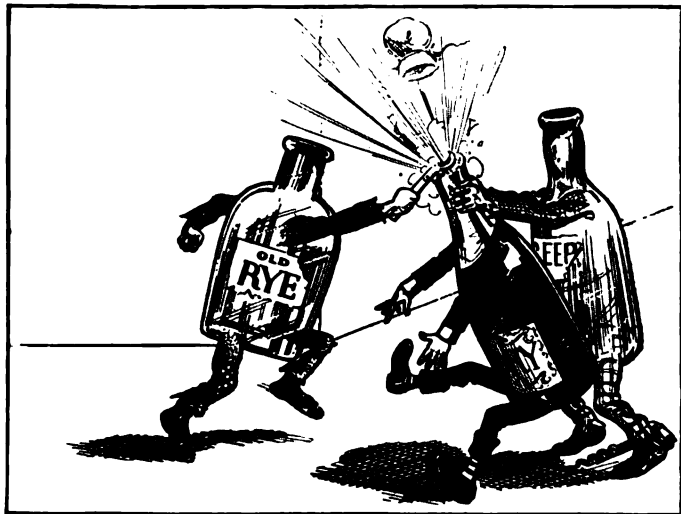
FARMER GEEHAW—"Now, by cracky! that looks to me like swindlin'. Paid two-fifty fer a sleepin'-car ticket, an' the conductor comes 'long fust thing an' takes it away from me."



A GUARANTEE.

COUNTRYMAN—"Oh, them collar-buttons is too expensive. I might lose 'em."
ISAACSTEIN—"Vell, vot eef you do! Eef you lose one of dose collar-buttons pring it pack unt I vill giff you annudder one!"

A CORKING HOLD-UP.



I.

A WIDE-AWAKE REFERENCE.

Police-chief—"In advocating Patrolman Foley for night duty you advance especial qualifications, I presume?"

Police-captain—"Yes, sir; he has chronic insomnia, sir."

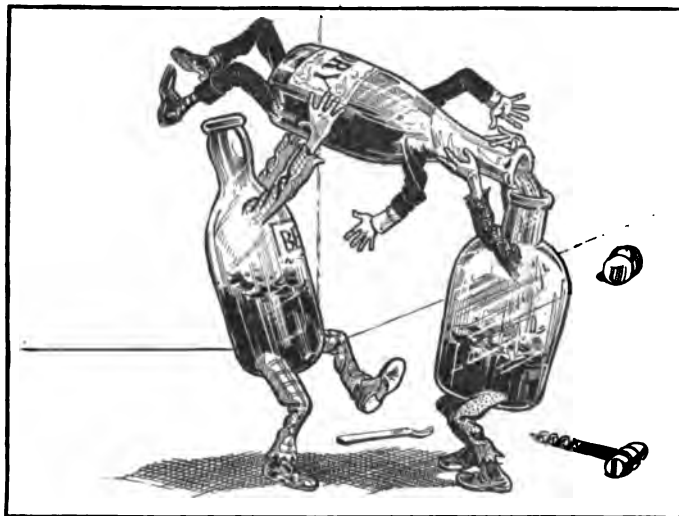
A WISE GIRL.

Dolly—"How is it she has so many callers on New Year's day?"

Madge—"Because she still has her Christmas mistletoe hanging up."



GOODNESS ONLY NOSE.



II.

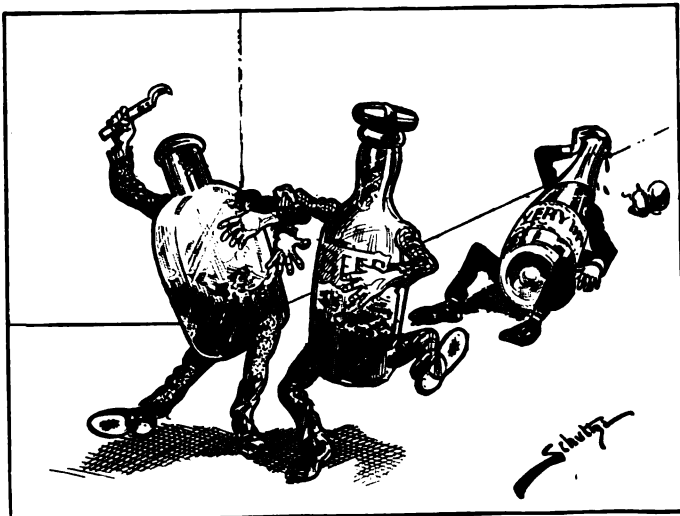
A LAMENT.

Skaguay—"Say, pard, we made a big mistake comin' here from the states."

Clondyke—"Why so, podner?"

Skaguay—"I've heard tell that the United States hed more gold now than they knew what to do with."

FACETIOUS—Said of persons who approach with great commiseration, when you have measured your length on the ice, and inquire, "Did you fall?"



III.



As a man of affairs in the money-market, Mr. Cohen's features, to the casual observer, stamped him at once as a man of dollars and cents.

DEFERRED RESENTMENT.

"How is it that Dobbs is so very bitter against Fobbs?"

"Hadn't you heard? Fobbs insulted him some time ago by giving him a bit of money."

"But they have been on good terms until very recently."

"Yes; Dobbs restrained himself until the money was spent."

A GREAT TRUTH—Wealth consists of the number of things one is willing to get along without.

4972264



USELESS ADVICE.

OFFICER—"Now, Isaacs, if ye are ever attacked be a robber, don't yell 'police!' Jest yell 'fire' and tho't'll bring a crowd at wanst!"
 ISAACS—"Ach, mine frendt, dot vas goot advice! Only you could neffer get one of 'our people' to yell 'fire,' unter any circumstances."

EVENING CON- VERSATION.

Mrs. Hohmboddie
—"Dear, I haven't a thing to wear to church and I simply can't go again until I have."

Mr. Hohmboddie
—"Why? Is dress a part of religion?"

Mrs. Hohmboddie
—"Don't be profane I must wear something."

Mr. Hohmboddie
—"Yes — unfortunately."

Mrs. Hohmboddie
(shocked) — "Unfortunately? What on earth do you mean?"

Mr. Hohmboddie
—"I mean that if Eve hadn't" —

Mrs. Hohmboddie
(with energy) — "If Eve hadn't! I'm tired of the way men keep flinging at Eve. It is so unjust, especially when she is not here to defend herself."

Mr. Hohmboddie
—"Well, you are here to defend her."

Mrs. Hohmboddie
—"She ought not to need any defense, and especially to men. If Eve had been a nonentity without any enterprise about her where would the world be, I'd like to know? It was Eve who gave men the chance of having all the good times—they call them good times—that they enjoy to-day! Would you have had your card-clubs, or your bowling, or your cigars, or your bicycles, if Eve hadn't had a mind of her own? The ingratitude! It makes me almost wish the poor thing had never been born"



REPORTED WRONG.

GROOM—"Dese yere papers eber git things right."

BRIDE—"How so?"

GROOM—"Why, it says we wuz married at Hyman's alter—an' it wuz at ole Pahson Johnson's, that's how."



IN THE DAYS OF THE KNIGHTS.

LADY MAUD—"Well, what dost thou wish?"

OLD-CLOTHES DEALER—"Any gast-off helmets, olt prest-blates, or rusty shirds-ohf-mail to sell? Two farthings der bound."

Mr. Hohmboddie
—"She wasn't born, dear, if you remember"

Mrs. Hohmboddie
—"John Hohmboddie! Your irreverence is simply shocking. I won't listen to another word."

SURE ENOUGH!

Little Mike (who has an inquiring mind) — "Father, phwere was Solomon's temple?"

McLubberty
(promptly) — "Solomon's temple, is it? On the soide av his head, av coorse."

DISCOURAGING.

Visitor — "Why is the wife-murderer weeping?"

Guard — "His female sympathizers got hold of a tale that he was really not guilty of killin' his wife and have quit sendin' him bouquets."

THE DARK SIDE.

☉ F New Year though we think a heap

To some it seems a persecution,
For now we are supposed to keep
Both diary and resolution.

TRUTH IN BREVITY.

Hope is the passport to realization.
Possession is joy on the wane.
Rest is effort's relaxation.
Observation is life's detective.

STOCKING—A garment that is best filled if your parents are well off.

**FROM
UNCLE JASPER'S
CORNER.**

ENNY fool kin be lucky, but it takes a wise man toe maik de luck last.

Ef de air-ship am eber a success de watahmillion patches will hab toe hab roofs.

Abusin' servants am a mighty good way toe show dat yo'r good manna needs mend-in'.

I hab often noticed dat de quikes' way toe spile a good black man is toe 'point him toe a office.

I doan' want toe know 'bout de future. Ef de tadpole knowed it war gwine toe be a frog it would bust.

BADLY OFF.

Dorothy had never before seen a corkscrew. "Goodness!" she exclaimed; "that nail's got spinal trouble awfully."



A GREAT TALKER.

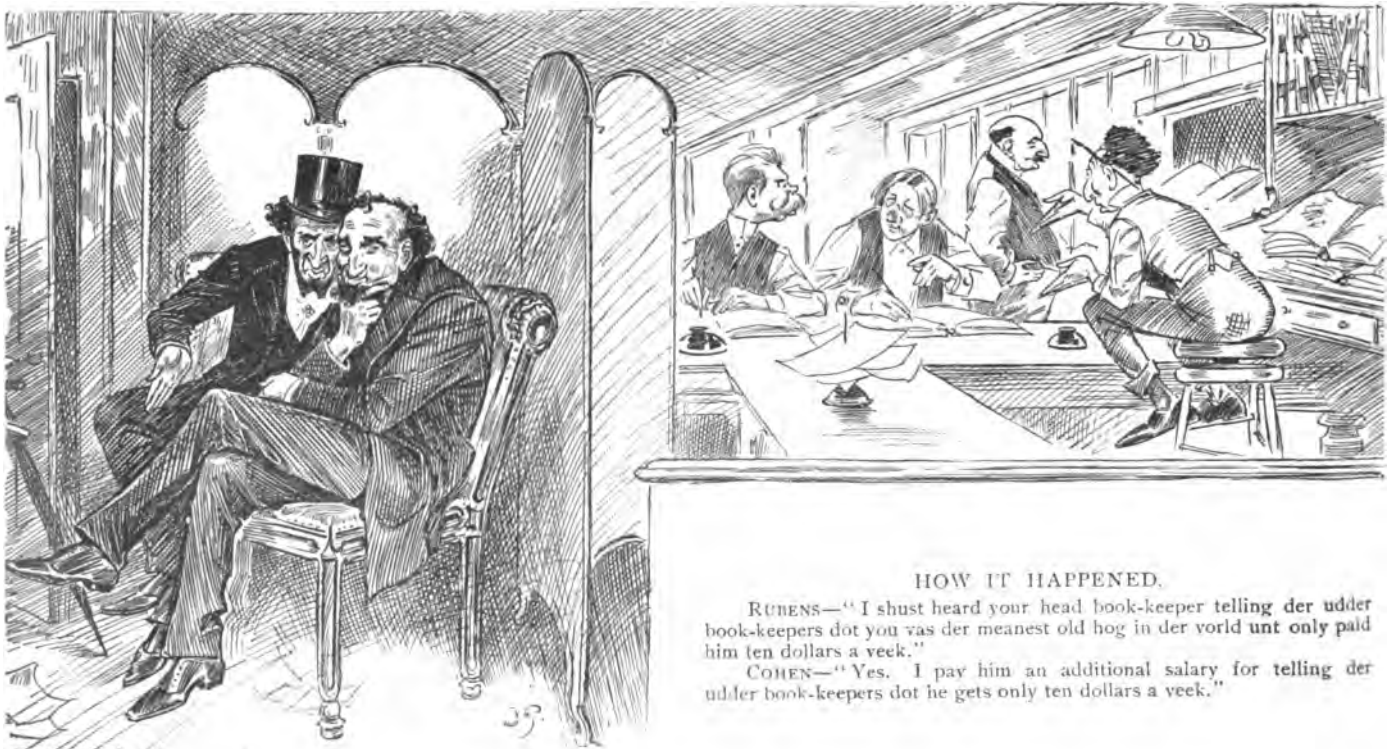
"Gracious! vat a lot of languages he musdt hev shpoken!"

WHEN JILTED.

When pretty pouting lips say no
To all your earnest pleading,
Don't go and plunge yourself in woe,
Or change the life you're leading;
For other maids there are as fair,
With eyes as blue and lips as rare,
As she who drives you to despair
And sets your heart a-bleeding.

Then banish all despondency
And dire forebodings smother,
And seek them out where'er they be
And straightway woo another!
Tho' love's a fashion somewhat old,
Yet women's hearts are not all cold,
And when the tale is truly told
One maid's as good as t'other.

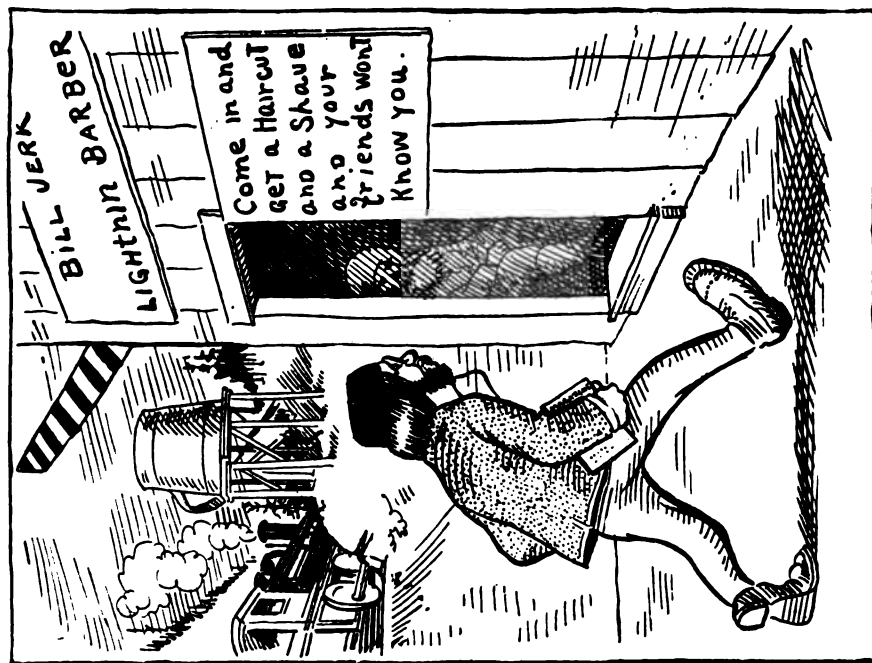
SHABBY dress in a woman always covers a tragedy.



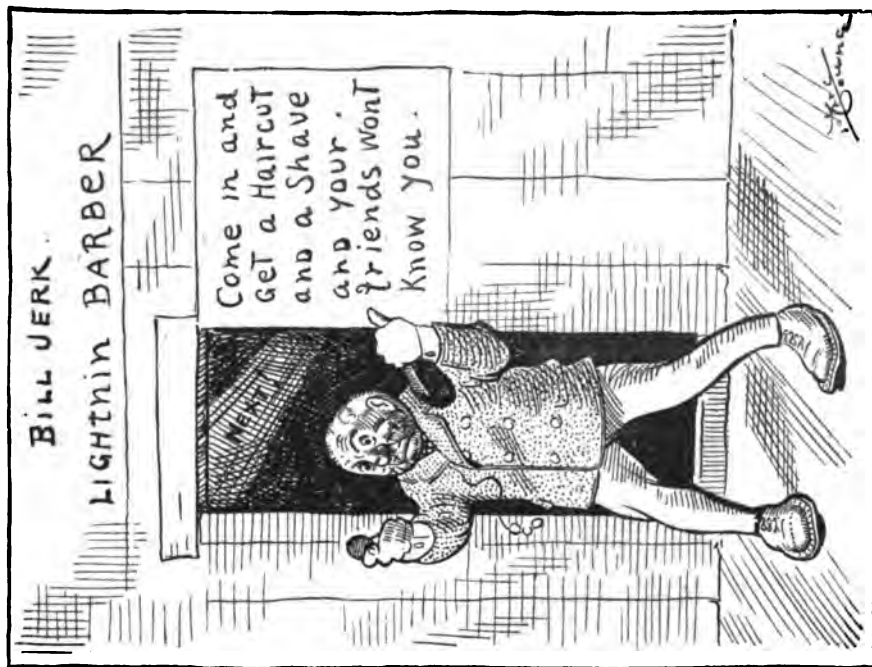
HOW IT HAPPENED.

RURENS—"I shust heard your head book-keeper telling der udder book-keepers dot you vas der meanest old hog in der world unt only paid him ten dollars a week."

COHEN—"Yes. I pay him an additional salary for telling der udder book-keepers dot he gets only ten dollars a week."



A small western station—train stops fifteen minutes—tourist sees barber's sign—needs barber's services badly.



A TRUTHFUL SIGN.

TOURIST (ten minutes later, looking in pocket-mirror)—"Well, one thing is certain, that's a truthful sign."



BETTER LET A JUNTA ATTEND TO IT.

ES," observed the sultan of Turkey, "matters are somewhat strained between my beloved country and Russia. I have been reading up a little on recent wars, and I am in something of a puzzle as to whether, if matters come to a crisis, we had better conduct our defense behind trochas or kopjes."

"In case of war with Russia," replied the vizier, "I think we had better trek."



THE FARMER AND THE SHOEMAKER.

FARMER—"Si, what are yer buildin'?"
SHOEMAKER—"A corn-crib."

HIS ABILITY.

Seldum Fedd—"Dat feller, Hungry Hooks, is a credit to de perfes-sion."

Soiled Spooner—"You bet! He could steal de soda right out of a biscuit widout breakin' de crust."

THE BRAIN- WORK.

"The claim that there is no brain-work about golf makes me tired," said Mr. Put-ter.

"Well, is there?" asked Mr. Perkins.

"Is there? Well, you never tried to learn the language, or you wouldn't ask that."



CAUSE FOR REJOICING.

"What's the matter, Henrietta? You seem very happy this morning."

"I should say I *am* happy! Last night I discovered a crack in that door-knob I've been sitting on for the last six months. I do really believe it is going to hatch."

PRAISE FROM A SISTER.

Mr. Clubb—"How were the papers at the meeting of your club to-day, my dear?"

Mrs. Clubb—"Oh, perfectly lovely! There were but two—Mrs. Bigg's and Mrs. Little's—but they were both written on just the sweetest paper you ever saw, with the cunningest little monograms on the corners."



AN AD. THAT COMPELLED ATTENTION.

LEVI—"Such an advertisingment! See eferybody rubber! You betcher life it dakes your Unkel to maik der peesniss."

THE RECTOR'S APPRECIATION.

IT WAS in a suburban village where train-service was as poor as it well could be, and on this particular day the thermometer registered ninety-six in the shade. The train rolled wearily into the apology of a station, the few waiting passengers boarded it, the guard shouted "All aboard!" and it steamed as wearily out! As it was slowly turning the curve a man rushed up, the perspiration streaming down his face, just in time to see the last car disappear from view. For a few moments the air around there was fairly blue as he raged and stamped and gesticulated. As his wrath subsided he mopped his face, and, turning, saw the rector regarding him with a curious light in his eyes.

"I am sure I apologize, sir," he commenced, "for the profanity I have been using; but blank such a ——— road as this, anyway!"

"Say no more, I beg," replied the rector, wiping his brow on the last dry spot on his handkerchief. "On an occasion like this the services of a layman are not to be despised."

THE LAST STRAW.

Porto Rican magistrate (an American) — "Don Señor Robusto de Conflagragasto, this court finds that you are most to blame in your differences with your negro employés."

Don Señor Robusto de Conflagragasto (pleadingly) — "But, excellenza, my race are being hounded by these insolents — my race" —

Porto Rican magistrate (interrupting) — "Yes, señor; but let me advise you to just behave yourself. A Spaniard is as good as a nigger any day, if he only behaves himself."

NOTHING TO DAMN.

Jaggles — "We hear a great many people damning the trusts, but it does not seem to do any good."

Waggles — "How could it? A corporation has no soul."

THE VOICE OF APPREHENSION.

Once upon a time there died a lady, and while the funeral procession was going to the cemetery by some mishap the pall-bearers, with the casket on their shoulders, stumbled and fell. The jolt brought the deceased back to life (Ah, how many are buried prematurely no one knows!) and she lived in her old home for seven years, the wonder of the neighborhood.

At length, however, she again fell sick and died, and again

the sad procession wended its way toward the last resting-place of mortal flesh. As they reached the spot where years before the mishap had occurred the stricken husband went forward, his drawn face showing plainly to his pitying friends the emotion under which he labored. Soon he was abreast of the kindly ones who bore his loved one, and in a voice trembling, yet strong, he said,

"Steady, boys, steady!"

FLOATING CHIPS.

No truth was ever converted into a truism without its martyrs.

No graven image ever worshiped has done so much harm as false ideals of duty.

No one can forgive seven times who has not needed forgiveness seventy times seven.

We say we have outgrown our illusions, but is not that the greatest one of all?

The woman who has not learned to wear a smile over an aching heart has not attained her majority.

We would stand more chance of being happy if there were fewer people to insist on our being so in their way.

Cynicism is called cheap, but those who have bought it in the mart of experience have paid a dear enough price.

AVERTING A CHALLENGE.

The widower — "Life, my young friend, is a duel between love and me."

The pert young thing — "But don't expect me to be your second."



HER STORY.

MAUDE — "Have you heard the story of Frayed Fagin the tramp and his dog?"

MAY — "No. How does it go?"

MAUDE — "Why, Frayed Fagin tells Weary Willie that he thinks his dog has hydrophobia because he acts as if he was afraid of water, and Weary asks him how long did he have the dog, and Frayed Fagin tells Weary he's had him four weeks. Weary remarks, 'Well, no wonder he acts as if he was afraid of water.'"



AT THE 'POSSUM CLUB DANCE.

JOHNSING—"Yow! Yo' ornery brack niggah, whaffo' yo' step on ma heel?"

YALLERBY—"Huh! Whaffo' yo' hab yoah heels so long dat er feller takes 'em to be toes?"

BALLADE OF WINTER.

ALTHOUGH the balmy days of spring
Delight me in a gentle way;
Though summer never fails to bring
Me joy throughout its longest day;
And autumn, with her queenly sway,
Has brought my jaded spirit rest.
I cannot, if I would, gainsay
I like the winter season best.

Now when the merry sleigh-bells ring,
And rushes the toboggan gay;
When skating with its dash and fling
Brings all the senses into play,
One can be happy, if he may,
With all these joys to bring me zest,
I were an ingrate not to say
I like the winter season best.

Now more than ever love is king,
For she who was my summer fay
And laughed to scorn my worshipping,
Can now no longer say me nay!
And living thus the days away,
While life is all a careless jest,
I make the burden of my lay—
I like the winter season best.

ENVOY.

Time! Linger yet a moment, pray!
Life knows too much of sore unrest;
I'll be content to sing for aye
I like the winter season best.



TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

"Come away, Nellie, come away! I can't stand it no longer. The sight an' smell o' them cakes makes me despitit."

NOT ADAPTED TO HIS STYLE.

"I have been thinking," observed the Filipino officer, "of the advisability of carrying the war into the enemy's country. What do you think of a scheme to invade America?"

"It wouldn't do at all," replied Aguinaldo. "Think of the railroads, trolley-cars, horseless carriages and bicycles in America! How could we compete with them in speed?"

THE BIRTH OF IRONY.

Adam (to the serpent)—"Come again."



SIMPLY TRYING IT.

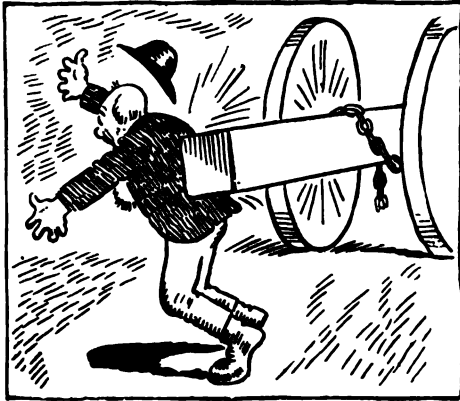
MR. UP HOLSTERS—"See here, get out of that chair! Do you hear me?"
STONY LONESOME—"Let me 'lone, pard. I'm tryin' it, an' if I like it I'll take three fer me drawin' room."

AN INNOVATION.

"Listen to this," said Mrs. Dinsmore, looking up from the paper. "A millionaire in Ohio wants to go to congress, and he wants the office in his district knocked down to the highest bidder. Isn't that dreadful?"

"I should say that it was," replied Mr. Dinsmore. "Heretofore it has only been seats in the senate that could be bought."

THE trouble is simply this. Whenever there is really occasion for keeping cool, things are so very warm that a fellow can't.



1
"Thunderation! —"

THE LATEST.

Waiter—"This is the latest on boiled beef."

Patron—"What is it?"

Waiter—"Horseless horse-radish."

PROVED.

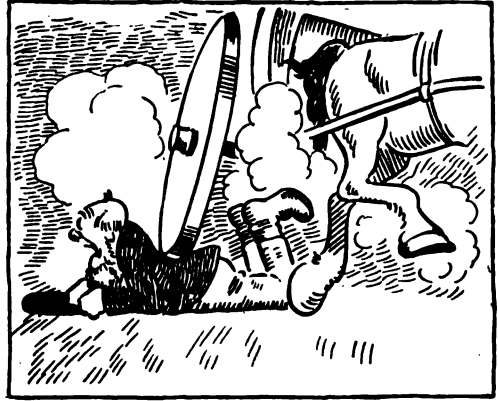
"A woman can't do a man's work," he asseverated.

"I maintain that she can," she persisted. "Any woman can do any man's work."

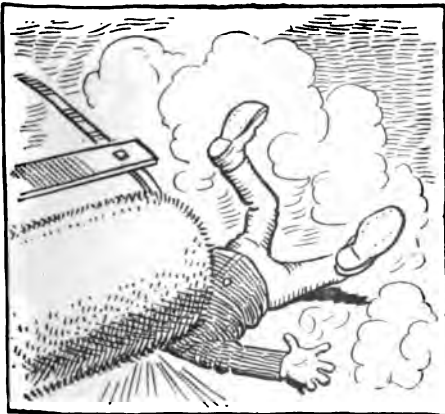
"Preposterous!" he declared. "A woman who tries to do a man's work will make a fool of herself."

"I am glad to see that you have come around to my view," she exclaimed triumphantly.

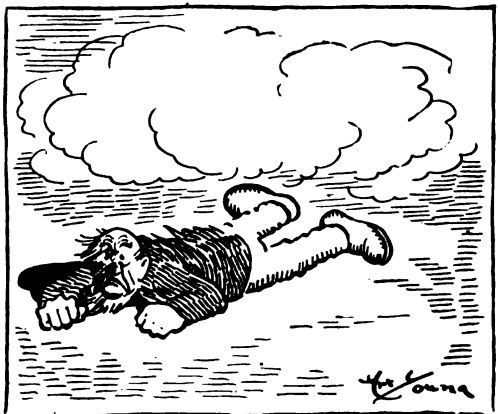
Then he began to think how he did it.



2
"—Jimminy crickets! —"



3
"—P'lice! —"



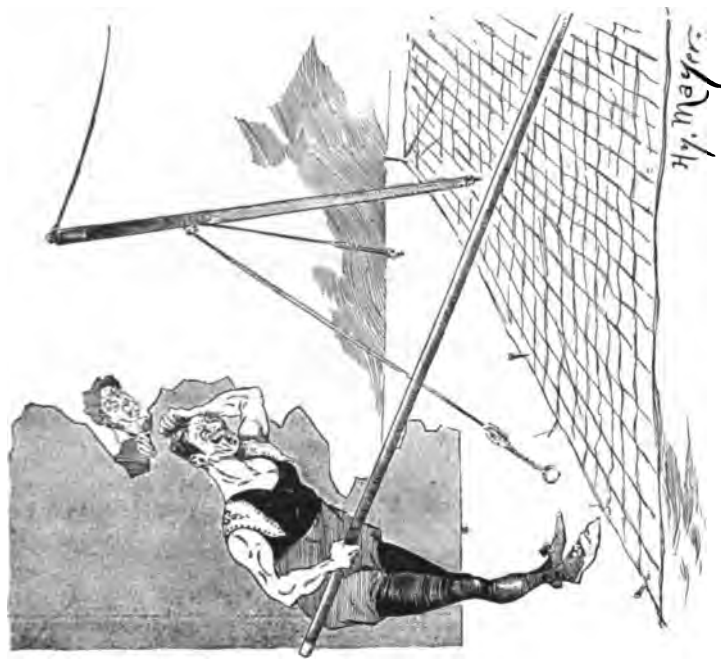
4
"—and I hain't dead yet."

UNCLE HENRY HARDBOIL OF TIOGA COUNTY TRIES TO CROSS A NEW YORK STREET.

THE OBEDIENT STAGE-HAND.



MANAGER (to new stage-hand)—"Pat, now be sure and have a net on the stage to-night for the wire-performer."
PAT—"All roight, sir."



11.

(How the wire-walker found the net.)

TOO LITERAL.

DOROTHY had been told that at her grandfather's everything went like clock-work. The night of her arrival she curiously watched her grandfather as he drew up a bucket of water with a crank and chain. "Goodness!" she exclaimed in surprise, "I didn't s'pose the well had to be wound up 'fore 'twould go."

FULL-MALE ATTIRE.

Ethel—"How vulgar Miss Selfhelp looks in that white vest and shirt. I wonder she doesn't wear pants."

Maud—"Well, I hear she has had some breeches of promise."

A HEALTHY BELIEF.

Miss Eddylove—"Do you believe in Christian science, Mr. Power?"

Will Power—"Yes; except when I'm sick."



RACE PREJUDICE.

"Why is it Ogglespoggle always weakens in a game of poker? He can't seem to stand pat."

"It's his race prejudice—he hates the Irish."

UNRELIABLE.

"That China will ultimately become the property of Russia," said the Muscovite statesman, "is manifest destiny."

"Certainly," replied another Muscovite statesman. "Still, England claims that it is manifest destiny that China will some day belong to her."

"Humph! How double faced destiny is getting to be!"

UNNECESSARY QUESTION.

"Poindexter married an actress, didn't he?" asked Bainbridge.

"Yes," replied Gildersleeve. "He was her manager."

"Does he manage her now?"

"Didn't I say that he was married to her?"

MODERN PROVERBS.

Old saws cut no ice.
The better the pay
the better the feed.



COULDN'T SAY.

COHEN—"Did you ever notice dot matches vill neffer burn when you vant them to?"

ABRAMS (drowsily)—"No, Cohen. I (hic) neffer owned a match-factory."

HOW CHOLLY'S BLUFF WAS CALLED.



1. MR. OLDBOI (*dressing for a masquerade*)—"Well, won't this rig knock the boys silly? I'll go down and show Elsie."



2. ELSIE'S BEST FELLOW—"Darling, would that we lived in the heroic ages, that I might prove my love by fighting some terrible monster, and—"

OTTO'S TECHNICAL TANGLE.

Dees brize-fighting craze vot's god eferybody oxided nowdays ought to god some shteps taken for some shtops peing put to it. Dere are no Cherman brize-fighters. Dot fact alone shouldt condemn dere peesness instantly. Wherever you vill findt honorable shport dere you will findt der Cherman contesting—such as turning und wrestling und schuetzenfests und peer-drinking matches—such contests vot lead up to edification und healdth.



3. —Wow! Murder! Police!"

Und yet der newspapers uphold it, saying dot it's manly und not prutal. Vell, I suppose dot dey got to sell deir papers somehow; but ven I, Otto Gottlieb, picks ub a paper und reads apoud a brize-fighder shteppeing sidevays und putting a "hook" into der oder feller's jaw it looks to me like dot vos der limit of prutality; und if der law von't a shtoppit put to brize-fighting it shouldt at least be dot humanitarian to take away der hooks und let dem use clubs, py chim! Und dot's all dere is apoud id.



SINCE DEPEW WENT TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

KELLY—"Oi hear Chauncey Daypew is going to the Sinite! He'll be afther losing his job on th' road thin, Oi'm t'inking."
O'ROURKE—"Divil a bit, Kelly! Whoy should he?"
KELLY—"Whoy, they fired Dan Murphy lasht wake for th' same thing. He simply shteppeed over to Brannigan's saloon for to take a dhrink and shwap a joke wid th' bar-tender."

THE THING HE LIKED.

MY Western friend, the colonel, having seen the illuminated portion of New York and done full homage to the liquid delights of Broadway, proposed to see Central park.

After an unqualified approval of McGown's pass tavern and the casino he wandered about, gazing at the collection of effigies which mar the landscape and listening in a bored fashion to my halting explanations; but when we hove in sight of the memorial to a great South American liberator his eyes visibly brightened and he viewed the rampant group with wide-opened mouth.

"And that," said I, "is the statue of Bolivar the Venezuelan."

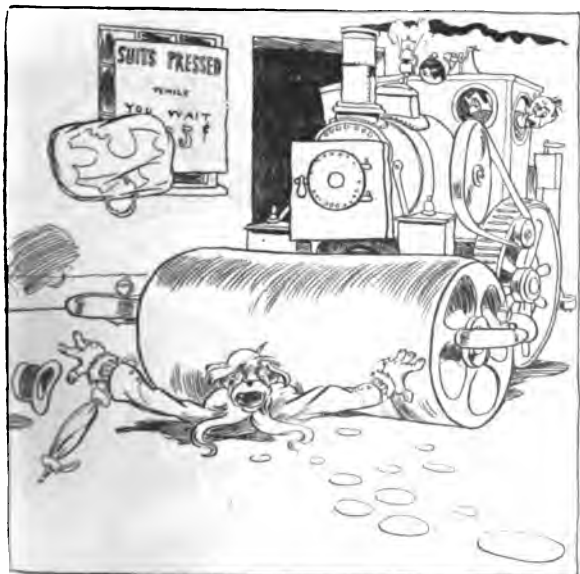
"So?" he replied. "Stampin' fine horse, that. Who in thunder 's the jockey?"

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.



1.

"I wonder how long ye have ter wait?"



2.

—!!—!!!



NOTHING VERY SERIOUS.

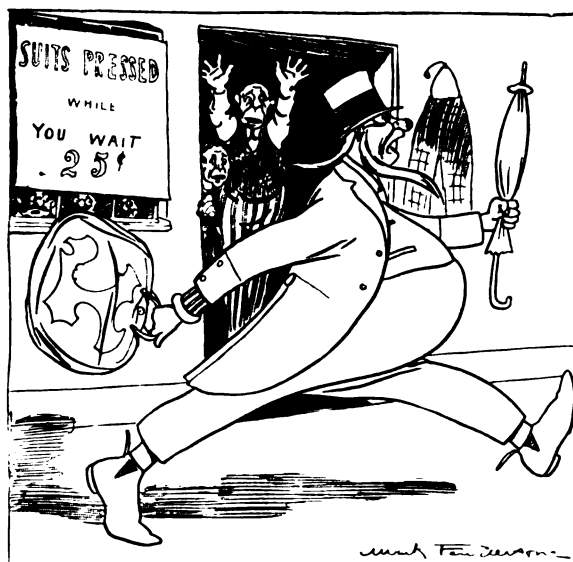
MRS. KELLY—"Och, Pat whin th' docther told yez ye hod some-thing wid a Latin name to it a yar-rd long didn't it shcare yez?"

MR. KELLY—"Shure, au it did, Norah. But whin he only charged me a dollar fer it I knew it didn't amount to much."

THE FIRST JOKE, I., A. M.

THE primal year was dawning o'er the garden
(Ere our first parents caused the race to grieve),
And Adam, beaming on his clinging partner,
Cried heartily. "Happy new year, Eve!"

The day came on in splendor over Eden,
With glory all the peaceful place adorning;
And Eve, the arch one, said, "Adam, you're off!
"Tain't New-year eve; it's New-year morning."



8.

"No, ye don't. I didn't order it, an' I won't pay."

POOR, POOR FELLOW!

Charitable party—"Poor soldier! here is fifty cents for you. Your sign reads that your head was lacerated in the Philippines by the bursting of a shell."

Masquerading Si—"Yes, kind madam; a Filipino citizen threw a cocoanut-shell against my head with all his force. You doesn't begin ter know de dangers uv war, mum—you doesn't begin ter know 'em."

A NEW VALHALLA.

Little Mabel had been attending the demonstration lectures for children on Wagner's music, and came home full of enthusiasm.

"What do you like best?" asked her father.

"Die Walküre, papa. Oh, it's just splendid to hear about the gods all riding to Harlem!"



BUSINESS COMPETITION IN HESTER STREET.

COHEN (*excitedly*)—"A dollar bill to der man vat shoosds der balloon!"

THE WAY OF IT.

Teacher (at mission school) — "Mary, when you go home you must ask your mother to give you a clean frock to come to school in next time."

Mary (vastly surprised)—"But she can't, ma'am. This is sewed on for the winter."

NOT FASHIONABLE.

It was the first time Dorothy had ever seen a bull with a ring in his nose. "Mamma," she exclaimed pityingly, "just see in what an unbecoming place he wears his jewelry."



I. BARBER—"Too bad it's raining Just place your umbrella in the stand."

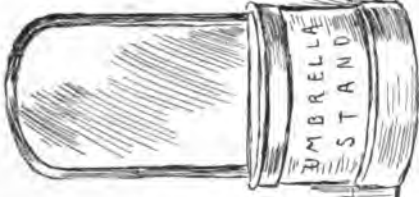
AN INCONSISTENT WOMAN.

"Well, for a man-hater I think you're just too inconsistent for anything."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, every time you laugh you say 'He-he!'"

If you meet your old summer girl under the mistletoe you should give her back some of the kisses you had from her last season.



HOW UMBRELLAS ARE LOST.

II. View in the cellar after Schneider pulls the string.



QUITE FLY.

PERHAPS you would prefer me to scramble your eggs, Mr. Newly?" said the landlady sweetly.

"No, thank you," returned the new boarder brutally; "they are quite old enough to scramble themselves."

Th' toime thot floys fashtest has flown.



A NEAT DEVICE.

JAKY ISAACS—"Fadder, can I go out unt play?"

MR ISAACS—"Yes. Shakey; certainly you can. Shust take dese five-cent neckties unt sbtand on der corner unt sell dem two for a kavorter. unt play dot you vas Russell Sage."



IN TOPSYTURVYLAND.

DRUNKEN LAMP POST—"Thish comes in handy sometimesh, I kin tell yer."

AN IMPOSTOR.

The reporter—"He says he's from Kentucky."

The editor—"But he never shot anybody, and I can't recall his name on any of the state tickets."



THE MAIDEN'S SIGH.

As she sadly shook her head,
Mournfully the maiden said,

"Thou art false as thou art fair!"
Then her white hand upward sped
And removed her golden hair—
Which she hung upon a chair.

MORE THAN HE WANTED.



I.

OLD BILL CROSSROADS—"So this is the Bowery, eh? We-al. I want some excitement. Let's have fishy-water and plenty of it."



II.

And he got it.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

AN institution founded for the purpose of affording the man with a red taste in neckties and him of the fondness for cheroots an opportunity of forcing their ideas upon one another, to the evident detriment of social economy. A sort of lottery, in which each chooses as a victim of his beneficence one whom he considers sufficiently innocent of worldly guile to reciprocate handsomely. Frequently it is a convenient means of disposing of unlucky purchases to good advantage. Generally speaking, however, it is an interchange of commodities bereft of their price-tags. The secret of making Christmas presents judiciously, if you be a man of Christian intents, is to measure



A MASTERFUL TACTICIAN.

MRS. FROST—"What! you low-down, ill-bred apology for a Darwinian specimen of manhood! do you dare have the hardihood and suicidal temerity to talk back to one who"—

SLY SLOCUM—"No, lady. Even to me dull comprehension de overpowerin' sense uv your forensic superiority, culture, refinement, generosity, an' last, but not least, beauty, chokes off any uncomplimentary or derogatory remarks w'ot might"—

MRS. FROST—"Now you're talking sense. What will you eat?"

the value of your gift as nearly as possible to that of the expected donation of your friend. Then there will be no burden of obligation on either side, and neither will be a benefactor of the other. In which case you will continue as close friends as if nothing had happened.

CHANGE ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

EACH Christmas has a different look,
As down the years I range;
But somehow in my pocket-book
I can't find any change.

SAD CASE.

"So you suffer from insomnia, do you?" said the physician after the patient had indicated his ailment.

"I do, doctor. The only part of me that goes to sleep readily is my feet."



NOT A LOVER OF BREAD.

FIRST HOBO (*looking at passing freight train*)—"Great heavens! Did yer leave dat hull loaf uv bread in de car?"

SECOND HOBO—"Sure!"

FIRST HOBO—"W'ot did yer do dat fer?"

SECOND HOBO—"I promised de t'rifty lady I got it frum dat I'd husband it carefully an' make it go as far as possible."

PARADOXES.

It is the people who need money like bread that spend it like water.

To be ahead of the fashion is to be the head of the fashion.

How can a man prosper who is so honest he can't make money enough to pay his debts?

To keep up with the push one must be ahead of it.

The cynic scorns the sentimentalist, the sentimentalist shudders at the cynic; but they are only looking at the two sides of one medal.

The man who knows nothing about women thinks they are angels; the woman who knows nothing about men thinks they are devils; to say they are both human beings covers the ground.

It isn't necessary to have the root of all evil. No plant is easier to take slips from.

THE COUNTRY MAID.

She gazed at the Venus of Milo,
In the art room at Cashby's bazar,
And she read the card on it, and murmured,
"... Hands off—why, of course they are!"



2. CONDUCTOR—"Hold fast!"



ON THE WAY TO BAXTER STREET

1. MR. COHEN—"Led me hold some of dose barceels, Mrs. Squintsheimer. You'll fall when ve go around der coive right away—yes!"
MRS. SQUINTSHEIMER—"Never mindt, t'ang you, Misder Cohen. I shall be able to manach, alretty."

EASILY REMEDIED.

Manager (patent-medicine company)—
"The printers have made a mistake in these colored folders we just got out for our new medicine. It was to cure catarrh, and they've printed it cancer. It is too costly a job for us to throw these things away, but it's a bad blunder."

Proprietor—"Yes, it is. We'll have to change the name to cancer on the labels on the bottles."



RAISING A MUSTACHE.

BELLS OF THE NEW YEAR.

1.



HE troubled seas of silence toss and
heave,
And as their drifting spume
I hear the rhythmic voice of new-
year's eve
Go trembling through the gloom.

2.

Far off and near, a joy in sorrows
pent,
And then the peal is o'er ;
So one sweet hope of mine that
came and went
And came again no more.

3.

Oh, vanished dream the dead year
holds in fee !
Oh, bells with tears for kin !
Like echoes of a mem'ry blown to
me
From out the might-have-been.



THE PARSON WHO MILKED HIS COW.

A country pastor, who was very bright and original
in his remarks attracted the notice of a wealthy lady
who was spending the summer in the vicinity. One evening she
called at the parsonage just as the old minister, clad in overalls,
was coming in from the stable with a brimming pail of milk.

ALIVE AND KICKING,

PAT—"How's yer wife, Dennis?"

DENNIS—"An' sure she waz 'live an' kickin' whin O' lift this mornin'."

"Why, Mr. Smith!" exclaimed the lady, "do *you* milk a cow?"
"Certainly, madam," was the reply. "What would you
have me milk?"



PROFOUND LOGIC.

MOSE—"Ain't it funny dat a man's brains am in his head, but his sense am in his neck?"

PETE—"How yo' make dat out?"

MOSE—"Why, ef yo' want to knock a man senseless yo' have to hit him in de neck."

SHARP SHOOTING.

IF YOU were in an eating-school,"

The pretty waitress said
With dignity to Frisky Fool,
Who rude advances made,
"I think"—her tones were
icy cool,
Erect her little head—
"If you were in an eating-
school
They'd put you at the
head."

NECESSARY TO KNOW.

Mrs. Pepper—"They
say Cousin Henry's wife
is a new woman."

Mr. Pepper (who deals
in bicycles, absently)—
"Ah, what make is she?"



SHE KNEW THE FEELING.

MR. COSYMIND (of Boston)—"The poet says, 'A vague unrest and a nameless longing filled her breast.' Do you ever feel like that?"

MISS SPANKERRREEZE (of St. Paul)—"Lord, yes! I'm seasick most every time I cross the pond."

A BUSINESS REMINDER.



I. The beautiful Atlas clock that Mrs. Robbenheim presented to her lord and master for a Christmas present pleased Robbenheim very much, and—

CHRISTMAS AND THE COOKING- SCHOOL; OR, SCRIPTURAL PERVERSIONS.

"I understand John gave Mary a diamond ring for a Christmas present, as a sort of reward for her learning to cook."

"Yes, so I heard—she kneaded bread and he gave her a stone."

A WILL AND A WAY.

"George," she cooed, "why can't we get married next Sunday?"

"Well," hesitatingly replied the recalcitrant but manly youth at her side, "we could, I s'pose; but it may rain Sunday."

"George, if it rains Sunday couldn't we get married Saturday?"



II. —though burglars broke into the house and stole the clock, Robbenheim was better pleased with the attitude of the figure than before the loss of the clock.

NO WORK FOR HIM.

"Madam," he said suppliantly, "would you be willing to help a man who cannot find anything to do at his legitimate business?"

"I might," replied the benevolent creature.

"By the way, what is your business?"

"I'm a calamity-howler, ma'am."

A MATTER OF NECESSITY.

Willie—"Why does a man swear off so many things at New-year's?"

Crabshaw—"He has to, my boy, for he spent all his money at Christmas."

ACCOUNTING FOR IT.

Walton—"I assure you, sir, that some of the best fish-stories are never told."

Calton—"Yes; I suppose fishermen are occasionally drowned."



HOW MR. HEVVYSKATE REACHED A DECISION.



1. MR. HEVVYSKATE (who developed quite a "sosh" at the club)—"Looksh as if it was goin' to shnow. Guess I'll wait till shtorm is over."

LOTS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

"Has she given you any encouragement?"
"Encouragement? I should say she had. She made me promise not to give her any but a useful present on Christmas."



2. ———(Bang!) Musnt hev med a mish-take—it'sh rainin' inshtead."

AN IMMEDIATE EFFECT.

On Mr. Warfield's estate in Howard county, Maryland, is a large lake, which he lately stocked with Japanese gold-fish. This lake is fed by a branch that runs through the property. On last election-day the water was let out and a number of the fish escaped down the branch. A few days later an old colored resident who had fished in the stream for forty years caught seven large gold-fish. He hurried home and proudly laid the glittering prize on the table, called his wife, and said,

"Look heah, 'Liza Jane! I b'lieve in McKinley shuah, fo' all de fish in de branch hab turned to gold."



THE BEST HE KNEW.

TEACHER—"Now, Johnny, what does x stand for?"
SCHOLAR—"Excuse me."

A HARMLESS STIMULANT.

Warwick—"I read that a French physician has been conducting some very elaborate investigations to discover the most healthful form of amusement or diversion."

Wickwire—"Ah, and what did he finally conclude was the most conducive to longevity?"

Warwick—"Dueling."

NO SWEET SIMPLICITY.

Mrs. Dearborn—"Was it a simple wedding?"

Mrs. Dave Orsay—"Simple, with two of Mr. Orsay's breach-of-promise cases still pending, a hitch about my decree, and one of the bridesmaids backing out because the best man was her former husband? Really, my dear, it was one of the completest weddings I ever had."

SYMPATHY FOR THEM.

On his first visit to the city Bennie had been taken to the zoo to see the giraffe. "I guess he came from the country, too," exclaimed the little fellow soberly, "and got that awfully long neck trying to see up to the tops of the high buildings."



8. And this is how Officer Maloney discovered him a few hours later and convinced him it was a heavy frost.

A HUMANITARIAN.



I. MR. COHEN—"Are you sure, Abie, dot dot turtle you found ain'd der kind dot peoples kill und eat?"
ABIE—"I'm sure, fader."

END OF THE TROTTER.

Vot ruined Butcher Katzerding?
Mein cracious! 'tvas der same old t'ing.
He bought a ring unt tiamond shtud
Unt trotting-horse—to pe a blood;
But now, hi-yi! his name vas mud.

For ach! hi-yi! dot horse of Ike
Could only trot some lobsters like.
For eating oats he took der cake;
So after bout a t'ousand breaks
Ike cut him up for sirlain shtreaks.

FAIRLY PITTED.

Stonestreet—"What are Benedict and Scorch howling at each other about?"

Macadam—"Oh, Benedict's got a bany and Scorch a new bicycle. Each is confiding the merits of his acquisition to the other."



HER IDEA.

"I understand, madam, that you have a very old clock in your sitting-room?" tentatively said a well-dressed stranger who had knocked at the door of a farm-house away back in the Alle-gash hills. "May I look at it? I am an antiquarian, and—"

"I want to know!" ejaculated Mrs. Juckles, in surprise. "Why, I should never have taken you to be that old—you don't look a day over forty."



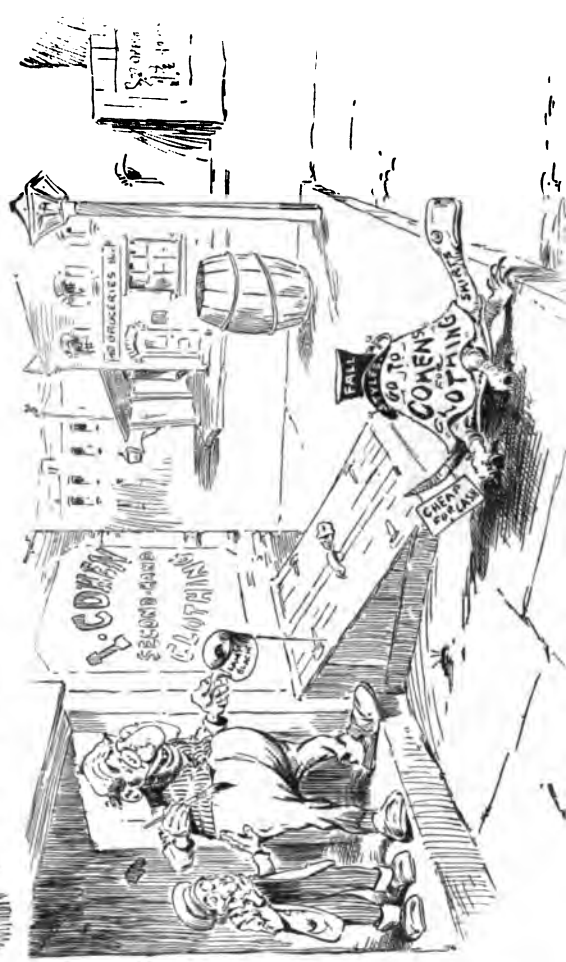
A NEGATIVE NOVELTY.

FROSTY FEATHERSTONE—"Gimme a job advertisin' yer restaurant, will yer?"

RESTAURATEUR—"How could such a hungry, emaciated-looking chap as you bring me custom?"

FROSTY FEATHERSTONE—"Git me some cards printed announcin' dat I don't dine at your place."

"Why, I should never have taken you to be that old—you don't look a day over forty."



II. So the next day gentle-hearted Mr. Cohen allowed the poor creature to escape.



A JEWISH PREFERENCE

FIRST BASE-BALL PLAYER—"I wonder why the captain is calling down Isaacstein so often?"
SECOND BASE-BALL PLAYER—"Why wouldn't he? When he sends Isaacstein to bat out a base-hit Isaacstein always tries to get in a *sacrifice* hit."

HER CURIOSITY.

"What I'd like to know is," said Margie, looking at a man in a fur coat passing the window, "where ze tatterpillars dwows big enough to mate zem toats out of."

NOTHING ELSE NEEDED.

Mrs. Newcomb—"What was the cause of your divorce, Norah?"

Norah (blandly)—"Me marriage, mum."

ANENT THE SPIDER.

Tommy—"Isn't the spider patient, sitting there all day?"

Papa—"How could he catch flies if he were not?"

Tommy—"Whv. with fly-paper, I should think."

HER DISTINCTION.

"Miss Painterton is a beautiful girl."

"Yes, indeed, and her beauty is more than skin-deep too. I should say it was two-skins deep at least."

FOOT-BALL TERMS.



I.

The "rush" line.

MUSICAL.

"Mamma, come quick!" shouted Willie as a bumble-bee flew into the sitting-room: "here's a fly that's got a banjo."

A CORRECTION.

"Miss Ethel," he said impressively, "I would like you to understand me. I am an Englishman. I am not conceited."

"Then you are *not* an Englishman," she interrupted promptly.



II.

Falling on the ball.



III.

Back of the line.

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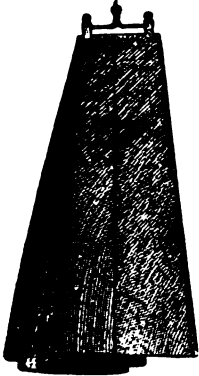
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"Beg pardon, sir," began the inquisitive passenger, leaning over the back of the seat in front of him, "but are you a married man?"

"No, sir," feebly replied the scarred and bandaged passenger. "I incautiously displayed a ten-dollar bill at a church fair, night before last."

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WOMAN'S WAY.

I told my love to him, aye, full and free,
Though he ne'er spake one word of love to me;

And when I kissed his brow—a woman weak—
With clinched hand he struck me on the cheek,
Then I bent down, aye—whether scorned or no—

And fondly kissed the hand that dealt the blow.
For thus will woman do, when she's the toy—
The abject slave—of a wee baby-boy

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A DROP IN REAL ESTATE.

Onther Rhode—"There's been a terrible drop in real estate out my way."

Stayat Holm—"Ah! I thought business was booming everywhere. What's the cause—still hard times?"

Onther Rhode—"No; cyclone."

HEIGHT OF CREDULITY.

Jaggles—"Does he believe in faith-cure?"

Waggles—"Well, he uses a hair-restorer."

OBEYING THE SCRIPTURES.

Evelyn (who has just been robbed of a kiss)

—"Mr. Kurate, how dare you?"

Hansum Kurate (meekly)—"I beg your pardon, but I was only obeying the scriptural injunction, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.'"

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EXTRAVAGANCE.

Dorothy (passing several steers with brass knobs on their horns)—“I should think cattle 'd be more economical than to wear gold thimbles every day.”

ALL FOR THE BEST.

It's well that Christmas does not linger,
But, like all pleasure, passes by;
For then the small boy has his finger,
As we well know, in every pie.

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HER IGNORANCE.

Mrs. McLubberty (in the midst of her reading)—“Phwot's a palfrey?”

McLubberty—“Hear that, now! It bates the devil how little some women know. Begorra! hov yez niver seen a church stayple?”

AFTER A SESSION AT THE CLUB.

He—“Doesn't my explanation suit you?”

She—“Well, it's not the kind father used to make.”



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Till one old apple-tree in blissful drowse
Feels once again the spring-time's gladdening
thrill,
And clustering blossoms hide his stiffened
boughs
Beyond the orchard's pathless stretch of white,
Beside the frozen road, a snow-haired man
Cheers on the coasters in their merry flight,
And for a space he is a boy again.

LENT.

From worldly things she turns her thoughts
And leaves the world behind,
For dresses really heavenly
Now occupy her mind.

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IN A HURRY.

"Chumpley has committed suicide."

"Yes; he couldn't wait to die, and so
he shot himself."

"He took time by the firelock."

WHY HE MOURNED.

"Are you one of the mourners?" asked
an Arkansas clergyman, who had come
over from a neighboring village to officiate
at the funeral of a prominent citizen.

"Ya-as," replied the dismal-looking man
addressed. "I suspected he was figgerin',
befo' he took sick, on runnin' away with
my wife."

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absolutely cured by my original and
only successful home treatment. Resident sanatorium
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rapid, safe; no failures; no relapses; cure guaran-
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safety in transit, which costs **ONE DOLLAR ONCE**.
Bags made of strongest canvas in red, blue, white or brown
with brass or aluminum plate for name and address.
Regular size, 8x12x27 inches, postpaid, \$1.00. Sold every-
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BEFORE THE AMBULANCE CAME.

FARMER PIPPIN—"I am glad the danger is above and not down here."



RIGHT IN LINE.

DEACON CORNHILL—"Wa-al, I never! You bean't goin' tew meetin' in them pants?"
 DEACON POTATOBUG—"Sartin! Them's white-duck trousers. Silas writes thet they're all the rage down at the beach, so I hed ma make me a pair."

NEGATIVE COMFORT.

"Dear Lord," returned Dorothy at her morning devotions,
 "I thank you that you didn't make me a centipede, 'cause then 'twould be awfully hard to button up so many shoes before breakfast."

NO COMMUNISM FOR HIM.

Abner—"I heard down ter the store the other night that Silas has gone back on his doctrine of socialism.
 Hiram—"Don't doubt it. His old hound 's got three pups, and he claims they're wuth five dollars apiece."



THE FIRST TO SHOE.

FARMER—"Call yer husband, quick; I want him to shoe my horse.
 BLACKSMITH'S WIFE—"All right, sir; but yust yate till he gits troo mit shooin' der chickens."



HER WEAKNESS.

A great grammarian she, I ween,
This maiden staid and haughty.
Her age? Ah, well—it's just sixteen,
Tho' mean folks say it's forty.
Aye, great at grammar (I began);
She's keener than a razor.
But ask her to decline a man!
Ah, then! Ah, then you'll phase her!

IT is a mystery why some men and women should be able to inspire love which they can neither understand nor return.

OUR FRIENDS.

Dolly—"I went around to the different persons I know and asked them what I should give up during Lent."

Madge—"The idea!"

Dolly—"Well, the minister said French novels, the dentist mentioned bonbons, the doctor cautioned me against cigarettes and late suppers, mamma begged me to stay away from the theatre, papa told me to dismiss Charlie, and Charlie tried to coax me to give away Fido."

Madge—"What are you going to do?"

Dolly—"I've decided not to keep Lent."

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Freddie—"If a gambler is a man who bets in Wall street, what is a financier?"

Cobwigger—"He's the fellow who takes the bets."

UNLOVABLENESS is soul-deformity; yet people who would scorn to stare at a cripple will sneer at an unsought woman.



LITERAL.

To kick a paint-pail off the house
Was tried by Painter Ducket.
He slipped and fell. Alas! 'twas plain
That he had kicked the bucket.



EATING IN STYLE.

HIRAM (in an awed whisper)—"Look yer pootiest, 'Mandy. The waiter feller sez of course this is the Walledoff Hashtoria, but, unfortunately, most of the swells has bin driven out of town by the cold weather."



FROM OUR COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT.

Farmer Hiram Van Guysling is getting ready to cut his corn.

A POPULAR PREACHER.

"What are the reverend Worldliman's opinions on the future state?"

"He has none; he simply reflects the views of his congregation."

A QUEER JUMBLE.

It takes all kinds of curious things

To make this world of ours complete;

Folks in a suite may find life flat,

And those in flats may find it sweet.

HIS TITLE.

It was the twenty-second of February, and Aguinaldo sat wrapped in thought.

"They call me a modern Washington," he mused, "and it is certainly true, for"—he glanced at his map—"I get farther off my country every day."

A WHEELBARROW.

"My!" exclaimed Edith, indignantly, "that man ought to be ashamed to hold a cart by the legs like that and make it walk on its hands."



Johnny having broken a rule, the teacher breaks a rule also.

SMITH'S LITTLE SCHEME.



L

"Watch Smith. He's just learning to skate.—"

ONE ON THE PROFESSOR.

"James," said the professor dreamily, "the horse is not quite ready to go; please drive me up to the front door and tie me securely."

HIS WAY.

"Tell you what's a fact," said the wide-mouthed man who had traveled a little and was forever babbling about it. "Seattle, out in Washington state, is so biamed hilly that whenever I wanted to cross a street I did so by climbing a telegraph-pole."



2.

— There he goes! Ha, ha! —



3.

— O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o! —

PLANS UPSET.

Barber's assistant—"No; the boss isn't in; he's overwhelmed with misfortune."

Customer—"House burned, or wife dead?"

Barber's assistant—"Worse than that; he's been calculating on having his twin babies learn the trade, and now he's discovered they stutter."

CAREFUL OF HIS HORSE.

It was in the worst of mud-time. A tall, gawky youth came into the village-store and asked the clerk to put him up a quarter of his best black tea. "I'd take half a pound," said the fellow, "only the goin' 's so bad that I don't want ter load down my horse."



AT THE ART-MUSEUM.

AUNT JANE—"That is the temptation of Saint Anthony. Ain't it terrible?"
UNCLE JABEZ—"Yes—terrible realistic. Yer can almost hear her sayin' she hain't got a thing fit ter wear, an' him bein' tempted ter swear."

OF TWO EVILS.

First guest—"Won't you join me in requesting Miss Squaller to recite?"

Second guest—"But I don't like recitations."

First guest—"Neither do I. But if she doesn't recite she'll sing."

CURED THE WRONG DISORDER.

Mrs. Emdee—"You said to-day that you had cured that man you were doctoring for asthma. Here the evening paper says he died of consumption."

Doctor Emdee—"Yes, er—er—my dear, I wasn't doctoring him for consumption; just asthma."



HE GOT HER.

RUBE—"Did you tell old whiffletree his darter wuz wuth her weight in gold?"
JAY—"Wa-al, hardly. I tole him she wuz wuth sixteen times her weight in silver without waiting fer the aid or consent uv any nation on airth. He's a silverite, you know."

ALONG THE BRANDY-WINE.

THROUGH all the years, the
changing years
Of flower and frost between,
I see the cannon's lurid flame,
The banners' silken sheen,
The yeomen's faces bronzed and
brave,
Whose lifted sabres shine,
A steely harvest, all along
The banks of Brandywine.

'Twas autumn; in the drowsy sun
The ancient orchards dreamed;
Like lamps of gold among the
leaves
The amber apples gleamed.
The purple grapes in clusters hung
Like jewels on the vine,
In soft September's yellow haze
Along the Brandywine.

Upon a steed of slender limb,
A charger white as milk,
With satin coat and streaming tail
And mane of crinkled silk,
Enfolded in his coat of blue
And stately as a pine,
He rode—the dauntless Washing-
ton,
Along the Brandywine.



BY GOSH!

SILAS CLONE—"Wa-al, by gosh! Bill Smith's yeller hen laid
a hand-painted Easter egg."

SILAS LENCE—"By gosh! you don't say so."

SILAS CLONE—"Yes, sir; by gosh!"

SILAS LENCE—"Wa-al, by gosh!"

The smoke was thick and grey
above,
The grass was red below,
And many a gallant life went down
In battle's ebb and flow.
But ere the sun in glory set
It broke—the patriot line—
Before King George's scarlet men
That day at Brandywine.

With silver throats defiant still
The trumpets called retreat.
But rallied round the milk-white
steed,
Unconquered in defeat.
Through drifting snow and scorching
sun
It led, a star divine,
Till Yorktown's vanquished hero
avenged
The dead of Brandywine.

But ever when the early fall
Its golden tissues weaves,
And drops of dying summer's
blood
Are crimson on the leaves,
I hear the echoing bugles blow,
And see the sabres shine,
Far off around the milk-white
steed,
Along the Brandywine.



CONSERVATIVE CUSSÉDNESS.

BIKER (blocked by load of hay)—"Hay, there! pull out and let me by."

FARMER—"Oh, I dunno ez I'm in enny hurry."

BIKER (angrily)—"You seemed in a hurry to let that other fellow's carriage get past."

FARMER—"That's 'cause his horse wuz eatin' my hay. Thar hain't no danger o' *yew* eatin' it."



BOUGHT AND SOLD.

1. CHOLLY—"Why don't you shoot?"
 CHAPPIE—"Why don't you?"
 CHOLLY—"I'm afraid the gun 'll kick?"
 CHAPPIE—"So am I. Let's buy some squirrels from that old fellow we saw back in the woods."
 CHOLLY—"Agweed."

TO AVOID LABOR.

Village cousin (showing his city relative around the hamlet)—"That fellow lounging over there has just completed a table-top composed of four thousand, seven hundred and sixty-three separate pieces of wood."

City cousin—"What did he do that for?"

Village cousin—"Oh, just to keep from working."



YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD.

Among the crowd of fashionable folk in Rotten row stood little Lois with her mother, eagerly watching for the coming of the royal equipage—for the rumor had gone abroad that her majesty would drive in Hyde park that day.

"Mother, if the queen sees me will she speak to me?" asked little Lois.

"Oh, no, dear."

"Why, mother? Is the queen so shy?"



HOLY SMOKE.

MY VALENTINE.

A Roundel.

My valentine! which maiden shall it be
 Of all these mental photographs of mine?
 In which fair, gracious vision may I see

My valentine?

Shall it be Margaret with the eyes divine?
 Rosina, daintily dispensing tea?
 Toward clever Katherine does my heart incline?

Wait! Who is this comes flying by in glee?
 That mad Madge on her wheel?
 Here is my shrine.

Forgetting all the rest, I bow to thee,
 My valentine!

2. OLD HUNTER—"Yes, I'll sell them squirrels for two dollars."

CHOLLY (to Chappie)—"Won't we make the folks open their eyes when we show the game we killed?"

HADN'T HAD THE EXPERIENCE.

Bobbie (entertaining Mr. Vincent while his sister Ethel dresses)—"I say, Mr. Vincent, how did you feel when you were in the oven?"

Mr. Vincent—"In the oven! What do you mean, Bobbie? I never was in any oven."

Bobbie—"You weren't! Why, only just this minute, when Norah took your card up stairs, mamma said 'that Mr. Vincent is only just about half-baked.'"



3. ACQUAINTANCE—"How did you fellows get these squirrels?"

CHORUS—"With ouah shot-guns, of course."
 ACQUAINTANCE—"That's strange, considering the fact that each squirrel has a large bullet-hole in its head."



FROM OUR COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT.

Deacon van de Water was seen going toward the mill yesterday with a big load of rye.



THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE JOB.

FARMER SLEEPER (to his football-playing son, home on a visit from college)—"John, I had thunk that your eddication at college would never do yer old father any service, but I see I'm wrong, an' I want ter ask yer ter kick out yer sister's late-stayin' lover ter-night, an' fergive me fer doubtin' the value of eddication."



WHEN THE FARMERS COME TO TOWN.

“ I DON’T see what’s the use of folks a-crackin’ up the spring
An’ writin’ truck about the time the bluebirds try tew sing.
An’ lettin’ on they think it nice when all the fields are bare.
An’ bugs an’ flies an’ odors are floatin’ in the air.



Of course I ain’t no poet, with the rapture in my soul,
Or I could see the crocus or the snow-flower on the knoll.
I ain’t much on the misty hills when seen through purple haze,
But that’s because the spring tew me is full o’ workin’ days.

My back is so all-fired long that when I view the soil
I seem tew see pertater-hills an’ aggravatin’ toil.
Some folks kin live on poetry an’ give thur feelin’s play
Regardless o’ the temp’ature, but I ain’t built that way.



The winter hez its drawbacks ; but fer a steady thing,
Fer comfort an’ fer social joys, it lays ’way over spring.
Yew cain’t git days tew short fer me, I don’t care what folks say ;
The legislater ’s bound tew give us folks an eight-hour day.



So when the blackbirds fool aroun’ I don’t enthuse a bit,
An’ brooks may gurgle down the med’rs as much as they think fit.
The fleetly clouds are purty, an’ the grass may spring an’ grow,
While I climb up the woodshed stairs an’ git the same old hoe.



HOLE YOUR BALL AND GET ONE.

JUDGE’S patent quick thirst-quencher will save walking back to the club-house and encourage good playing.
Send for catalogue.



1. "There he goes, jumping into that corn-cart. Now we've got him, sure. What a fool he is for a fox!"

OLD FRIENDS IN NEW CLOTHES.

I said in my haste all men are liars, but after due reflection I am prepared to prove it. I read the yellow journals.

All is not Klondike that comes from Alaska.

The path of glory leads but to the newspaper syndicate.

All the world's a-wheel and all the men and women merely cyclists.

There is no flat like home.

Some men find happiness in doing the good.



3. THE TRAINED FOX—"Oh, I don't know. You won't be the only dogs in the pound."

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY; OR, BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT BEFORE YOU GO AHEAD.



2—"Now, then, he is in a trap."

"My stockings are all disappearing," returned Miss Virginia. "They are not brought up from the wash, and I haven't a pair to put on. You have got them hidden somewhere, or you are wearing them yourself."

"Miss State of Virginia, Ah tells yer Ah neber teched yer stockin's, an' what Ah's got on Ah'll show yer. Look, now; look good. Dem's de on'y stockin's Malvina's got—de stockin's what Jesus gib 'er." She modestly lifted her petticoats and displayed her bare bronze ankles.



4. THE DOG-CARTER—"You have done very well to-day, Reynard, and shall have a nice leg of broiled chicken for your supper."



THE PROFESSIONAL "LIMIT."

MR. WAYBACK (reading sign, aghast)—"By gosh! I believe in expansion, but I'll be durned ef th' public hain't allowin' that ere chap *too* much rope."

POSTPONEMENT.

"Chicago threatened to hang some aldermen some weeks ago. Was the threat put into execution?"

"No; it was postponed until after the next census had been taken."

GOLDEN SILENCE.

Mrs. Beggs—"That Mrs. Grant I met at the hotel last summer is no boaster. Why, I find since I've returned home that during the last year she has had grip, typhoid-fever, a sprained ankle and an operation on her eye. And on the piazza, when we were all telling our ailments, she never even mentioned one of hers. No, indeed; she is no braggart."

AN ILLUSTRATED WARNING.

There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip.

To this hobo that maxim applies. There's hard feeling along with the rotary skip

And the slip that he took on the ice.

So, reader, beware on approaching a pump;

Beware of those sudden, swift shoots;

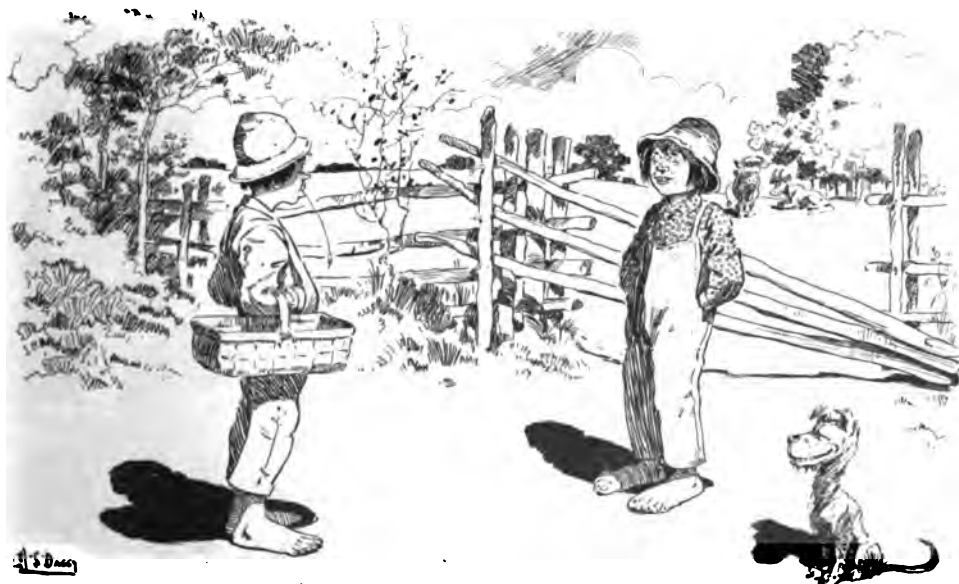
Beware of the foothold and treacherous lumps;

But, what's better, get spikes in your boots.



WHAT HE THOUGHT.

UNCLE SI (who has wandered into a private park)—"Jimminy crickets! this must be one of them air statuary grounds I've hearn about in divorce cases."



HE HAD PECULIARITIES.

"Let me see the letter," said Kilduff. "I am familiar with his handwriting."

"But this is typewritten," said Tenspot.

"I can tell that, too. I know his brand of spelling."

FELLOW-SUFFERERS.

"Shake!" said the Arkansas man to the man from Indiana, at the same time extending his hand.

"How did you know I had the ague?" asked the latter as he shook.

A COMPARATIVE HONOR.

RUBE—"We have forty ancestors hung in our gallery."

HIRAM—"Hully gee! And I was kicking 'cause I had *one* in jail."

IN THE SANITARIUM.

HE pet patient had just been left in a cold pack when terrifying screams of "Help! Help! Somebody, quick, help!" issued from the direction of her room. Four nurses darted her way, seven assistants came through the hall on a run and five doctors dashed up the stairs three steps at a time.

"Oh," cried the pet patient, "I thought you'd never get here! For mercy's sake scratch the end of my nose!"

THE FUTURE.

Times has changed, you will understand.

The two were talking about a woman president of a gigantic corporation whose affairs had become inextricably involved.

"And who is the man in the case?" asked one of the discussers.

But that was not yet apparent.

WHERE HE BANKS.

"Yes," said the temperance lecturer, growing eloquent, "that man takes the money right out of the mouths of his wife and children and spends it for rum."

THE SORT OF BATTER.

COACHER (*loudly*)—"Two are out! play for the batter."

MRS. NOTUPP—"Batter! b-a-t-t-e-r! Goodness sakes, what sort of batter are these men playing for?"

MR. MANN—"Dough, madam."

WORD FROM THE WANDERER.

"Dear Tom—Here it is three weeks after Christmas, and as I write this I sit with my window open. Think of doing *that* back in old New England!"

THE USUAL WAY.

Friend—"I presume you soon found that all was not gold that glittered?"

Returned klondiker (hoarsely)—"Yep. Most of it was ice."

BEEN IN MISCHIEF.

Beth (as a moth-miller alights on the piazza-railing)—"My! I guess that butterfly's mother will be provoked when she finds out it's been playing in the flour-barrel."

EVERY man wants to marry a woman who has loved no one else, but whom others have loved. Does a flower attract bees if it yields no honey?



A HIGH ROLLER.

FARMER GREENE—"Did yew know my son Rube went ter th' Paris exposee?"

LAWYER BEAN—"I guessed it. The papers said there was lots uv cheap Americans there."

FARMER GREENE—"Cheap! Why, sakes alive! The hull trip cost Rube nigh a hundred and sixty dollars, b'gosh!"



A COMPLIMENTARY TICKET.

FARMER HAYRAKE—"So ole Si Jenkins's son is a-runnin' fer congress out west? On what ticket?"
FARMER SNAKEROOT—"I didn't hear. But he was sech a 'dead-head' around here I reckon he must be a-runnin' on a 'complimentary.'"



WHAT SOLD THE COAT.

"This coat 's full o' moths."
 "Shuh! Dem's not moths; dey're silk-vorms. If de boss hears you he'll charge you two dollars extra."

AT THE MUSICALE.

Dash—"Don't you think Miss Sweetly sings with a great deal of feeling to-night?"

Smash—"Yes; she must be feeling pretty bad."

VALENTINE.

For some a pot of yellow gold
 Is hiding 'neath a rain-bow hope;
 For others honors manifold
 Are waiting on art's shining slope.

Forgotten is my roseate dream,
 And very vague my fair ideal;
 But, fortune, fickle though you seem,
 If you will make one vision real

I'll read anew the story old
 In eyes where prisoned sunbeams shine,
 And cry, "Away with fame and gold,
 For love shall be my valentine!"

AFTER THE BATTLE.

General—"What is that noise? It sounds like a steam-whistle."

Aid—"One of the correspondents was shot through the cheek, sir, and his expressions are leaking."

HER HAT.

Nay, Gruffpop, rage no more about
 "Farnation blanked expense!"
 That millinery bill is large,
 But pious its intents.

She thus puts ashes on her head.
 The Lenten maiden fair.
 For is it not a point of fact
 She burns the money there?

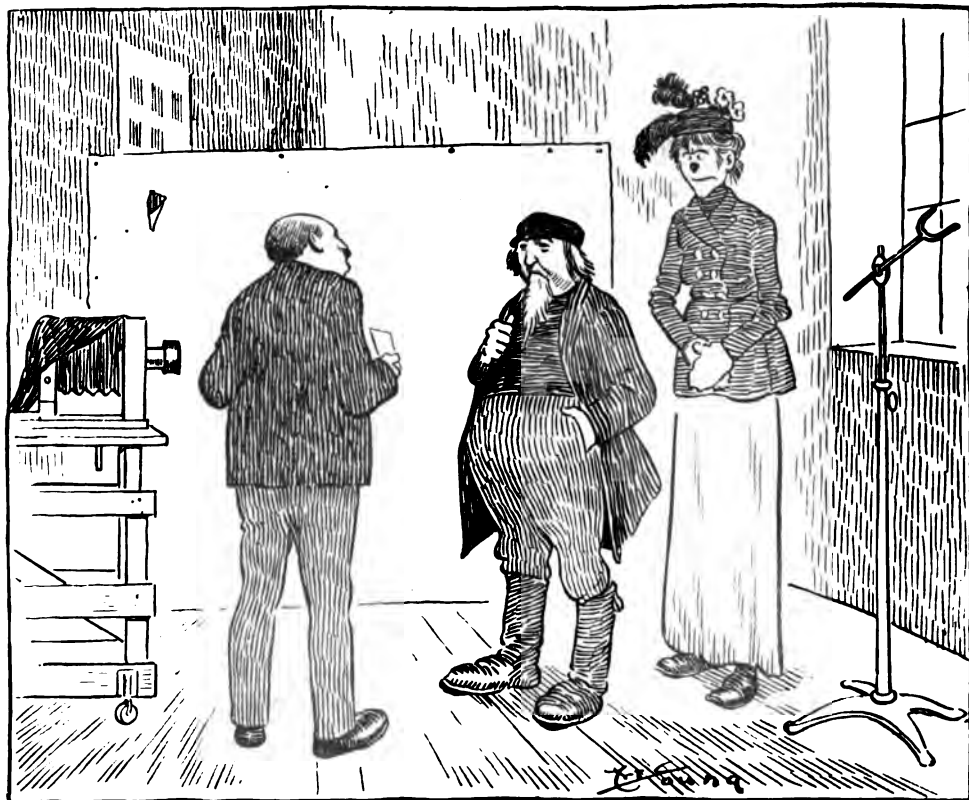
HIS LAST RESOURCE.

Generalissimo (British forces, South Africa)—"Supposing that in the execution of my orders you suddenly became aware that you had walked into a Boer ambush, that the enemy's horse was rapidly closing in on your rear, that both of your flanks and front were covered by sharpshooters and your whole command completely exposed to rapid-fire and Maxim guns—what would your first order be in that sort of situation?"

General—"Ground arms and kneel for prayers, sir."

NOTA BENE.

'Tis strange to note how things inanimate
 Will sometimes prove contrary:
 Paper, ink, quills decrease at such a rate,
 Yet still are stationery.



BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

OLD AMOS HITCHUP—"Jim, I've fetched my new wife up fer to have her pictur' took."
 COUNTRY PHOTOGRAPHER—"All right. Full length or bust?"
 OLD AMOS HITCHUP—"Yep, the hull full length. If the machine busts I'll pay fer it."

EXTREME CON-SERVATISM.

Silas—"Jake's a queer feller. I don't know whether you'd call him a pessimist or an optimist. He hain't had a bicycle fer two years. Said it wouldn't be long till the automobile'd be all the rage an' his bicycle would be a back number."

Hiram—"Well, I don't know but his head was level. Now, I s'pose he'll be gittin' an automobile purty soon."

Silas—"Naw! The durned guy says the flyin'-machine is goin' ter come along 'fore long an' make the automobile a back number."

RARITY of happen-ing makes a circumstance an event.



AN UNEXPECTED TURN.

WEARY TURNER (*inwardly*)—"Never again on askin' fer grub will I make de statement dat had I de chance I could 'turn my hand' to most anything."

WHERE IT ORIGINATED.

"It is shocking," observed the visitor from the north to the grizzled survivor of a Kentucky feud, "how these feuds perpetuate themselves. Is there no way to stop them? Do you ever try arbitration? Why not both sides come together some time and try to arbitrate the matter?"

"We did once, mister," replied the survivor. "That was how the blamed thing started."

MOST women read their love-story in snatches—here a beginning, there a bit from the dénouement, here a sentence, there a chapter.



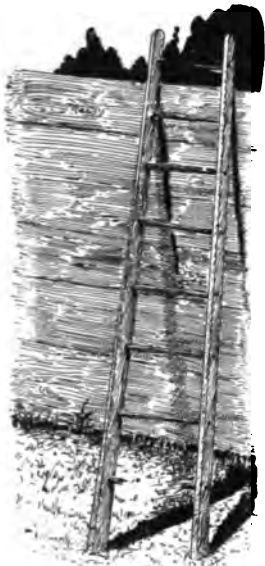
IN OLE VIRGINIA.

FIRST NATIVE—"So old General Bludgud disinherited his son Dick for marrying an actress?"
SECOND NATIVE—"Yes; he cut him off without a dog."



HIS PREFERENCE.

FERDINAND (of Boston).—"Which would you prefer to be descended from—a king, duke, earl, or baronet?"
AMOS (of Moose Meadow).—"Oh, I'd sooner be a parachute-jumper and descend from a balloon."



KNOCKED OUT IN THE FIRST ROUND.

WINTER NOTES FROM THE OUTSKIRTS.

A man is known by the ashes he sprinkles.

The recording angel never bothers about the man with a bad cold.

The golf-fiend should take his winter exercise on the snow-paths.

When the snow gets too deep go down in the cellar and gaze at the lawn-mower.

Why should we sigh for the north pole when we have the unheated trolley-cars?

The man with a full coal-bin should not be too proud. The furnace may get out of order.

The commuter who missed the last express and sits down to wait for a way-train ought to be a linguist.

The suburbanite's favorite quotation is from Kipling: "Lest we forget—lest we forget." And then he generally does.



"LIQUID HEIR."

A SPLENDID RECORD.

Lakeside—"I have been watching the daily papers pretty closely, and have discovered that within the last six days five strangers in Chicago bought gold-bricks, four took home a supply of green-goods, and thirty-six cashed worthless cheques for entire strangers after banking-hours."

Calumette—"Is that so? I hope the New York papers will notice it. It's time they learned that population alone doesn't make a metropolis."



THE GENTLE PASSION.

ANGELINA (*ecstatically*)—"Oh, heavens, Gertrude! how I could love dat man!"



"WHEN REUBEN COMES TO TOWN."

UNCLE HI—"Don't blow out the gas, hey? Wa-al, I guess there is other ways ter put it out, so's a man kin git some sleep." (Pours a pitcher of water on it.)

Muffled is the suburban voice; muffled is the suburban tread; muffled is the suburban path; and around the suburban neck is the muffler.

Why does it rain and snow only in the suburbs when the umbrella is at the office? Why does it rain and snow only at the office when the umbrella is twenty miles in the country? Answer that, ye higher critics, and let the smaller problems of life alone.

A SCHOOL-DAY VALENTINE.

The little country school-house still stands beside the lane,
With pictures chalked up on the door and many a broken pane;
But 'mong the lassies and the lads I nowhere now can see
A certain little girl and boy who once were known to me,
Although I seem to hear him say, with head bent close to mine,
"I love you 'most a bush-el, Kit—and I'm your valentine."
Full many a year has passed since then, and at my side to-day
The children of the man I love with merry frolic stray;
Yet as the veil of time is rent by memory's magic touch,
I fancy by the school-house steps a boy I met so much,
And hear him whisper softly, his dark curls touching mine,
"I love you 'most a bush-el, Kit—and I'm your valentine."

NO DANGER.

"I tell you," said the anti-expansionist, "the annexation of the Philippines will whet the appetite of the United States for conquest. We shall become drunk with human blood. We shall become a military nation, and war will follow war in rapid succession."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied the other man. "The wars of the United States will be few and far apart."

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, after one war is closed it will take a generation to get through with the investigation."

HE KNEW.

Cobwigger—"My boy, you don't know what trouble is."

Freddie—"What are you talking about, pa? You have only ma to mind, while I have to mind both of you."



SILAS SEEDLIN—"I heern that Hank Cooper's wife has left him."

JIM MEENER—"I want to know!"

SILAS SEEDLIN—"Yes. She says she's just sick an' tired of carryin' water, pickin' up chips, an' chorin' round while Hank loafs at the saloons."

JIM MEENER—"Well, there! now ye see what high notions these wimmin are gettin' since they started 'at air new culture society."



THE DAY OF CELEBRATION.

"Well, I see the constable's takin' Bill Hogan to jail agin."

"Yes; Bill signed the pledge at the temp'rance lectur' last night an' he's bin celebratin' the event ever since."

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

Without the street is bleak and bare;
The snow falls fast through the freezing air.
My purse is empty, my coat is thin,
But a warm, glad heart is buttoned within;
For she, my darling! has written a line—
"I will wait, for I love you. Your valentine."

Without Saint Valentine's day is fair;
Spring seems to stir in the warm, soft air.
I need no longer my coat of fur
As I go to carry these flowers to her—
To her, where she sleeps in her narrow bed—
Yet within me my heart is frozen dead.

UNINVITING DESCRIPTION.

"You know Tenspot, don't you, Spykes?"

"Yes, I know him."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"He is the sort of man that sits cross-legged at dinner."

WASHINGTON-PIE.

Reginald—"Is this what you call Washington-pie, mamma?"

Mamma—"It is, Reggie."

Reginald—"Well, it is what I would call a layer of dough shingled with apple-slices."

OVERWORKED.

"The Last Words of Great Men," voluminous tome,

To a critic was mailed for reviewing;

He pored o'er its contents from dawning till gloam,

And it near brought about his undoing.

"There's one consolation," he muttered in glee,

"I'm freed from a task superhuman;

No book large enough has been made or can be
To hold all the last words of woman."

A VERY small part of the trouble in the world is caused by keeping one's mouth shut.

A MAN AND HIS MONEY.

It was Saturday night. The Third-avenue elevated was crowded with people going home from work. A big man, dressed as a laborer, who had boarded the train at Fulton street, lurched and stumbled and tumbled into a seat. He was very drunk and for a time sat in sleepy silence, his body swaying gelatinously with the movement of the car. Suddenly a thought seemed to pierce the obscurity of his mental gloom, and lifting his head he said emphatically, "I maybe-wrong—bu' guesh not—two-an'-two — forty-an'-ten."

Much more he said to the same effect—whatever the effect may have been—and then began fumbling anxiously



YE "COUNTRY FAIR" THAT IS WELL ATTENDED.

of notes which he counted unsteadily and rolled up again, "thish'll do (hic) for me."

in his trousers pockets. After difficult and prolonged search he drew forth some coins and holding them in the palm of one hand he counted them laboriously, pushing them over one by one with the forefinger of his other hand.

"Two—four—twenty—fifty"—here he stopped and nodded approvingly. "Yesh, that'll do for the ole woman in the kitchen" (hic), tumbling the coins back into his pocket. "An' thish," thrusting his hand inside his blouse and drawing out a roll

A MILK-SHAKE.



1. THE KITTEN—"Why, there's milk!—"



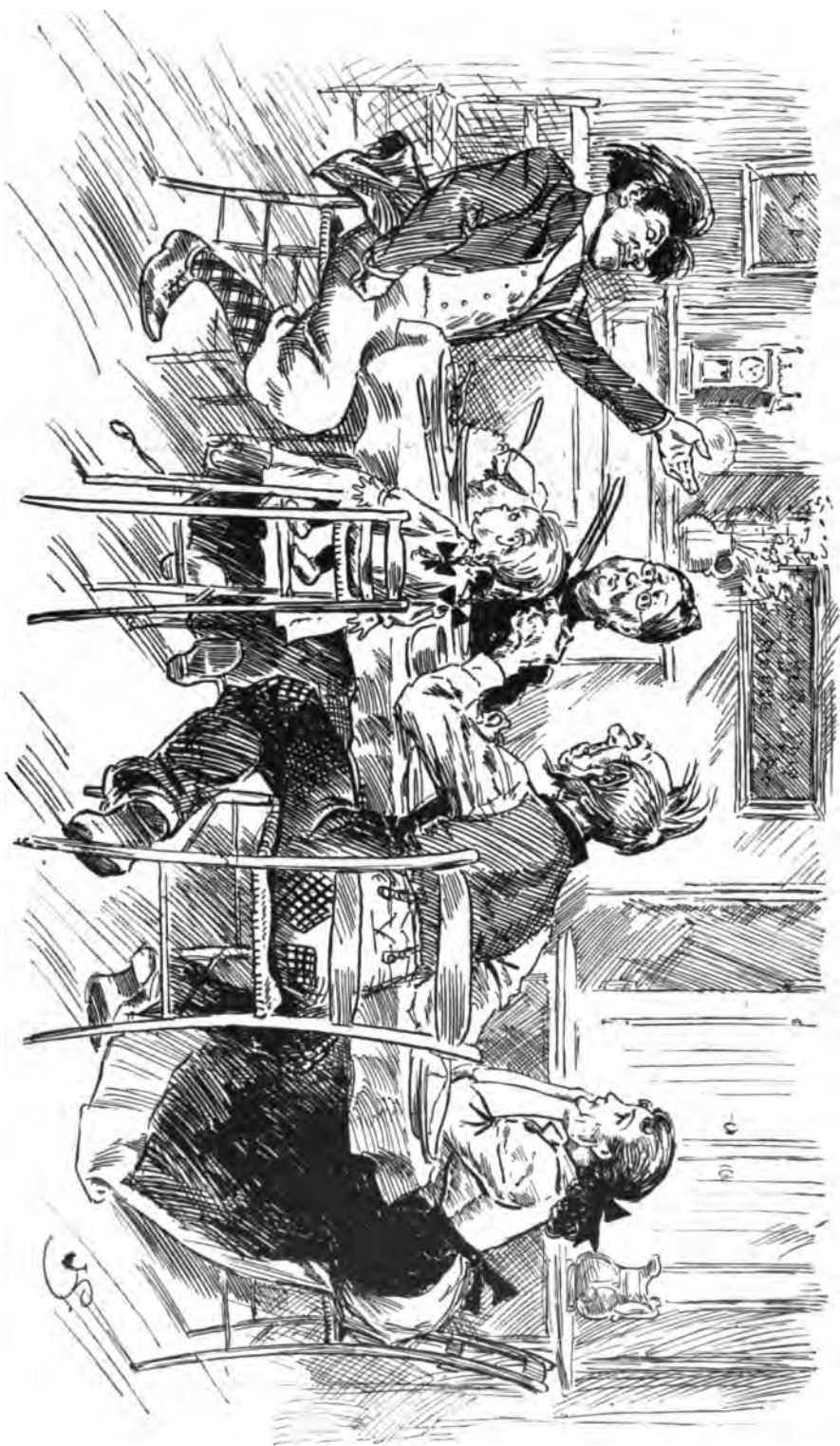
2. — This beats the old cat."



3. ! ! ! ! !



4. THE KITTEN—"I wasn't gamblin' on a milk-shake."



A LINGUIST.

COLLEGE SON (relating an incident)—“You see, we hocus-focussed the old guy and kept giving him the dinky-dink till his nibs was fairly flabbergasted.”
FATHER (in perplexed admiration)—“Uv co’rse, my son, me an’ yer ma is mighty proud uv th’ way yew kin mix them forrin langwidges in yer conversashun, but at th’ same time yew’ll hev tew throw in a leetle more English ef yew want us tew understand w’ot yew air drivin’ at.”

ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

Little Elmer—
"Papa, what is 'horse-play'?"

Professor Broadhead—"It is the cutting of capers of the kind that if indulged in by a horse would cause the animal to be shot on suspicion of mental and moral unsoundness."

TIMELY ADVICE.

Handle her carefully,
Caress her with care,
She has just recently
Blondined her hair.



PLENTY OF HORSE CENTS.

THE CAUSE OF THE DEFICIENCY.

Harriman Hat-tan—"It is very amusing to hear the excuses those Chicago men make for the failure of the census to give their city two million inhabitants.

Richmond Burroughs—"Yes; I spoke of the matter to Porkenlard the other day, and he actually spent about twenty minutes trying to show me that it was all because a couple of Italian families moved away from the city just before the census was taken."



1. INVOKING AN AVALANCHE.

BROWBEATING BRUNO—"De lady o' dis house needn't t'ink she kin bluff me—I heerd her run up de stairs an' I'm gom' ter stan' right on dis spot till she rushes me (*swish*) —"



2. INVOKING AN AVALANCHE.

—somethin' down." (*Tableau.*)



WASHINGTON'S VERSION.

HE three great virtues we've always known,
Learned at our mother's knee ;
But this is the way George thought
it ran :
"Faith, hope, and cherry-tree."

HE KNEW.

Teacher—"Why did Washington cross the Delaware river?"

Johnny Thickneck—"To git on the other side."

MISS OLD GIRL.

If we judge you by rules economic,
Philosophic or e'en anatomic,
The result is the same,
You are out of the game,
And your valentine must be a comic.

BREAKING THEIR FALLS.

Citizen—"Don't you fellows ever get hurt when you drop from bridges upon moving freight-trains?"

Weary—"Seldom, sir. By practice we gits a good eye fer measurin' distance, an' most allus manage ter fall on de brakesman."

TO LIVE AND GIVE.

I found a little flower growing in a dell. Its color was



THE DIFFICULTIES OF EDUCATION IN THE WEST.

PROFESSOR WACKER—"Now, Johnnie Simpkins, you will please begin reading again where you left off."

fresh and its perfume seemed sweet to me. I stretched forth my hand to pick it when a voice said.

"Would you kill the flower? If plucked it would soon die."

I withdrew my hand and turned away my steps when I heard a pleading voice,

"Leave me not alone. Pluck me—pluck me though I die."



SAVED BY THE SEAT.

PATERNAL—"Mother, shall I lick him fer disobeyin' you so outrageous?"

MATERNAL—"No. I hain't no time ter do any mendin' till next week, an' if ye lick him I'm sartin sure the seat of his pants won't hold out till then."

A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE.



1.

NOTHIN DOIN—"These quarters isn't quite as luxurious as me city suite at de Waldorf Castoria, but it's too cold ter sleep outside."



2.

CHICK JOHNSING—"Gee! frum de feel uv dem laigs dis must be a bouncer."



3.

CHICK JOHNSING—"Come out uv dere, mah beauty!"



A SUBSCRIBER'S OPINION.

Editor Hunchville *Enterprize*—I jes ben readin in the *Enterprize* thet a medical man seys malarial cums frum the bite of a femail muskeeto.

I want to ast ye if ye ever heerd of enny trubble thet they wunt a femail at bottum of it. Sence the days of 'at air woman Eve the femail hes ben tryin fer to set the wurd cross-ways. Ile bet a doller agin a donut thet my rumatiz cum frum the bite of a pesky femail fly. Ile bet if these medical men pry aroun fer the fax they kin show thet nobody'd have yaller-janders, crick in the back, er cowbunkles er nothin if we culd jes ketch all the femail inseks an shet 'em up sommers an keep 'em there.

I haint no use fer femails in enny form an I don't keer who nose it. Yurs truly,
HUNCHVILLE, O.

BILL. BEEBE, bachelor.

COULD WORK UP SPEED.

Prospective buyer—"Yes, I like this house as well as any that you have in Morningcrow, but it stands on such a fearfully steep hill. It would tire a man out completely to climb it."

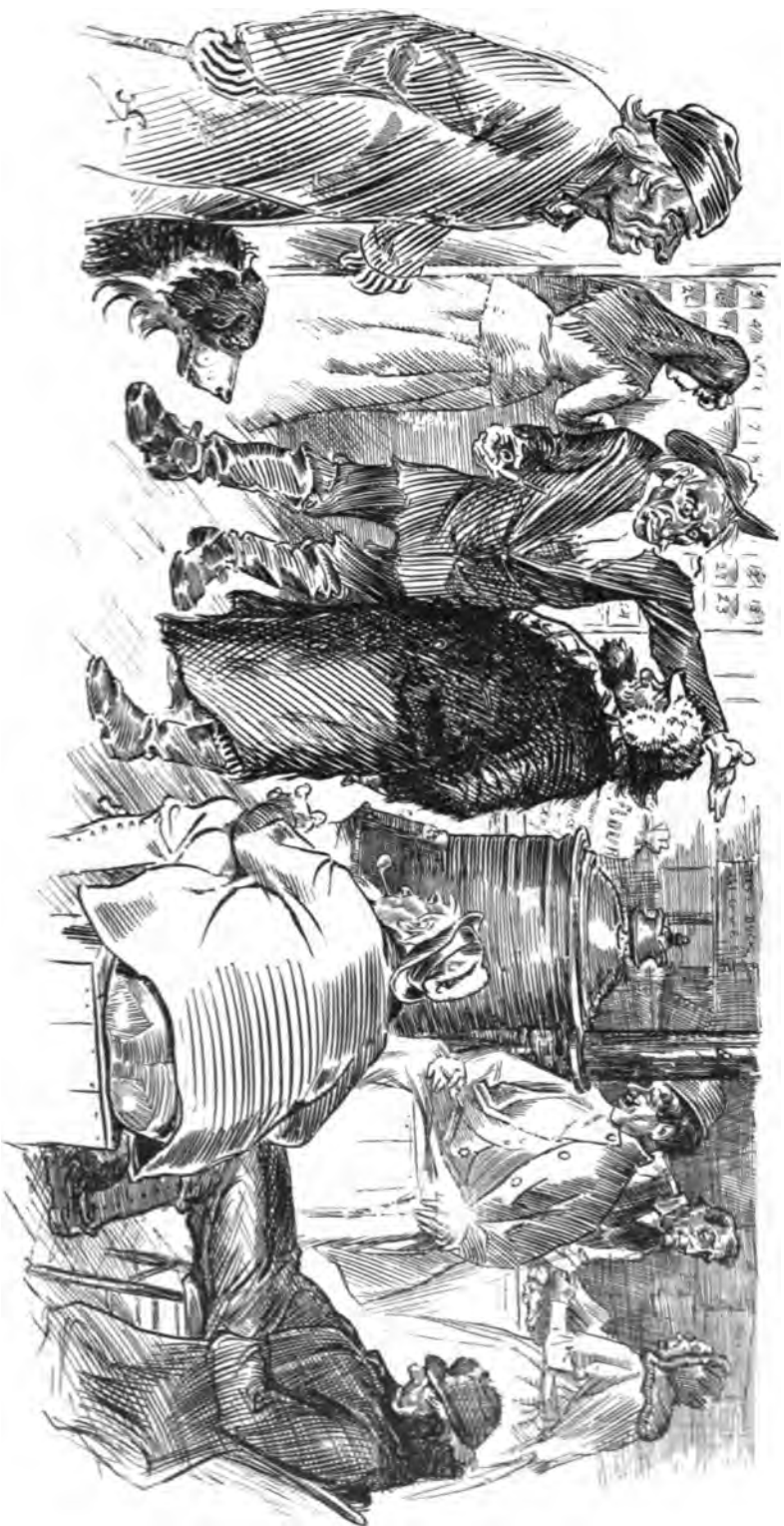
Agent—"Well, you would have to climb it only in the evening, when you came from the train; and just think what a help that steep decline would be mornings, when you had to catch trains!"

"It's influence that counts in politics," said the voter.
"Yes," answered the practical politician; "but not so much as affluence."



4.

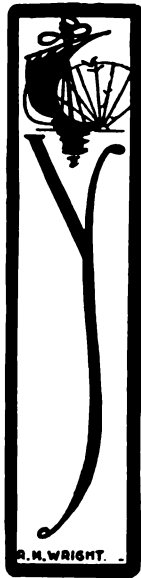
NOTHIN DOIN—"Gosh, what a terrible dream!"



PROVOKING.

FARMER GREENE—"If I ever catch that young Perkins I'll kill him, sure! He eloped with my darter Hanner, and"—
FARMER BROWN—"Desartid 'er?"
FARMER GREENE—"No; but he hitched up my two-twenty trotter to do it, an' druv her so fast she won't be fit fer th' cat-race next Tuesday."

POOR MARY JANE!



YES, POOR Mary Jane has gone to the asylum; but I done my duty by her to the last. The doctor he said he'd got to call in another man, so's to have the license, or whatever you call it, all fair and square, and he was for palmin' off on her one of these common doctors right here in town. But I says, 'No, sir-ee! if Mary Janes 's got to go to the lunatic-asylum I ain't goin' to have no makeshifts like that. I'm bound to do my duty by her!' He had the impudence to say 'twa'n't necessary at all, but I stuck fast, and the upshot on 't

was he sent to Hartford for Dr. Grayti, and, I tell ye, he's a good one! Why, he talked splendid for nigh a quarter of an hour! I don't recollect just his words, but he had a good deal to say about poor Mary Jane's ego—as near as I could make out, that's something in the small o' the back. Oh, I tell ye, he's



PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT.

OFFICER GROOGIN—"Phwat are yez waitin' fer?"

FARMER HAYRICK—"Fer my change. I dropped a dime in the penny-in-th'-slot machine."

fine! Yes, I paid him twenty-five dollars, but 'twas wuth it! I was bound to do my duty by poor Mary Jane."



THE WRONG CLEW.

Pity the sorrows of a poor country minister! He has been following this couple about town all day, thinking they were looking for somebody to marry them, and finally learns (from Jeb Martin, who knows everybody for fifty miles around) that they are brother and sister.

TEN, OF COURSE!

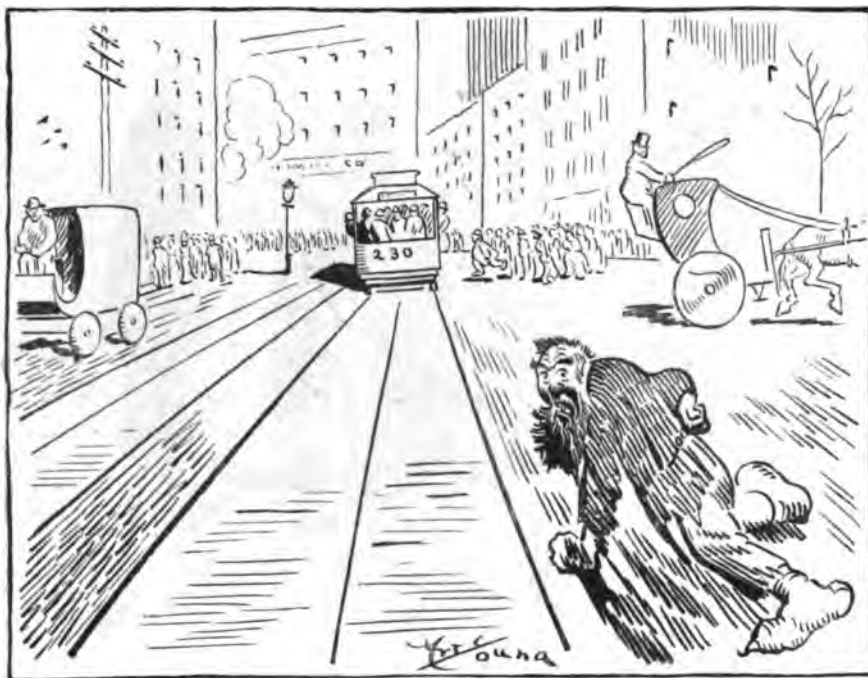
When the historical editor brought up the old question as to how many were the offspring of John Rogers, the martyr, who, the records tell us, had "nine small children and one at the breast," the mathematical editor, having successfully fixed the date which will henceforth end the century, took time to remark, "We always carry one for every ten."

WAITING FOR THE FUN.

Daisy Bly (in a loud whisper) — "Is dis de new Fench tutor, mamma?"

Mamma — "Yes, pet. Come and speak with him."

Daisy Bly (hanging off) — "When is he going to begin to toot?"



SHORT LIVED.

FARMER PLUMB (*picking himself up after a cable-car has dragged him a block*)—"By cracky! that medical book was right that sed folks don't live as long in the city as in the country."

PARALLEL DIFFERENCES.

First tramp—"What are you so sad about?"

Second tramp—"I was thinkin' of the impertinent long sentence the last judge read to me. Why are you smilin'?"

First tramp—"I was thinkin' of the pertinent short sentences I read in the last JUDGE."

UNPROFITTABLE.

Nephew—"You say that when you first got married you started out to keep an account of all your living expenses. How long did you keep it up?"

Uncle Jedediah—"Jest one year, Harold. The dinged thing counted up so high that if I'd kept the account another year I wouldn't have had a red cent left."



PRACTICING ON THE PIANO.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

"I wonder if I'd better tell my father," thought Washington, junior, as he surveyed the cherry-tree.

"You'd better," whispered his conscience, "because you know Washington senior."

EXTREME OPPOSITION.

"I never saw a man so violently opposed to capital as Sniggles, the labor-leader," remarked Spykes to Spokes.

"What about Sniggles?"

"Well, he won't even use capital letters in spelling his own name."



THE IMPROVED NOSE-HEATER.

The value of this invention cannot be overestimated. It is neat, compact and, being made of polished nickel, attracts no attention when worn on the street. As nearly every one suffers from a cold nose during the winter season, a large sale of this appliance is expected.

MORE DRESSED-UP.

Dorothy's father had decided to buy a horse and had brought two home to try. One of them had broad bands of white hair on the front legs, just above the hoofs.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Dorothy mournfully, when this one was returned to its owner, "I don't see why papa didn't buy the one with cuffs on."

DOMESTIC PRECAUTIONS.

Mrs. McGroarity—"Tirrince! Tirrince! hurry up and finish shaving. Contractor Finnegan is at th' front door on a matter av business."

Mr. McGroarity—"Chase th' pig out av th' parlor and invite him in, Biddy. Oi would not have Finnegan go away wid the imprission that we are not high-choned here."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Marcus and Valorous Hobbs were two old Connecticut farmers. All my life I had been accustomed to hearing them called by these names or the more familiar ones of Marc and Val. It was not until the other day that, happening to act as a witness to their signatures to some legal document, I discovered their true appellations to be Marquis Lafayette Hobbs and Valorous George Washington Hobbs.



LITERAL.

UNCLE HIRAM— No, sir, Josh ; tain't what it's cracked up to be ! Me 'n' Liza tuk them Fall River boats, listened all night, an' I'm durned if we could hear that Long Island sound they're always talkin' erbout."

A WOMAN may wish a man hadn't kissed her, but she never forgets a man who has.

HER CAPABILITY.

"Katie, do you think Miss Blank will do some shopping for me?"

"Yes'm, I'm sure she will. She's a good buyer, but she's no looker and no picker."

A LAST RESORT.

Client—"According to your showing, both the law and the facts are clearly against us?"

Attorney—"Yes ; I shall be obliged to weep copiously before the jury."

IN DAKOTA.

Mrs. Jones—"What are you eating, Mary?"

Mary—"A piece of Nelly Black's divorce-cake."



A REMINDER.

SUBURBANITE—"Say, take this dime and move along. How do you suppose I can break my hens of setting if you keep playing 'All I want is my chicken'?"

THE COLONEL TOOK THE CUE.

"Man need not live by bread alone,"

Old Parson Johnson cried.

"Oh, no, my unbelieving friends; Dar's other things beside."

And Colonel Jinks, who heard him whoop,
Went home and locked his chicken-coop."

VERY UNFORTUNATE.

She was very illiterate, but the wife of a city official and anxious to be entertaining. After some local gossip she told a little story of a man-friend who was a cripple, and ended the tale in this way:

"Just think! the poor fellow has not walked a step in twenty years, but has to be rolled about in an infidel chair."

"Terrible!" returned her mischievous hostess; "and so bad for his immortal soul."

"Oh, no!" quickly replied the guest; "it was his spine."



By Fred Nankivell

"Say, my uncle dat's visitin' us has got a wooden leg."

"Ugh! dat's nuthin'. When I was down ter New York I saw a man dat was *all* wood in front of a cigar-store."

STILL UNCHANGED.

Though this is the age of the athletic girl,

Who is proud of her palms covered over with blisters,

I notice that now, when the snow-ball she 'd twirl,

Her aim is as poor as her old-fashioned sister's.

HER STRONG HOLD.

Wife (testily) — "Don't interrupt me. I leave out half my words when I'm writing."

Husband — "But you don't when you're talking, do you?"

DEAD SERIOUS.

Doctor Jolly — "Do you know what book has had the most lasting effect on the human race?"

Colonel R. — "'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' I reckon."

Doctor Jolly — "No; you're wrong. 'Every Man His Own Physician.' It has killed more people than the plague."

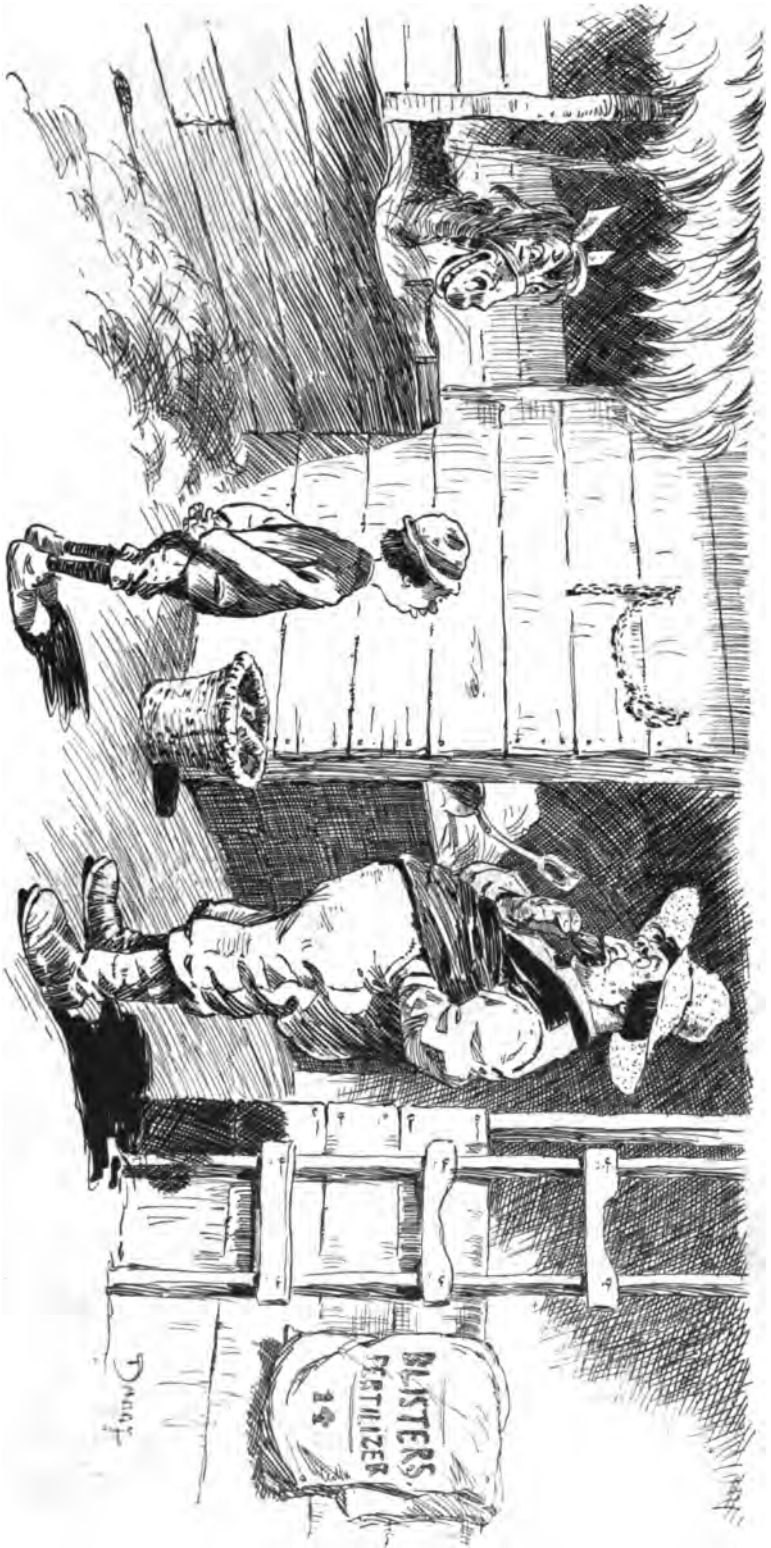


LADENDORF

FARMER OATCAKE'S LEGAL TENDER.

MRS. OATCAKE — "What on earth are you going to do with all those old bones?"

FARMER OATCAKE — "Why, send 'em to William. Didn't he say in his last letter that he was payin' twenty bones a month fer board. I got enough here to pay fer two months."



IT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

FARMER GREENE—"So the teacher said you was a chip of the old block, eh? The impudent virago! What had you been doing?"

BOBBY GREENE—"Why, I had been standing at the head of my class in everything, and"—

FARMER GREENE—"Just as I thought, my boy! Miss Jones is a most estimable and discerning young lady, and I shall recommend her to the trustees for a raise of salary."

WHAT IT SHOWED.



Y THE way," exclaimed the lover of his country, and particularly of his country's father, "have you seen the anecdotes of Washington that have been collected from various obscure sources by an eminent historian and published in a recent magazine?"

"I have," replied the cynic.

"Are they not wonderful? They show the many-sided character of our country's hero and cast an entirely new light on his wonderful personality. They show him as a wit, as a gallant, as a brave soldier, as a business man, and in fact in many ways that we would never

dream of. I consider such a compilation of great value as showing the true man as he was."

"Huh!" said the cynic. "They may throw some light on George, perhaps, but they are really more valuable on account of the light they throw on his contemporaries and their descendants."



HARDLY REPENTANT.

FARMER HAYRAKE—"Gosh! Here's a letter from that green-goods feller what sent me home with a satchel full of sawdust."

MRS. HAYRAKE—"Dear me! Does he repent?"

FARMER HAYRAKE—"Wa-al, he says here that he thinks one o' his diamond studs dropped outer his shirt and inter the sawdust while packing, but if I'll return it ter wunst he won't prosecute and no questions will be asked."

"What do you mean?"

"They show that although George couldn't lie his contemporaries undoubtedly could, as still can the children of the country of which he was the father."



INFALLIBLY.

SALATHIEL—"Mornin', Neighbor Pealeaf. We air goin' ter hev rain—it allus rains when I hev rheumatiz ketch me in th' knee-jints."

ABNER—"Shouldn't wonder't all—we orter hev snow perty soon, nacow, hedn't we?"

SALATHIEL—"Nope; we won't hev snow till next Monday, an' then we'll hev it."

ABNER—"Gosh! air yew a weather-prophet?"

SALATHIEL—"Not edactly; but my wife allus washes Mondays, an' I never knew it ter fail a winter yit thet I didn't hev ter git up an' shovel a path so she could hang aout her washin', b'gosh!—never."



QUITE UNDERSTANDABLE.

TELLER (of *New York bank*)—"You will have to be identified, sir."
FARMER SCUDDER (of *East Meck*)—"By hookey! I told Mirandy nobody would know me in this new hat and coat."

ONE OF THE RIGID RULES.

"I'm afraid Algy never will qualify for admittance to our set."

"What is the matter now?"

"Why, when he came in just a minute ago he failed to put his cane on top of the bar."

PLENTY LIKE HIM.

Mrs. Crawford—"What does your husband give up during Lent?"

Mrs. Crabshaw—"I never knew him swear off anything except his taxes."

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Ins-tute where the sick are cured by Psychratism without drugs of any kind. All diseases and habits—drug, liquor, etc., are cured. **PERSONAL INSTRUCTION** In Psychratism is here given to students by Prof. Vernon himself. Those who cannot afford the expense of a trip to Rochester should send for Prof. Vernon's comprehensive **FREE 100-PAGE BOOK** entitled "Psychic Phenomena of the 20th Century."

MONEY IN HIS POCKET.

"The prince of Wales can soon pay his debts," said Gummey.

"How do you know that?" asked Glanders.

"I notice in the *London News* that his wife and daughters have begun to make their own bonnets."

NOT THAT HIGH.

"You ought to buy this house," said the agent to Cumso. "At ten thousand dollars it is going for a mere song."

"It may be a mere song," said Cumso, "but it goes to high c, and I can't reach it."

A MAN's first vision of divorce is when he wakes up the morning after having proposed to a poor girl who has accepted him.

LADIES! A friend in need is a friend indeed. If you want a regulator that never fails, address **THE WOMAN'S MEDICAL HOME, Buffalo, N. Y.**

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JUDGE COMPANY, 110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

HIS PHILOSOPHY.

"I don't mind in the least," said the sage of Kohack, "havin' a sharper mistake me for a greenhorn and a good thing. I always enjoy settin' back and carnly watchin' him bait his hook and cautiously attempt to pull me in. If the game he is workin' is an old one I already know it—havin', I presume, had the pleasure of bein' skinned, one time and another, by about every swindle that was ever invented—and am therefore in no danger of havin' my financial pelt jerked off over my head. And if the game is a new one I am always willin' to take the risk for the sake of addin' to my already large and well-selected stock of information. Either way, I enjoy it, and as the swindler has all the pleasure of his anticipated victory—anticipation is really more enjoyable than realization, anyhow—and I know when to let go, both of us manage to squeeze a good deal of quiet glee out of the operation, and no harm is done to either of us."

HIS LIMIT.

Full many a day I've sighed for her—
In fact, I've almost cried for her—
And few things would deter me that would bless my lady fair.
I'd go through waters deep for her,
I'd go without my sleep for her,
And many fearful dangers, for her sweet sake, would I dare.
Dire perils hold no fear for me,
Few obstacles uprear for me
That I would not surmount, with pleasure, at my lady's wish.
But, right here, let me say to you—
My inmost soul betray to you—
I will *not* eat the things she fixes in her chafing-dish.

THE ETERNAL FITNESS.

De Garry—"I once heard of a Boston girl who found a close-roller umbrella in her Christmas-stocking."
Madge—"How did she come to get that?"
De Garry—"It was about the only thing that would fill it."

A MEXICAN MEMORY.

"The macpalxochiquahitt, or hand-flower tree, which grows in Mexico, bears a red flower whose petals resemble in shape a human hand."—*Modern Mexico*.
Only a macpalxochiquahitt blossom,
Plucked by her little hand,
She gave me at parting—Señor Anita,
Ysabel Carmen Dolores Juanita,
Of Xochimilcoquetl,
Near Mount Popocatepetl,
Over the Rio Grande.

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Y IS IT?

(From an account of a recent wedding: "The maid of honor, Miss Edythe Blanche, preceded the bride, Miss Grayce Blanche.")

We thought the world was quite awry
When Mary changed to Mayme;
When Caroline put out her i
And Carolyn became;
When Edythe followed in her wake,
And Alice came apace;
But oh, for goodness gracious' sake!
Do draw the line at Grayce.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

'Tis no wonder we feel squirmish
When the men of wedlock prattle;
An engagement 's but a skirmish.
But a marriage a pitched battle.

NEEDED HASTY TREATMENT.

Dorothy (noticing with great distress a rip in her doll, whence the sawdust was spilling out)—
"Oh, mamma, please do something quick
Dolly 's just sawdusting herself to death."

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dinary. It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am."

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"Dear Sir:—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor."

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your address plainly.

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ONE WAY OUT OF IT.

Sunday-school teacher (wishing to
show how easily George Washington
might have falsified)—“Now, children,
little George didn't know but that he'd
be severely whipped by confessing that
he chopped down the cherry-tree. What
might he have done in order to keep
peace with his father?”

Patsy—“Buried the hatchet, mum.”

A COMPANION-PIECE.

“I suppose,” said the thoughtful one,
“that ‘Maud Muller’ might be called the
companion poem to ‘The man with the
hoe.’”

Quoth the thoughtless one, “I can't
imagine why.”

“Well, Maud was the girl with the
rake, you remember.”

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When some rascal sends to us
Low comic valentines,
Making us ridiculous
With pictured doggerel lines,
We don't curse and throw away—
Some heads may fit the cap—
But re-address without delay
To some other chap.

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ADVERTISEMENTS
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HE DID.

“Pooh!” said Hojack. “I believe with
T. Wilberforce Beauregard in this matter,
and I tell you he's a recognized authority.”

“Who recognizes him as an authority?”
“I do.”

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LADY'S SYRINGE**
THE ONLY PERFECT VAGINAL SYRINGE
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formation for Women Only” FREE.
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12 Astor Place, New York.

AN EXCEPTION.

George Washington's veracity
Has passed unquestioned by,
And yet I know an instance when
He carried well a lie.

Belinda wrote she loved me not
(Of course, though, I knew better),
And then she took George Washington
And stuck him on the letter.

HELPING THE POOR.

Mrs. Dorcas—"You'd better take back
this dollar-bill, my dear, and let me have
a twenty instead."

Dorcas—"How's that?"

Mrs. Dorcas—"I've changed my mind
about visiting that poor family. I'm
going to the charity bazaar."

VALENTINES.

As there can be but little doubt
They often did offend one,
I'm glad the fashion's dying out,
For I've no girl to send one.

MORPHINE

OPIUM and LAUDANUM habits cured by
OPACURA, a painless home treatment, endorsed
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MENT sufficient to convince you it WILL CURE,
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tifully illustrated premium lists, plans, etc., etc. Sent free. Address:
SALVONA SOAP CO., 851 Chesman Building, ST. LOUIS, MO.

HER IDEA.

"Oh!" exclaimed little Miss Citimin as
the Dutch cheese was passed on the oc-
casion of her first meal in the country,
"you keep one of those dear old Dutch
cows, don't you?"

HIS TREATMENT.

Soiled Spooner—"About six months
ago I visited an uncle o' mine dat I hadn't
seen in fourteen years."

Seldum Fedd—"I s'pose he treated
you like a prodigal son, and all dat?"

Soiled Spooner—"Naw! He mistook
me for de fatted calf, and dum near killed
me before I could make my git-away."

A CHEQUE of right size will assuage
any man's grief.

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with specifications, form of contract, and a
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If you ever intend to build get
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you commence. This should be
your first step toward building a
house, so as to ascertain what
kind of a house you want and find
out how much it is going to cost
before going ahead.

There is not one person in a
hundred that builds a house but
that wishes, after it is too late,
that he had made some different
arrangements on planning the
interior, and would give many
dollars to have had it otherwise,
but it is too late.

Also there is not one in a hun-
dred but that will tell you that
the reason of this is he starts to
build, without proper consideration; his only foundation is the money he has to build with and large
imaginings. About the time he has his building enclosed his imaginings vanish and his money
with them.

The value of this work to builders cannot be estimated, as it contains designs for just such houses
as they are called on to build every day in the week.

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DID HE KNOW POKAH?

STUDYING the faces in the smoking-car, I became interested in two sleek, well-dressed colored men across the aisle. Evidently they were barbers or waiters running down to Binghamton or Albany. They were well satisfied with themselves, as was evident in the attention they paid occasionally to their snowy cuffs, which needed adjusting. They were sportive too, and amused each other with sundry tricks with a pack of cards. What they did not know of the intricacies of the pasteboards would not form material for another Hoyle. Smart and cheerful they were, and their hilarious laughter was contagious. They were both too well posted to furnish any amusement to each other, and they looked longingly around the car for a victim. At Corning the most portentous solution of the American race problem I ever saw came into the smoker. Calm, dignified



NO DIFFERENCE.

LITTLE SAM—"Gran'mammy, wot's de difference between iron an' steel?"
GRANDMA—"Yo' say wot's de difference between iron an' steel? Um—er—now I s'prised at yo' ignorance, chile. Why, de difference between iron an' steel is jes' de same as de difference between ironin' an' stealin', ob course."

and sedate he stalked down the aisle, his massive ulster sweeping the floor, and his wealth of mouth sending out a cloud of cigar-smoke that started the frost on the car-windows and made the trainman sneeze. Rapidly the sleek coons turned a seat and made room for him. "Johnsing is ma name," said the newcomer, "an' I'm gwine down to Albany after a new frashing-masheen. I run a gang ob hands back ob Corning heah."

One of the sleek ones winked to the other and remarked that he and his friend Krutters were also on their way to the capitol city.

"How is craps up dish yer way," he asked.

"Fa'r, fa'r," answered Mr. Johnsing.

Mr. Krutters gathered up the cards on the seat and returned them to his pocket.

"Seems laik yo' been spo'tin' a leetle," said Mr. Johnsing.

"Jess a leetle," said Mr. Krutters, "I was jess a-showin' Mr. Cartwright how a feller beat me outen a tenner dis summah;" and he took the cards out again and dealt around three hands at poker.

"Yo' see, dat feller sung out after he dealt the cards dat he had a dollah hand at pokah; an' golly! I hed foah jacks maself, an' de fust ting we knowed we was a-bettin' fo' keeps."

Mr. Johnsing took up his hand and a look of surprise came over his face. "It do seem," said he, "dat I would bet all I got on dis hand."

"State yo' case," said Mr. Krutters.

"Five dollahs," said Mr. Johnsing.

"I calls you," said both sleek ones.

Mr. Johnsing on a show-down raked down the money with



A PERTINENT REMARK.

MR. PROUDFOOT—"Who's yo' a-starin' at, Gabe Roobles?"

GABE (*whose suspicions have been aroused*)—"I s'pose a cat kin look at a king, cain't he?"

a loud guffaw. I became interested. This Corning threshing-machine man was a pudding, a peach, a squeezed lemon. After a time the tide turned. I became angry. Mr. Johnsing had lost a hundred dollars. He looked around distractedly and asked for a fresh pack of cards. A weazened white man who, I think, also got on at Corning stepped up and said he had a new pack he had just bought of the train-boy. Mr.

Johnsing took them and, shuffling them, handed them to Krutters to deal. I was inclined to get up and warn the country darkey to quit. It was too late. He had just laid down a hundred dollars on his hand. The grinning sleek ones raised him a hundred. Good-bye, threshing-machine! He saw it and raised it two hundred. Mr. Cartwright drew out and Mr. Krutters, with the united funds, saw him and triumphantly showed down four queens. Mr. Johnsing laid his hat on the money and threw down four kings. An ashy hue overspread the face of Mr. Krutters and he yelled, "Whar is dem foah jacks?"



AN UNDESERVED COMPLIMENT.

MR. GRUMPAH (*of Hoboken, is being entertained on South Fifth avenue*)—"I tole you, gen'lmun, it am a great plesuah ter play pokah wiv parties who is squar' 'nuff ter keep dar hands above de table."

"Whad foah jacks?" said Mr. Johnsing with a bitter smile.

"I misspoke maself," said the beaten one as he shivered in his seat.

"I rudder think you did," said the bucolic darkey as he shoved the money into his ulster pockets. A look of sarcastic query followed the stare of dismay on Mr. Krutter's face, and as Mr. Johnsing arose to move away, he asked, in ironical tones:

"How you gwine to run dat frashing-masheen you tole us about, wid steam or horse powah?"

"I's gwine to run it wid my *hands* like I done dis ebenin'," said Mr. Johnsing, and a shout of as sincere laughter as I ever heard went up from that car. Mr. Johnsing got off at Binghamton. Can it be that thrashing-machine was like Macbeth's dagger—a creature of the brain? It seems so. In the meantime it would seem the race problem is doing very well, thank you.

A CONFIRMED CYNIC.

Bunting—"It is odd that McWatty is such a pessimist."

Larkin—"Yes; he's never happy unless he's miserable."



CARVED OUT.

LITTLE POMP YALLERBY (*examining the articles*)—"How nice an' roun' dem poker-chips are, uncle. How do they make 'em?"

UNCLE JOSH—"I made dem ones wif a razer, chile."

THE OLD PROFESSOR.

GRAMMATICO-MUSICAL.

Mrs. Bardington (writing)—"Mr. Bardington, is the word 'band'—a brass band, you know—singular or plural?"

Mr. Bardington—"Well, my dear, I should say that depends upon whether the musicians keep together or not."

ALL CONSUMERS.

"Are there many smoke-consumers in Pittsburg?"

"Oh, yes. Pittsburg has quite a large population now."

A MATTER OF WONDER.

The noble name of Washington

I've often read in history,
And more than once have I begun

The story of the cherry-tree.

He would not turn from paths of right,

He tried to pass deception by,

And so I read with great delight

His words, "I cannot tell a lie."

But, ah! I have been thinking that

Since in the band of seraphim

He often must have wondered at

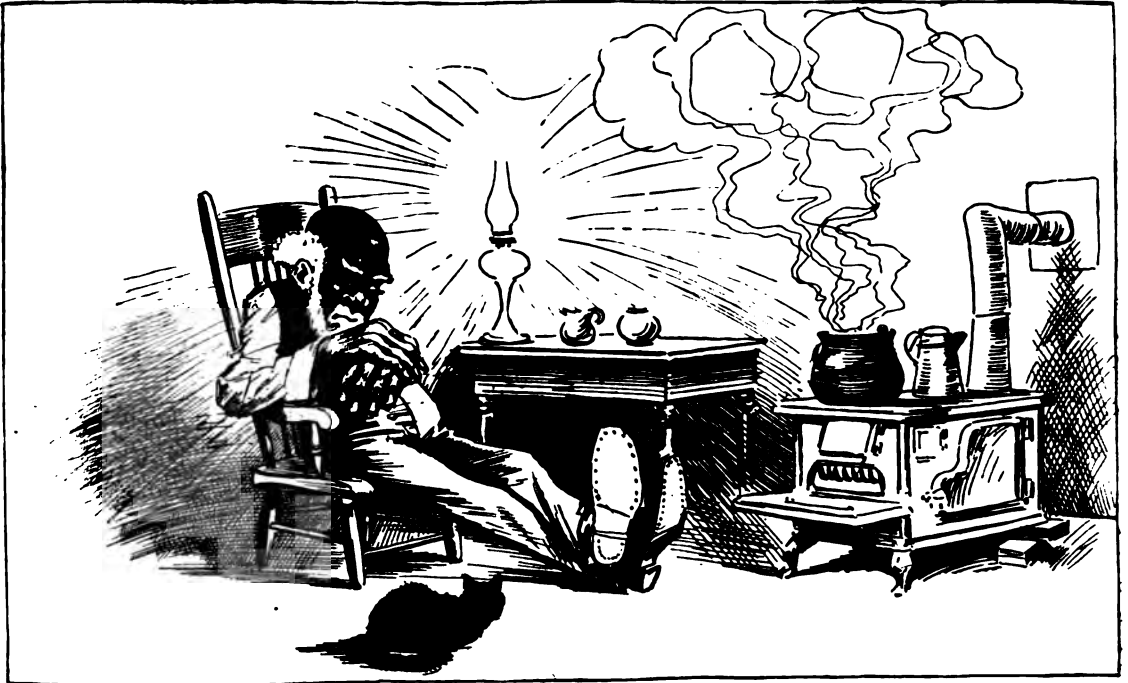
The lies that have been told of him.



AS THE GAME OPENED

MR. GLADSTONE—"D'ole lady's been a-sewin' on butt'ns fer me, en as dey's some left ober, we'll use 'm fer chips."

MR. BRIGHT—"Hole on, gonnlemen! I'll kim in."



1. UNCLE ZEKE'S DREAM.

MORE DESIRABLE.

She tells me that an English lord
 She never means to wed,
 And why she thus makes up her mind
 Most plainly may be read.

Instead of one who drops his "h,"
 This maiden hard to please
 Would much prefer a Yankee swain
 Who likes to drop his "v's."

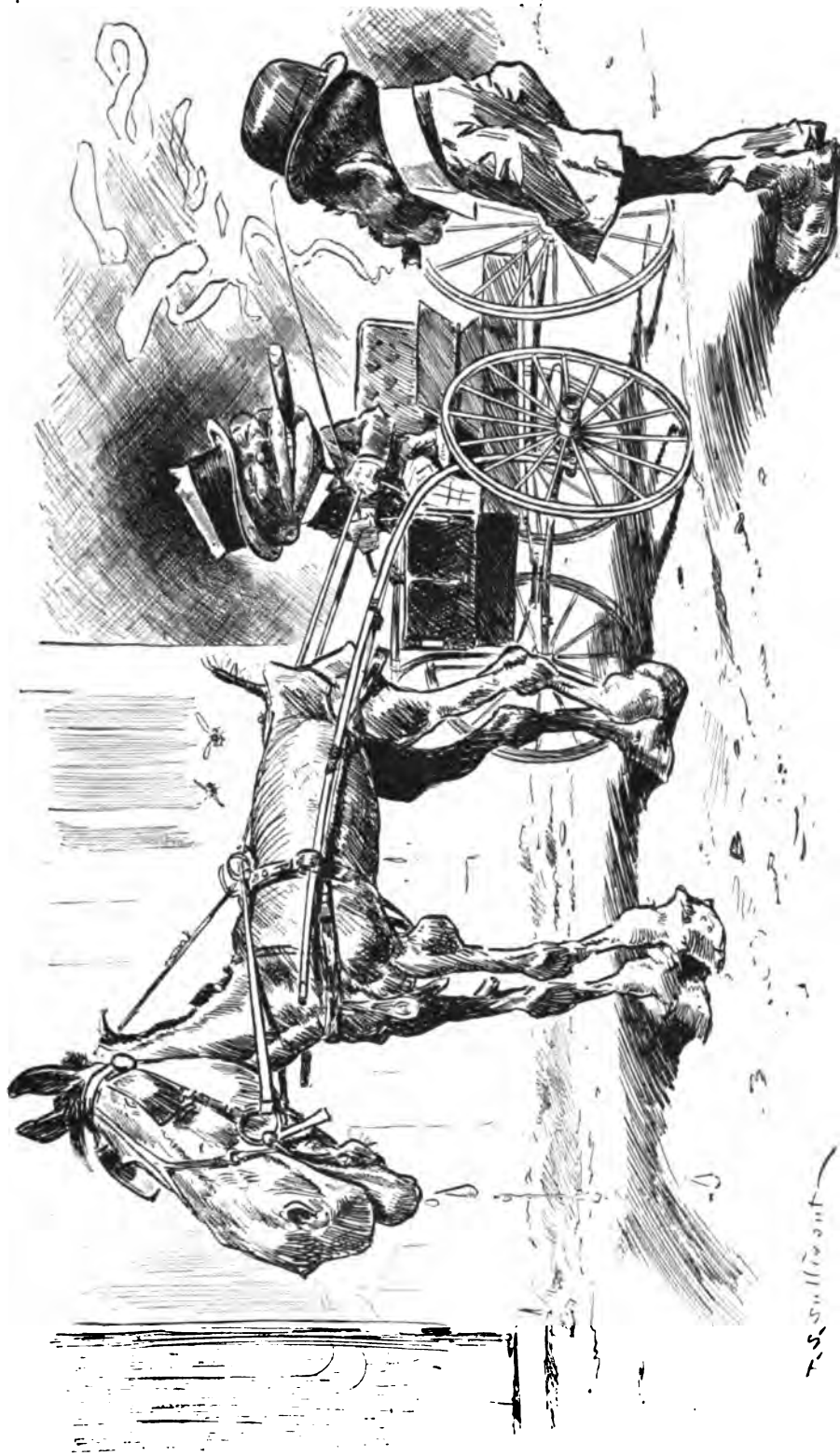
CUPID'S CHANCE.

"Men are so stupid," Maud declared,
 As if she could cite cases ample;
 And at her words I quite despaired,
 Fearing I'd served her as a sample.

Yet courage bold I took and said,
 "But still, if men, dear, were not stupid,
 Now, just reflect on this, sweet maid—
 There would not be much chance for
 Cupid."



2. UNCLE ZEKE'S DREAM.



AN ICE-CUTTER.

MR. JACKSON—"Oh, I'll cut ice wif Miss Showflake all right when she sees *dis* nag."
MR. JOHNSON—"Dat's right! I nevah saw a more perfect 'skate.'"

HOW HE AVOIDS IT.

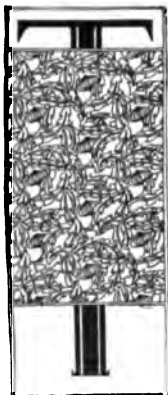
RIVVET never gets hot under the collar."

"He must be a very even-tempered man."

"It isn't that. He never wears a collar."

NEXT DOOR TO IT.

Farmer Higgins (calling on *Farmer Wilcox*, whose wife always addresses him as "honey")—"My wife never actually calls me honey, but she comes pretty near it—she calls me 'old beeswax.'"



DE COY DUCK.



A SLIGHT KICK.

UNCLE EPH—"These is suah enough the biggest rain-drops I eber saw."

VERY INCONVENIENT.

Beth (seeing a pitchfork in her grandfather's barn) —"My! I should think 'twould be awfully uncomfortable wearing a hairpin with such a long handle 's that."



WHO'S AFRAID?

GRANNY—"If you lil' chillun will promise dat yo' ain't gwine ter git skeered I'll tell yo' all a ghos' story."
CHORUS—"Go on, gran'mammy, tell it; we ain't afraid ob ghosts."

LALLAPALOOSA LOU'S LINGO.



WHITE folks, Ah'll int'-
ojuce to you
Mahse'-f—Ah'm Lallapaloosa Lou.
An' while yo's gazin' note
mah phiz—
A mahogany lini'mints
strong fo' biz
Oh poultry raisin', craps,
or dice.
Ah'm so wa'm when Ah
skate Ah melts de ice ;
At cake-walks. pahties. Ah's
de rage,
Ah okkerpies
de centah
o b d e
stage.

An' yo' bet no jealous niggah ebbah dares to cut up rough.
Kase Ah'm sassy wid a razzah an' Ah allus calls a bluff.
Ah am practiced wid dat weapon. as Ah runs a barber-shop.
An' when a coon "cuts loose" at me it's a case ob choc'late-drop.
Ah's a brack Brummell an' cuts a swell when down street or when
up—
Dese niggahs fade when Ah parade or git mah "dandruff" up.
Dis ain' no "pipe" tale, folks an' fren's, dat Ah's a-spillin' you.
On de word ob de unimpeachable peach dubbed Lallapaloosa Lou.

AS HE FIGURED IT.

O'Hoolihan—"Ef th' garden av Aden hod bin in
Oireland we'd hov a diff'rent shtory to till."

Muldoon—"How so?"

O'Hoolihan—"Shure, there wud hov bin no shnake to
timpt poor Mother Ave."



NO DIFFERENT.

PARSON FEATHERFLEW—"Yo' doan' need to be fear'd
ob me, fowl ; I's er ministah ob de gospel."

MUSICAL ROOSTER—"All coons look alike to me."



WHY THE OPERATION WAS NOT PERFORMED.

DOCTOR SAWYER (in consultation)—"Now, Dr. Payne, you wait till I saw him open, and den you kin take the gas-
tongs and grab his liver, while Dr. Sharpe kin chop into"—

THE PATIENT—"Hol' on dere, doc! I feel so well dat I doan' believe dey's anything de matter wid me 'cept jus' lazy-
ness an' shiflessness." (His diagnosis was right.)



1.

A TURKEY THOUGHT.

Oh, if I were a turkey
I should feel very
glum
To have a pair of
drumsticks
And never own a
drum.

IRISH LOGIC.

If every day were
Saturday
They'd every day my
wages pay;
If every day were
Sunday, though,
Each day a holiday
we'd know,
And then we'd have
our fun galore
On money paid the
day before.



2.

CATCHING HER CUE.

Closeby—"Charity begins at home, my dear."

Mrs. Closeby (extending her hand and whining)—"Please, kind sir, will you not give a poor woman two hundred dollars for a new fur-jacket?"

WHAT HE THOUGHT.

Sunday-school teacher—"Now, Johnny, you may tell me who was Noah's wife."

Johnny—"Er—er—Joan of Ark."

CORRECT.

Teacher—"Can a man live with a broken back?"

Bright pupil—"It dependth, ma'am, on whoth back it ith."



3.

A STORY OF LENT.

That men are less pious than
women
Is what we have frequently
heard;
But that most unjust accusation
We now can refute in a word

The days penitential are with us.
When pious behavior holds
sway,
And Mabel goes forth every morn-
ing
With saintly demeanor to pray.

Though she stays on her knees
with devotion,
In forty short days it is o'er:
While her lover has been on his
uppers
For over a twelvemonth or
more.

What the Chinese literature lacks
in works of humor it makes up in
treaties edited by Li Hung Chang.



4.

SAFE FROM CON- TRADICTION.

He's lecturing on the
Klondike mines,
Yet never has been
near 'em;
But then, you know,
the same is so
Of those who go to
hear 'im.

REAL WAR.

"When I really
want a taste of war,"
said Captain Chicky
Mugger, "I invite
my neighbor Grumps
over for an evening
and we play check-
ers."



5.

UP TO DATE.

"What have you been reading about to-day?"

"Noah and the ark," answered the youngster.

"Ah! that is very interesting."

"Yes; he had it easy. He had the whole deluge to himself, and never had to worry about making any loops. And when it was over there weren't enough people on earth to make it worth while writing magazine articles about it."

A QUEER CHARACTERISTIC.

Nan, in describing to the family her new teacher, who lisps, said, "She purrs awfully funny when she speaks."



A CONUNDRUM.

"Mammy, why is it yo' is so diff'nt from me?"

"Why, chile?"

"Why, yo' allus tells me yo' doan' want none ob my sass, an' I jes' lubs your'n—'specially yo' cranberry kind."

COLLEGE REGIME UP TO DATE.

Undergraduate—"Professor, am I to be conditioned?"

Professor (who has a passion for boxing)—"Here, put on these gloves. If I beat, you are; if you beat, you're not."

"That British commander in South Africa would make a great boxer."

"How's that?"

"Why, the paper says that he swung his left forward about two miles and struck a savage blow."

RESEMBLANCE IMPLIED.

"Mamma," said Margie, gravely gazing at the family cow, "bossy has some burrs in her switch."



RANK INFIDELITY.

LAWYER—"You say you want to sue your husband for divorce on the ground of infidelity?"

"Yais, sah. De misabul infidel say he doan' believe de whale evah swallered Jonah, or de animals went into de ark, or nuffin'."



AN IMPRUDENT SELECTION.

MR. PRIMROSE (*kindly*)—"Whaten am de mattah wid you, Abel—bin losin' money?"
 MR. PICKLES (*dejectedly*)—"Yarse—bettin' on de Columbia toe win. She'll win sho' enough, but de trouble is I got excited an' selected Mose Skinfint as stake-holdah."



A NICE DISTINCTION.

MRS. WASHOUT—"So de Johnsons claim to come ob better stock dan de Jacksons?"

MRS. WRINGER—"Yais ; ole man Johnson was hung for murder, while ole man Jackson was simply lynched."



WHO'S AFRAID?

LITTLE 'LIZA—"Did yo' eva notice how much faster yo' kin run when yo' skeered at sumfin'?"
CHORUS OF BOYS—"Go 'long, gal; we ain't skeered ob nuffin'."

THE OTHER ONE AND THE SAME.

In one of the western cities there is an absent-minded clergyman who has a family who sometimes take advantage of his weakness. One day he was walking along the street in a condition of complete abstraction, and he did not see his son as he passed. The son, seeing the preoccupation of the father, quietly walked by his side, remarking in a slightly changed voice,

"Doctor, I want to thank you for your Sunday sermon, not only for myself, but also on behalf of my father, who enjoyed it so much. It did him a great deal of good."

"I am very glad, very glad. And how is your good father?"
"He has reached that time of life when he needs your ministrations."

"Tell him for me that I am happy when he comes to hear me preach, most happy. If I help him by my poor words tell him that his presence helps me to feel and utter them. Must you turn at this corner? Then good-bye, and don't forget my message to your dear father."

WHEN a man says he loves a woman he usually means that he wants her to help him love himself.



SHE'D TAKE CARE OF HIM.

MR. JOHNSON—"I am t'inkin' seriously ob marryin' Miss Honeysuckle Hamfatt, but don't know jes' how to go about it."
MR. JACKSON—"Oh, jes' keep pufficy still an' mind yo'r own business. She'll nail yo' all right."

NOT A RUSH JOB.

He—"Miss Smyth—Clara, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

She—"Really, Mr. Brown, this is so sudden. I must have time to"—

He (interrupting)—"As you please. This solitaire diamond ring will keep until"—

She (interrupting him)—"As I was saying when you interrupted me, I must have time to at least try on the ring before giving you the answer you wish."

THE LESSER EVIL.

"Here, Henry, these lozenges will keep you from coughing in church."

"Great governor, Amelia! I can stay away from church if I have to. What I want is a lozenge that can keep me from coughing in a railway-office."



A SLAVE TO THE "COCK-TAIL" HABIT.



IN ABEYANCE.

Mose—"Gwine ter move dis fall?"
JAKE—"Dunno, Jess! De landlord hain't made up his mind yet."

THE LEADING QUESTION.

"Mamma, what's that?"
"That's a leading question. It's a question that you notice how lovely her face is sparkling?"

A LEADING QUESTION.

She—"Charley, I heard to-day that diminutive Jack Barnes had made two hundred thousand dollars."

He—"Yes; Barnes is a lucky man."

She—"Well, but, Charley, why can't you make four hundred thousand dollars? You're twice his size."



THOSE FEET.

COLORED PUSSON—"Well, what is it?"

THE STARER—"I wuz jus' wonderin' whether or not you put yer pants on over yer head."

HER INFERENCE.

Mrs. Honk (in the midst of her perusal of the village newspaper)—"I declare! The poor fellow that was arrested yesterday was deaf."

Farmer Honk—"How do ye know?"

Mrs. Honk—"Why, it says here that he is expected to have his hearin' next week."

IT MIGHT BE SO.

Clingstone—"Do you suppose it is true that the British have defeated the dervishes, as reported from Egypt?"

Freestone—"Why shouldn't it be true?"

Clingstone—"I thought perhaps dervish might be father to the thought."



COULDN'T STAND THE CHANGE.

Lil' Lulu (holding the baby)—"Why don't yo'r mammy wean dat baby? Mah mammy she done weaned dis heah chile long 'go."

Lil' Cordelia—"Mah mammy she say when yo' wean a coon baby he wants 'possum an' watermelon an' chicken, an' she say hit's trubble 'nuff ter git milk. No, 'n deed; she got expenses 'nuff now."

OFF COLOR.

Cobwigger—
"Did the boys salute the bride by throwing old shoes at her?"

O'Houlihan—
"No, be jabbers! Pwhin they saw th' orange - blossoms they wint at her wid brick-bats."

REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

To many married women wedding anniversaries are the cruellest events in life.

The man who carries on two love affairs at once does not cheat the women half as much as he does himself.

If a good wife is patient and apparently blind to her husband's infidelities, the world will in time shame him.

If wives were obliged to publish accurate diaries for the young to read, the custom of marriage would soon die out.

When a man quits treating a woman like a child, she immediately looks around for some one else that will.



TWO AT A TIME.

"Well, Aunt Eunice. I heah yo' has bin marryin' off one ob yo'r daughters."
"Lan', yes! She won a cake at de cake-walk de udder night; so she dun killed two birds wid one stone an' used de same cake fo' her weddin'-cake."

It should be remembered that a larger number of ordinary than of great men know the difference between illusion and peaude-soie.

UNAVAILING.

Aunt Chloe—
"Didn't I dun tole yer, Rufus, dat I'd whop yer ef yer went blackberry-in'?"

Rufus—"Don't whop me, mammy; mah pants am full ob briers an' yo'll hurt yo' hand."

Aunt Chloe—
"T'ank yer, son; I'll jes' use mah slipper."

MODERN MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Bobby—"We've got a splendid doctor! Pop's been a wful sick with

pneumonia—'most dead—and our doctor has cured him."

Violet—"Hoh! that's nothing. Our baby is two years old and last night she hadn't a single tooth in her mouth; but our doctor gave her some medicine and this morning she's got two teeth."



A CINCH.

THE AUCTIONEER—"Now, here is a fine pair of shoes—big enough to be comfortable. How much am I offered?"
"RASTUS (with sweeping glance over feet of the audience)—"I gues I'll git dem at my own price."



HIS TITLE.

MISS JONES—"Dey say Melindy Jackson married a title. Am dat a fac'?"

MISS BROWN—"It am. De slob she married am titled 'de mos' high an' exalted, poignant an' revered windjammer ob de noble order ob de mystic sons ob de past chapter ob de eastern-star craps shooters.'"

inside and left it at this office will call we will gladly return the garment, minus the buttons, for which many thanks. If you haven't any other trousers, Billy, send a note to that effect by Hank.

HIS EXPERIENCE.

IN days of Rome, when men beheld
The gladiators vie,
Thumbs up became the chosen sign
That he who lost must die.

Now times are changed
and things like this
Are differently put;
I know I've lost the day
whene'er
My wife puts down
her foot.

ITEMS FROM THE RED GULCH BELLER.

The rumor that the so-called editor of the *Evening Mud Hen* escaped from jail at Ragtown is untrue. He was kicked out for stealing the prisoners' penny-pie fund.

If the person or persons who so cleverly bisected a watermelon and glued it together again with a pair of old pants



"BREAKING THE NEWS."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Philosopher—"I shall never regret that I was once an industrious man."

Friend—"Because you feathered your nest, I suppose."

Philosopher—"No. It is because the memory of my past industry enables me to thoroughly enjoy my present laziness."



A SECRET.

LITTLE SUSIE—"Gee, Mose! what yo' reckon make dat big 'splosion?"

MOSE—"Dat's my granmammy. She's been keepin' a secret fer de las' two weeks. I seen her puffin' out. Now she done busted."

LITTLE SUSIE—"Golly, Mose! I doan see nuffin' ob de secret."

THAT CHANGED HER MIND.



HIS makes the seventh time I've asked you to marry me," said he, after putting the question and receiving the same refusal.

"Indeed?" replied she, carelessly. "I am no hand at all at statistics."

"Yes; it is seven times."

"I've not kept count."

"I have."

"Figures are so stupid."

"I think that is quite often enough to propose to one girl."

"Do you?" This with some show of interest.

"Yes; I sha'n't propose to you any more."

"Never?"

"Never. I shall give some other girl a chance to refuse me."

"Who?"

"Do you think that you have the right to ask that?"

"Well, perhaps not, if you put it



TOO RICH FOR HIS BLOOD.

CANNIBAL—"I'm glad you happened along just now, doc. I have indigestion sumptin' turrable. I just ate a millionaire, and I guess he was too rich for me."



OH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE IN THE MORNING!

1. MR. BYEM—"This new ornamental iron fence and tying-post look all right at dusk. I wonder how they'll look—

that way, but we have been such good friends."

"I don't mind telling you."

"So you really have another girl in view?"

"I really have, and I have quite made up my mind. As I said, seven times is often enough to be refused by one girl. If the next one refuses me seven times I shall pass on to another."

"So seven times is your limit?"

"It is."

"And my successor is?"

"Miss Frisbie."

The girl gave a little start. "You won't have to propose to her more than once," she said, in a low voice.

To this he replied nothing.

Then there was an awkward silence. She broke it.

"I may as well offer you congratulations at once," she said.

"Thank you," said he, as he rose to go.

"You are going to her—now?"

"Without a moment's delay. Good-night, Miss Clinton."

"Good-night, Mr. Baxter. Oh, er—Mr. Baxter!"

"Yes?"

"I believe you said that seven times was quite enough to propose to one girl? But—er—if the eighth proposal—were to have a different—er—result?"

He didn't go to Miss Frisbie.



OH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE IN THE MORNING!

2. —in the morning."



KNEW IT TOO LATE.

"Why, yo' lil' fool, yo'—don't yo' know yo' cain't milk a calf?"
"Cose I knows I cain't milk a calf—but I didn' know it two minutes ago."



FOOTBALL TERM.
"A touch-down."



1.—DEACON BUBEE—"Dis yar congregashun seems t' need sumfin' t' put new life inter it."



2.—VOICE FROM DOORWAY—"Dar's two big 'possums down in Mose Frisby's woods an' I'se afeerd t' cotch 'em!"

RELATIVE INJUSTICE.

"Alfred," said Aunt Twinkle, gathering up a handful of canceled postage-stamps from one corner and miscellaneous overturned "express" matter from another, "I wish you would try to keep your room in a little better order."

"Yes!" cried Alfred, explosively, as 'he had only been waiting to be touched off; "now you say keep my room in better order, when everybody's trashery is sent here. If there is any trashery anywhere in the house mamma always says, 'Take it right up to Alfred's chamber; there's plenty of room there.' How can a fellow keep his room in order when all the trashery is sent there?"



VALUABLES.

Witherby—"That's a nice little safe you have for your home, old man. I suppose that is for your wife's use."

Plankington—"Not much. She hasn't even the combination."

Witherby—"You must keep something very valuable in it, not even to let your wife know the combination of it."

Plankington—"You bet I do. I keep all my collar-buttons and shoe-strings in that safe,"

"Are you a juryman?" asked the clerk of the court of an intrusive Irishman. "No, sir; I'm a dhrayman," replied the latter.

HIS OPINION.

"WHAT did you think of the commencement exercises at the academy last night, uncle?" asked the sage's niece.

"Wa-al," returned the Kohack philosopher sarcastically, "I thought, amongst other things, that the valetudinarian, or whatever you call him, had wasted a lot of time, which he might otherwise have put to profitable use, in wrestlin' with Greek and Roman history, preparatory to concoctin' a masterly rhetorical apology for wearin' a head of hair that mightily resembled a platter of sauerkraut, a collar that looked like a whitewashed fence around an idiot asylum, while a poor, hard-workin' father was reduced to skin and bones tryin' to pay off the mortgage on the home place and keep that ungrateful young lout in school and good clothes. That's one of the things I thought about it."



A SUPERSTITIOUS WOMAN.

"Ya-as, I'm mad—co'se I is. Yo' all de time so superstitious—believe in signs an' numbers an' omens an' superstitions tul yo' done got me so hoodooed dat I cain't move without bein' Jonahed."

which the doctor, receiving, opened and read,

"Dear doctor, you need not come; the man is dead already."

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

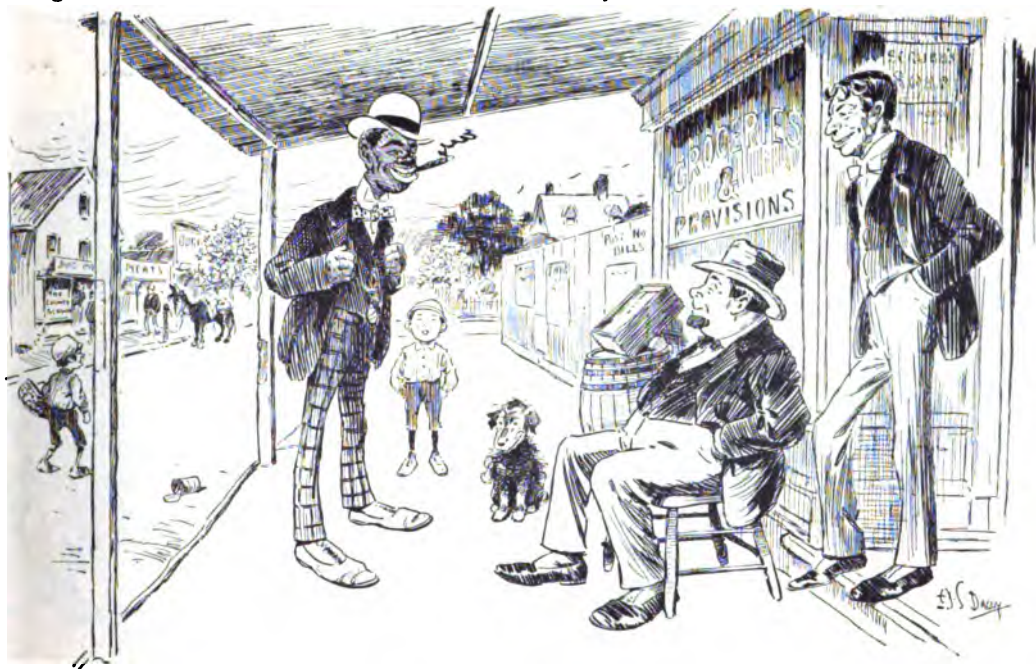
The Englishman had been listening to several newspaper men who were ridiculing some alleged bits of humor in a John Bull publication, and at last blurted out angrily,

"You Americans have beastly manners. You are always making fun of our jokes. I'm sure I don't see anything in them to laugh at."

WITHOUT HIS ASSISTANCE.

A mounted messenger came galloping into the little western town. The doctor was wanted at once at the mines. A man had been dangerously injured.

The physician hustled his traps together, and was just clambering into his buggy when another messenger came thundering down the dusty street. He bore a note



PART OF HIS BUSINESS.

RURALITE (to strange coon)—"You colored fellers have the reputation for doin' a lot of cuttin' with the razor. Now, honest Injun, did you ever cut anybody with a razor?"

THE COON—"Yes, sah; hundreds of 'em."

RURALITE—"Great heavens!"

THE COON—"I's a barber, sah."

TOO SWIFT FOR THEM.



1.

MR. THOMPSON—"Gentlemuns, yo' hab no objections, I's hope, toe mah fren' jinin' in de game?"

GENTLEMUNS—"Sartinly not; sartinly not."

MR. THOMPSON—"Mah fren' heah do like his little game eben ef he am er—"



A WALL STREET TERM.

A "put" and "call."

A LESSON IN GENDER.

I said to Johnnie, one day in class,
"The masculine form of 'duchess' give,"
And what do you think his answer was?
"Twas "Dutchman"—just as true as you live.

JUDGMENTS.

Women lie about their ages, men about their weight.

It is impossible to count on what a jury or a girl will do.

It aggravates us more to hear our enemies praised than to hear our friends maligned.



2.

—deacon."

VEXED.

Dora—"I caught Kitty Whiffle smoking a cigarette the other day."

Cora—"Did you scold her?"

Dora—"Indeed I did. It was the only one she had."



GOING IT SINGLE-HANDED.

BUM—"Please help a poor man what has lost his hand."

CHARITABLE LADY—"How did you lose your hand, my good man?"

BUM—"Why—why—playin' poker, marm."



HIS ADVANTAGE.

PARSON NEW—"Yo' expects me to move heah an' preach foh yo' widout salary? How does I lib?"
DEACON SNOW—"W'y, yo' gits youah libbin' de same as de rest ob us; but bein' er preachah de fingah ob suspishun doan nebbah point in youah direckshun."

DESERVED AN ENCORE.

He was a bronzed, heavy-built man, with iron-gray hair, face close-shaven in to the fringe of scraggly beard around his chin; his linen-duster closely buttoned, and a bulging bag of black enameled cloth on the car-seat beside him. He was snoring fearfully, and all were looking at him when a particularly deep "n-gaw!" awoke him. He straightened up, opened his check bandana and blew a tremendous metallic blast out of



that same snoring nose. By that time people were smiling on him. He then let off three prodigious sneezes, each ending with a prolonged "hoo" on a high key and followed by a deep-chested belch, delivered with the regular rural gusto. Then it seemed to come over him that he was taking the principal part in a performance, and having nothing further to offer in the line of his previous efforts made himself master of the situation by remarking, "and so forth!" The applause that followed caused the brakeman to jump off and flag the next train.

SUCCESSFUL DEFEAT.

MR. PREETERS—"Whad! dem han's go fer t' steal cick'ns? Nossir; dey's too 'spectable, deed dey is, sah."

DEAR IN ANOTHER SENSE.

BAGLEY—"You never had anything to do with your cousin Henderson during the latter years of his life, did you?"

BAILEY—"No."

BAGLEY—"Why, then, do you speak of him as your 'dear relative'?"

BAILEY—"Because I signed several notes for him at one time of my life."

When sailing never quarrel, for
You'll find, beyond a doubt,
A boat is not a pleasant place
To have a falling out.

NO TRUTH IN IT.

BAGLEY—"How about that report that has gained circulation, Bailey, to the effect that you were tarred and feathered last night?"

BAILEY—"I'm surprised, Bagley, that you should take any stock in such a story. There's no truth in it."

BAGLEY—"Then you weren't tarred and feathered?"

BAILEY—"Well, I wasn't feathered."



MR. PREETERS (as the granger walks off)—"Hi dar! 'spec' I'se gwine ter lose yo' aftar all dat lyin'?"

THE SEPARATION CAME SOON.



I.

REVEREND GAMESPUR—"Befo' pronouncin' yo' man an' wife, does yo' bof promise dat nuffin' shall separate yo' till deaf will—"



"Nuffin' like havin' good soun' lungs w'en yo' busts yo' bicycle-pump."

A FLORIDA BLIZZARD.

"Sadie writes that they have been experiencing a blizzard in Florida."

"That's unique."

"Yes. She says they went around all of one day wading in snow-drifts up to their ankles."

PROSPERITY breeds sinners.



II.

—come?"

IN BOSTON.

Teacher—"Now, Ibsen, what can you tell me about Washington and the cherry-tree?"

Ibsen Browning—"I believe, madam, that there is a fictitious report to the effect that the father of his country was instrumental in felling a deciduous plant, but there is no evidence to support the hypothesis."

THE DIFFERENCE.

Old style—Where there is a will there is a way.

New style—Where there is a will there is a contest.



AFTER THE SERVICE.

DEACON JOHNSON (who takes up the collection)—"Dear me! If I didn't go an' put dem four suspendah buttons w'ot was in de contribution-box in mah pocket by mistake. If I keeps on being so absent-minded an' careless as dat I'll die in de poorhouse."



III.

!!—!!!—!!!!



A JUDICIOUS ANSWER.

WIDOW JACKSON—"W'y, it was like dis way, parson. My husband went up on de hill-top to pray for rain and got struck by lightning."

PARSON JOHNSON—"But yo' mustn't lose faith in prayer, sister."

WIDOW JACKSON (*complacently*)—"Oh, no, parson! Dat proves de Lord do answer prayer. Not always in de way we ask for it, but in a way dat'll be best for all hands."



A SURETY.

When sad with life's burdens I've smiled them away
By remembrance of joys in an earlier day,
When my heart was so light that no care cast a shade,
And woe was the mist that an April shower made.
I ask not the solace of pleasures unknown—
Fate ruleth the future, the past is my own.

Oh, tender the glance from her soft eyes of brown;
Oh, merry the shouts as we came by the town:
While laughter and wit flowed in harmony sweet,
As our sail caught the breeze at the head of the fleet,
And over the waters faint music was blown—
Fate, keep thou the future, the past is my own!

A little hand pressed me—a pouting lip kissed—
I stole still another; it could not be missed!
Our skipper, discreet as a sphinx, turned to sight
The steamer that started up out of the night;
So we and the stars were together—alone!
Fate, take thou the future, the past is my own!

Ah, memory, thou goddess whose mirrors reflect
The sins that we do and the things we neglect,
Hold up once again that sweet evening of yore
When we studied so fondly young love's witching lore:
Could my heart make a choice it were fashioned of stone!
No, fate rule the future, the past is my own!

And so, through the story of life as it runs—
Its darkness, its sorrows, its shadows, its suns—
There is always this glory and peace we may keep,
Though hope seems to mock us and faith lies asleep;
The bliss we have had still is ours, dearer grown—
Whatever the future, the past is our own.

A RUPTURE OF FRIENDSHIP.

Ted wanted to go to the circus "awfully."

"Mabel," said he, seating himself on a stool and propping his chin in the palms of his hands in front of one of those sisters who hold in their hands so much more than has been dreamed of in their philosophy, "Mabel, have you fifty cents?"

"No," was the discouraging reply of that young lady; "I haven't."

"Have you twenty-five?"

"No."

"Fifteen?"

"No."

"Mabel," said Ted, rising in the consciousness of confidence misplaced, "I thought we were going to be good friends!"



A THOMPSON-STREET STAMPEDE.—1.

SIMPSON (*entering*)—"Say, fellers, maik yo'selbes scarce! De perlise am comin' up stairs on a dead run."

A NEW hat ull nebbah cu' de headache.

A COUNTRY-SEAT.

At the club.

"What on earth has become of Blinkins? Haven't seen him in a month of Sundays."

"Didn't you know that he'd retired to the estate that his family purchased for him in the suburbs?"

"No; whereabouts?"

"Why, in Greenwood; the poor fellow's been dead a week."

TAKING HIS TEMPERATURE.

The orator had talked for half an hour.

"Oh, come on; let's go," said Bagley.

"Wait until he gets warmed up to his subject," whispered Bailey.

An hour later Bagley said: "Well, he's warmed up now; let's go."

"Can't you wait until the man cools down some?"



A THOMPSON-STREET STAMPEDE.—2.

SIMPSON (*to himself*)—"Lord saiks! If dis ain't de best luck I eber had at pokah, den mah name ain't Pete Simpson."

Bold financier—A gentleman who prefers to reside in Canada on his employer's millions rather than live in the United States on his own hundreds.



FOOTBALL NOT IN IT.

MRS. POKECHOP—"So yo'r husband am an old football player? I s'pose he has received a good many hard knocks on de gridiron."

MRS. RAZZER BLADES—"Wa-al, yais; but not so many as I has received from de gridiron since I got married to him."

A CALL FROM CHARLES FREDERICK

For a time after the soup had been served there was silence. Then Mr. Poindexter, looking round the table slowly and addressing Mrs. Poindexter, said with great deliberation,

"I was honored to-day by a call from Charles Frederick Gildersleeve."

"What did Mr. Gildersleeve have to say to you?" asked Mrs. Poindexter.

Mr. Poindexter glanced at his daughter, a sweet girl of about twenty-two, and she colored painfully. Mrs. Poindexter followed the glance of her husband and noted the blushes on Mildred's cheek, and then patiently awaited Mr. Poindexter's next remark.

"Charles Frederick Gildersleeve," Mr. Poindexter resumed, after finishing his soup, "strikes me as a very well-dressed young man and rather an amiable

fellow. Still, he will never set the world on fire."

At this point Mildred broke in between her blushes and said very earnestly,

"Well, papa, I should just hope that Charles—I mean Mr. Gildersleeve—never *would* set the world on fire. He's no incendiary, I'm sure."

Seeing thus how matters lay, the conversation was not pursued further during the dinner hour; but when the meal was finished Mrs. and Miss Poindexter went up stairs and began to discuss going-away gowns and other interesting details.

THE AGE OF CONVENIENCE.

Mrs. Waggles—"Church-pews are much more comfortable than they used to be."

Waggles—"Yes. I wouldn't be surprised if some day they were fitted with alarm-clocks to wake you up when the sermon is over."

STILL MORE REMARKABLE.

"He's an old fossil, that's what he is," remarked Miss Kittish, referring to Mr. Willoughby.

"But would it not be more worthy of remark if he were a young fossil?" asked Miss Frock.



DIDN'T FIT HER.

"Whad's yo'r name, sweet chile?"

"Mah name 's Henrietta Hamm."

"Huh! Henrietta Hamm? Huh! Why, chile, dat's a awful fat name fo' a skinny lil' t'ing like yo'. Why, yo' don't look like yo' eber seen a ham, honey."



OTATO PHILOSOPHY.

I.

Dey's a mighty sight ob people
Findin' fault mos' ebery day
'Cause de lucky winnin' numbah
Ain't a-skatin' down deir way ;
An' dey walks roun' on deir uppahs
Twell de nap is off deir clo'es—
But de way toe dig pertaters
Is toe foller out de rows.

II.

Tooby shuah, 'twould save us trubble
An' it looks laik common sense,
Jes' toe hab de wuk brung toe us
W'ile we lean agin de fence ;
But de crop is mighty scattered—
Dat's de way de tuber grows—
An' de way toe find pertaters
Is toe foller out de rows.

III.

Lordy ! ain' yo' seen dem fellers
Dat is boun' toe marry rich,
Dressin' toe de top ob fashion
An' in debt fo' ebery stitch,
Twell some hayseed cotch dat heiress
Undernead his berry nose,
An he collars dem pertaters
Jes' by follerin' de rows ?

IV.

I jes' watch de polertician
Twenty yeahs a-layin' pipe,
An' yo' bet his tank is ready
We'n de votin' time is ripe ;
W'ile de blowhard he gits nuffin'
But a blossom on his nose,
Fer pertaters dey needs diggin',
An' dey strings 'em out in rows.

V.

Doan' yo' lissen toe de hobo,
Or fo' shuah yo' git sold.
Ef de worl' owes yo' a livin'
Dey will hand it toe yo' cold ;
Ef yo' want a Chris'mus tu'key
Hustle roun' befo' it snows -
An' remembah fo' pertaters
Yo' mus' agitate de rows.

VI.

Also likewise gittin' dollars
Bet yo'r life ain' foolish play,
Fo' dey's roun' an' roll so easy
Dey is apt toe git away.
W'en yo' find de plunk is captured
Salt it 'way down in yo' clo'es—
Fo' de dollahs, like pertaters,
Seems toe string along in rows.

VII.

It's de debbil builds de fences
Whar de lazy folks kin lean,
An' he puts 'em roun' convenient
Whar de crops is growin' green.
But de autumn time is flyin',
Soon de chilblains nip yo'r toes,
An' yo' lose yo'r crop ob taters
W'ile yo squint along de rows.



GHOST—"I know this wood is haunted, children, but don't be scared ; I'm still with you."

DISSEMINATION.

Dora—"You haven't announced it yet, have you ?"

Cora—"Haven't I just told you ?"



MAIDEN MODESTY.

MR. JOHNSON—"Miss Snowflake told me she dreamed dat she was takin' in washin' fo' a livin'. Wondah whad she meant by dat ?"

MR. JACKSON—"Why, cain't yo' see ? She wanted to tell yo' dat she dreamed yo' an' her was married, but was too bashful to say so outright."

DON'T.

In the town's big business battle,
In the bargain-sales of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle.
Don't go shopping with your wife.

THE FATES AGAINST HER.

Gladys B. asks us to please tell her
how to make a lemon tart. Only a
cooking-school graduate could show
such crass ignorance as this. Why,
ladies, dear, a lemon is tart; there
is need to make it so.

A LAW TO REPEAL.

"Why can't we," demanded
the new member of congress,
"obtain armor-plate at the figure
fixed by congress?"

"Because the law of supply
and demand is in the way," re-
plied the experienced one.

"Then, sir, we will repeal the
law of supply and demand."

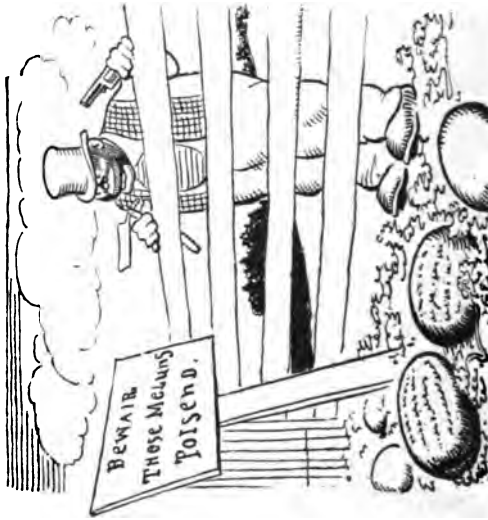


"Oh, Lawdy! Lawdy! Mah baby done shake
me foh a cheap niggah; now I see gwine out in de
woods an' suicide mahself."



THEY FLATTENED OUT ON HIM.

Miss LULU LINKS—"Mr. Jonsing, I wish yo' would git yo' haid outen d' way w'en I drive. Dese
golf-balls cost thirty-fv' cents apiece."



THE EASY WAY 'RASTUS POWKAH GOT RID OF HIS TROUBLES.

"Goodness me! W'ot's de use ob blowin' yo'
haid off when yo' kin jes' as well die happy?"

OUT OF LINE.

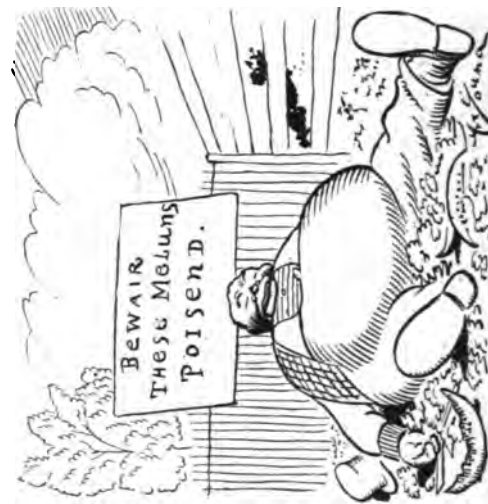
Nature is stern and perverse her way,
As we know with the best of reason;
If she wasn't we'd have Saint Pat-
rick's day
Occur in the green-apple season.

MORE LIKELY.

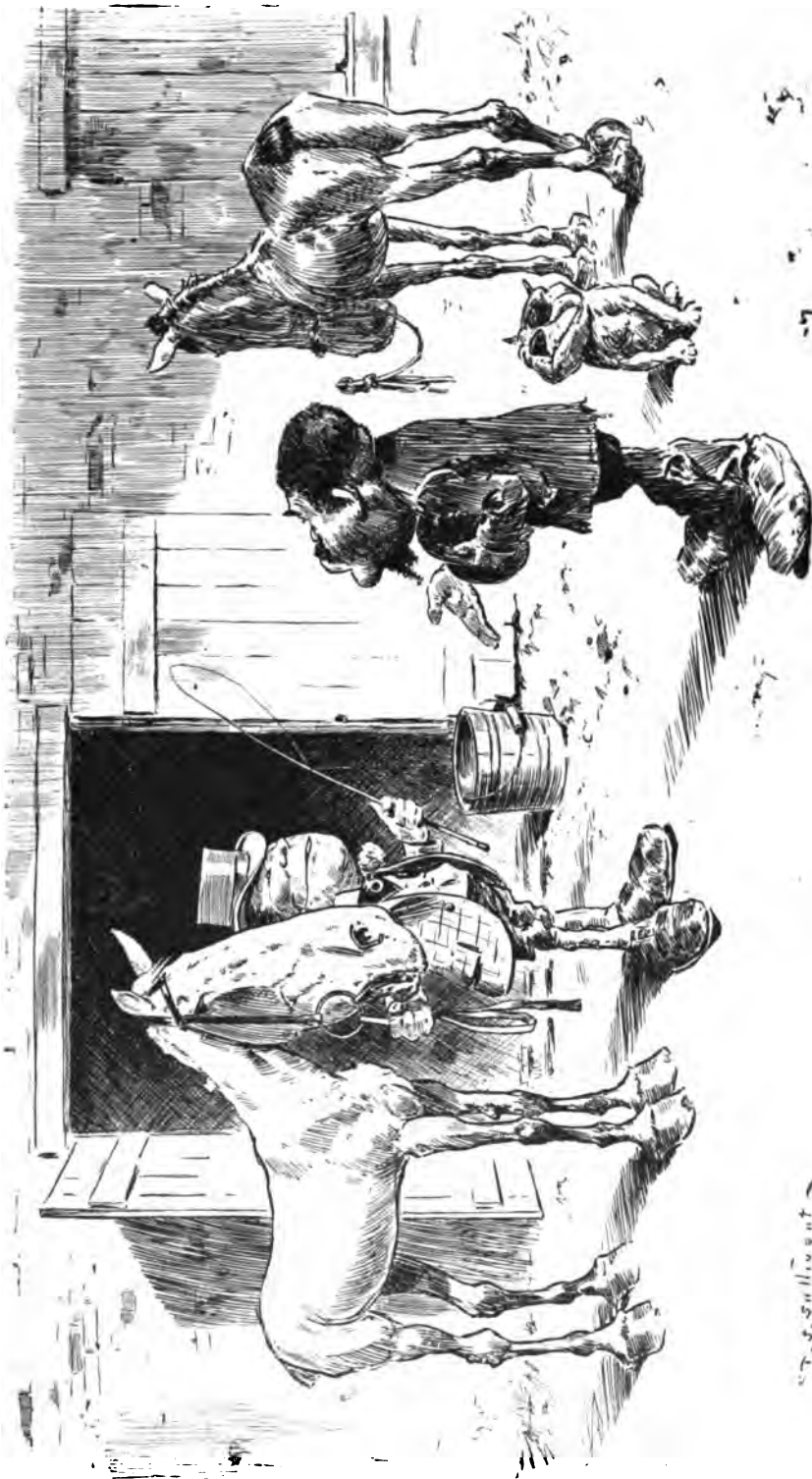
How crazed he looks, how tempest-
tossed!
A sign, 'tis said, he's loved and lost.
And yet I'll bet, sixteen to one,
It's all because he's loved and won.

DISILLUSION.

Now that I possess you, you cease
to attract me.
Yet once, how I loved you! for
then you were new;
And oft, looking back, how I wish
you had sacked me,
For now I'd enjoy looking for-
ward to you.
But, as I have known you so well
since I met you,
Ne'er can you be new to me till I
forget you.



"Lifeless and beautiful he lay."



THOROUGH TRAINING.

HORSE-DEALER—"Do you thoroughly understand horses: biters, kickers, shyers, balkers, runaways?"
APPLICANT—"Wa-al, I orter! I bin married six times."

—T. S. Sullivan—



THE ROYAL COOK—"Does your royal highness feel well enough to partake of this sailor we have captured?"
KING UM YAH—"Yes, chuck him in the pot. I'll try this salt cure I've heard so much about."

INTO MISCHIEF.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Dorothy as a moth-miller hovered over the lamp, "just see; that little baby-butterfly has been into the flour-barrel."

A VALUABLE PRECEDENT.

Tom—"Why were you so determined to kiss that homely cousin of yours?"

Dick—"I wanted to establish a precedent. She has two very pretty sisters, you know."

HER HAPPINESS ASSURED.

"And can you give my daughter all the luxuries she has been accustomed to?" asked the millionaire.

"Yes, sir," modestly, yet proudly, declared the young man, "I may even say my tandem is better than yours."



1. PUT A LOCK ON THE CHICKEN-COOP DOOR.

"Mo'nin', Mistah Smiff. Sorry to disturb yo'r hen-coop, but I's jest jined a golf-club an' made a long drive inter dis yere winder."

EASTER MORNING.

Anthem, organ and flowers inside,
Flutter of fans in the perfumed air,
Beautiful bonnets with dresses vied;
Kneeling and rising, the strong and fair.

Carriages coming and going outside,
A little boy on the stone arch leant,
Clasping his papers, with eyes stretched wide,
Vaguely wondering what it meant.

Inside, Christ risen—the undefiled—
The rector said, to His people came.
Outside, the hungry, wondering child
Who never even had heard His name.

HE WORE IT IN FRONT.

Judge (sternly)—"Don't tell me that this is your first appearance here. I am certain I have seen your face before."

Prisoner (cheerily)—"That's the way I've been wearin' it ever since I was born, judge."



2. PUT A LOCK ON THE CHICKEN-COOP DOOR.

And after the "drive home."

SHE HAS LEARNED.

"I understand now the secret of Washington's greatness," said Miss Titian as she laid down the book she had been reading.

"What was it?"

"This author, who cites documents to prove his statements, says that Washington had red hair."

HOW, INDEED?

In Lent Dan Cupid flourishes—
There's reason for the same;
For how can you get ashes if
• You haven't got a flame?

AN EXCEPTION.

They say Chicago grabs all things,
But that is wrong, I see;
Though I was there eleven days
She didn't grow on me.

NO BUTCHER BILLS.

That Lent is sent us to console
At first may seem quite funny;
Still, if it does not save your soul,
At least it saves your money.

SAINT PATRICK.

For the future we'd never have reason to
quake,
Nor sigh for the past to retrieve,
If you'd only have happened to tackle the
snake
That tempted our poor Mother Eve.

"Dacious!" said Margie as the rooster
crowed; "des hear zat chicken sneeze!"

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for 90c. Avoid imitations. TREMONT MFG. CO. 33 State St., Boston, Mass.

HIS EXPECTATION.

Mrs. Goodsoul—"My good man, why
do you drink whiskey?"

Soiled Spooner—"I drink it fer a pain,
mum."

Mrs. Goodsoul—"What kind of a pain?"

Soiled Spooner—"I dunno exactly, fer
I ain't never had it yet; but I'm lookin'
fer it ter come along 'most any time."

HOODOOED.

Mrs. Crawford (after their first quar-
rel)—"It was all your blame. Mamma
always said I was the one girl in a million."

Crawford—"A fellow can't play against
such luck as that. Look what a chance I
had to be happy for life, and to think that
an old million-to-one shot had to come
along and beat me out!"

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Have It Free and Be Strong and
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of suffering from sexual weakness, lost vitality, night
losses, varicocele, etc., and enlarge small, weak organs
to full size and vigor. Simply send your name and ad-
dress to Dr. Knapp Medical Co., 1066 Hull Bldg.,
Detroit, Mich., and they will gladly send the free
receipt with full directions so any man may easily cure
himself at home. This is certainly a most generous
offer, and the following extracts, taken from their daily
mail, show what men think of their generosity:

"Dear Sirs:—Please accept my sincere thanks for
yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a
thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary.

It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigor-
ous as when a boy, and you cannot realize how happy I am.

"Dear Sirs:—Your method worked beauti-
fully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength
and vigor have completely returned, and enlargement
entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sirs:—Yours was received and I had
trouble in making use of the receipt as directed.
I can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I
greatly improved in size, strength and vigor."

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plain, sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the
mail, and they want every man to have it.

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e been instantly cured of the habit by a harmless
pound discovered by a famous Ohio chemist. It
at once, and forever the craving for the weed and



to More Smoke or Dirty Spittoons in
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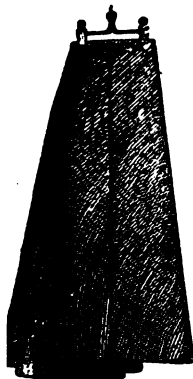
kes it impossible for any man to chew or smoke.
e marvelous part of the remedy is that it is odorless
l tasteless. It is taken in milk, water, tea, coffee or
d without any bad effects and many women have
sady cured their husbands and sons of the tobacco
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so RUINOUS to the
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REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

All life's tragedies begin with love.
You can find the brute in some men without
scratching them.

The prosperity of a bad man fixes upon him
a countenance good women shun.

The men who tip servants in public with
ostentatious lavishness generally give their
wives only half allowance.

Men are sensitive about age, and the one
who tells his without being asked always looks
older than he says he is.

Many men are born bad, but no woman is
ever conscienceless until deceived by a man in
whom she has trusted.

A man's second wife may have some ad-
vantages over his first, but it must be dreadful
to have a husband devoid of illusions.

If a woman answers "I don't know"
when asked if she loves a man to whom she is
not married, it means she does not love him.
The same reply in regard to a husband means
she does love him.

If a cyclometer of love's intensity were possi-
ble it would rarely register the same in
husband and wife—one always loves more than
the other.

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the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's
Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-
five cents a bottle.

IN MINOR KEY.

Mike—"Sure. Pat. and it wud be a ferful
thing to be one o' thim miners."

Pat—"And phwy is thot, Mike?"

Mike—"Jist lis'en to this: 'There is now
no state in the union in which a minor can
buy whiskey'!"

ENTIRELY DIFFERENT.

Crabshaw—"If you think there are burglars
in the house why don't you get up and find
out?"

Mrs. Crabshaw—"You know I don't like to
get up in the middle of the night."

Crabshaw—"You didn't seem to mind it
last night when that family next door was hav-
ing a row."

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April hedges all a-bloom,
April nests a-flutter;
Spring is weaving at her loom
Thoughts that all the air perfume.
Thoughts no tongue can utter!

Breeze and bird in rivalry
Flowery fields to capture;
Lad and lassie gayly trip
Down the path of lip-to-lip—
Oh, the world is rapture!

By the brooklet's tune and time
Every heart must know it's
Just the month of rippling rhyme,
Just the month of chant and chime—
What a month for poets!

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it is more of a stran

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same guaranty. If you have taken m
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REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

Routine is matrimony's deadliest foe.

Man idolizes modesty, yet at once seeks to dethrone it.

Proximity will bear the market of any man's personal stock.

A jealous husband sees a rival in every man with whom he is thrown in contact.

It is a miracle how the constant suppression of nature came to be called virtue.

Fifteen generations of model husbands and wives would produce deaf men and blind women.

A woman's reputation for inconstancy is more frequently gained by satiety than fickleness.

Few memories are more poignant than those of love-letters written to one we have ceased to admire.

Every woman has been called beautiful by some man. This alone proves the disregard of the sex for truth.

She—"Do you play golf?"

He—"Not without swearing."

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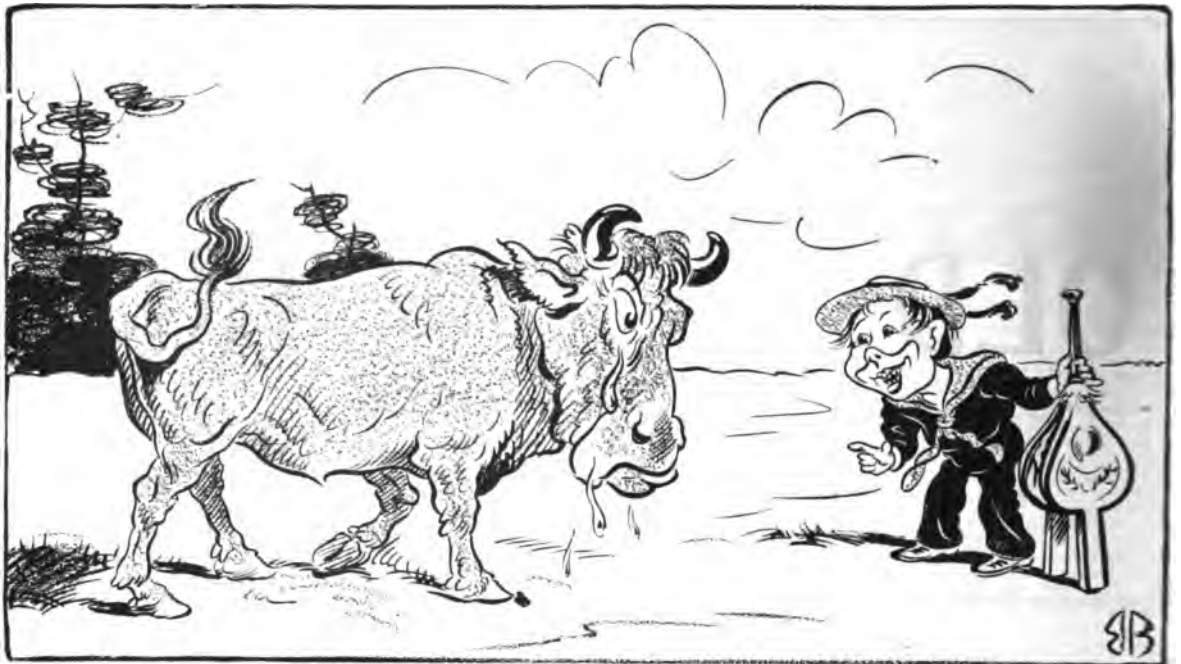
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IN SHANTYTOWN.

GWENIDOLINE—"Percy, you allers did keep a magniserfunt stable."



FOUND HIS WIND.

"I've lost my voice," the bull remarked,
"In calling to my fellows."

"Don't worry, sir," replied the boy;
"I think I've found your bellows."

A PHILOSOPHIC MOTHER.

Mother—"Johnnie, what are you doing in that preserve closet?"

Johnnie (with his mouth full)—"Nothin', maw."

Mother—"Very well, leave it in the jar when you are through."

NO ESCAPE.

Cobwigger—"What did your wife say when you told her she'd spoiled the bread?"

Young husband—"Told me to never mind—that she would make a bread-pudding of it for the next day."



THE CONDITIONS FIT.

THE CITY MAN—"Farming upon this hill must be a good deal of a handicap."

FARMER—"Wa-al, friend, I dunno ez it is. When I take my crops to market I jest clap on the brake an' go down easy; and I don't git so much for 'em that it worries the old team to haul it up."

A FABLE.

THE HONEST MILKMAN.



MILK-VENDER once, on his regular early-morning jaunt to the city to sell his lacteal fluid, fell into a sad reflection. "Everything is against me," he muttered. "Two months in the milk-business and a four-thousand-dollar mortgage still only half lifted. Had

not my well dried up a month back all would have been well with my milk, or at least the greater part of the milk would have been well. If I have to sell straight milk much longer I can, from a financial standpoint, discern my finish." At that moment his horse, a spirited animal, took fright at a poster-sign along the road-side, and taking the bit in his teeth (he was a young horse and had teeth) he darted furiously over the rutty road, pell-mell, lickety-

split, for a distance of several miles, nor stopped until utterly exhausted. The owner, who had luckily held on, groaned in anguish. "My milk is ruined!" he cried. But, to his great delight, upon lifting a can-cover he saw a huge roll of freshly-churned butter floating calmly in a little pool of delicious buttermilk. "Eureka!" he cried; and directing the now pacific steed into town he sold the product of his ground-and-lofty jaunt at double the rate that he had received for his milk when the well was working. That same day he swapped his horse for one warranted to run away at command, and in one week had made enough out of running-away churning-trips to lift the remainder of his mortgage; and after one month's time retired from business on his wealth.

Moral—Honesty is the best policy.

A PLEASANT PRACTICE.

"The trouble with everything up here," remarked the new arrival in Elysium, "is that it is not practical nor progressive."

"Ah, that may be true," replied a shade who had been a citizen of the place ever since the fifteenth century. "Still, things are very comfortable. It is much more satisfactory to wear a cool, airy halo than it is to carry around on one's person a hundred-pound suit of steel armor."



IN FROZEN DOG.

MISS ROUSER (of Boston)—"Is there a woman's-rights club in this benighted town?"

MAYOR—"Lord, no! Women are so skeerce out here that they git married as soon as they strike the town."

CLEARLY A DOER OF THE WORD.



HEY say Palmer joined the church to please his wife."

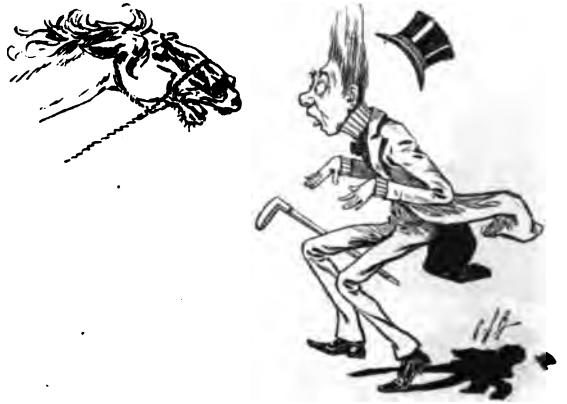
"That's a slander. He told me himself he was trying to mortify the flesh."

"But have you seen him doing it?"

"Yes. He gets his cocktails at the church saloon."

MUST BE NO MISTAKE.

For a long time Dorothy had been very anxious to have a double-visored out-ing-cap. On her mother's promising her one the next time she went to the store, the little girl exclaimed in a tone of caution, "Be sure to get one with a piazza on both ends, mamma."



FROM OUR COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT.

At the auction on Saturday Sam Jones's fine horse went for almost nothing.



HORSE—"Darn this oat-bag—look what I'm missing!"

HIS OPINION OF IT.

"Jay Green seems to think he's consider'ble smart," remarked Josh Medders; "but I don't know so much about it, myself. Devver tell ye about how he gave himself away the time he went up to the city with me an' seen the first street-sprinkler he'd ever set eyes on?"

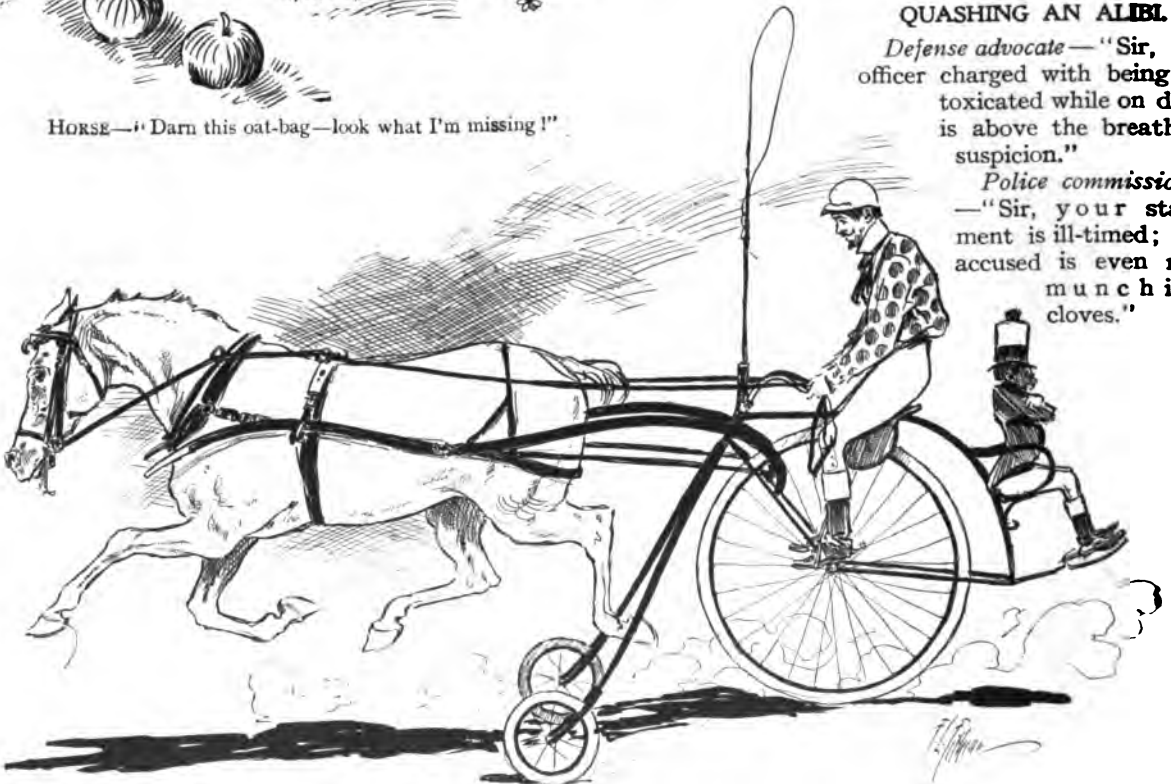
"No," returned Abner Appledry. "What did he do?"

"Aw! He jabbed me in the ribs an' says he, good an' loud, 'Great ginny, Josh! there's one o' them rain-makin' machines we've be'n readin' about.'"

QUASHING AN ALIBI.

Defense advocate—"Sir, the officer charged with being intoxicated while on duty is above the breath of suspicion."

Police commissioner—"Sir, your statement is ill-timed; the accused is even now munching cloves."



Mr. U. Nique, being devoted to both saddle-horse and bike, also the distingueness a coachman lent, finally made this compromise and found himself the observed of observers with great gratification.



IN ARIZONY.

TOURIST—"I suppose human life is comparatively safe here now to what it used to be?"
BRONCO BILL—"It suttinly is, stranger. All the bad men, injuns, an' varmints is gone—everything is different. Why, even the climate ain't half so deadly as what it uset ter be."



POLITICAL PALMISTRY.

A hand containing these signs is sure of a bright political future.

Miss Squibbs—"Oh, can't you remember? It's so fascinating! *Don't* say you don't know about when Bowling Green was a promenade park, and"—



1. A STIPULATION.

THE MAN—"Say, boy, hold my horse for ten minutes and I'll give you a dime."

Mr. Oldbow (chillingly)—"I am extremely sorry to be forced to disappoint you."

Miss Squibbs—"Oh, dear! I was so in hopes to get a breath of the quaint old atmosphere of this dear old historical city. When Chambers street was away out of town, you know—*don't* you know?—and Canal street was a canal"—

Mr. Oldbow (freezingly, offering his arm)—"I believe somebody is reciting. Allow me, Miss Squibbs, to escort you to your chaperon."

UNDOUBTEDLY.

"Quiverful moves into his new house next week," said Gazzam to Tenspot.

"With all those eleven children?"

"Yes."

"Then I suppose he won't have any other house swarming."

AT THE LITERARY SOIREE.

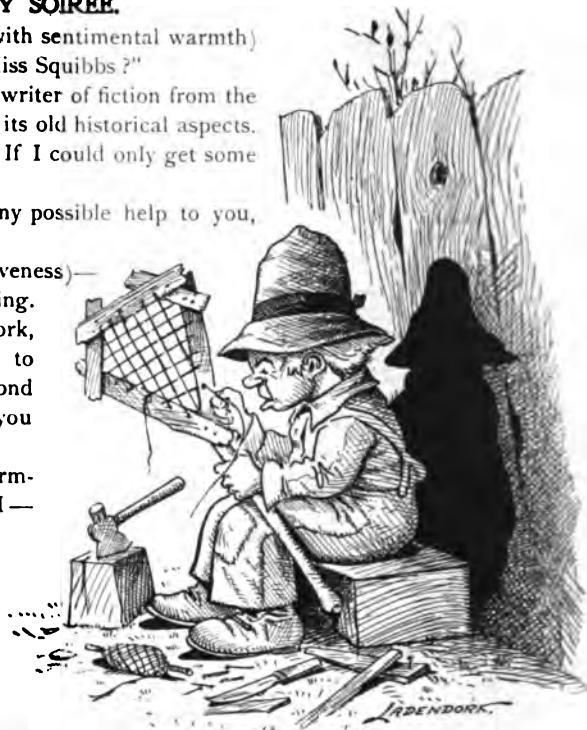
Mr. Oldbow (of age uncertain, with sentimental warmth)—"And you like New York, dear Miss Squibbs?"

Miss Maud Pendleton Squibbs (a writer of fiction from the west)—"I love New York. I adore its old historical aspects. I'm crazy to write a story about it. If I could only get some points, Mr. Oldbow"—

Mr. Oldbow—"If I can be of any possible help to you, dearest Miss Squibbs"—

Miss Squibbs (with pretty impulsiveness)—"Oh, you can! Tell me everything. I've read so much about old New York, you know. The old-time theatres, to begin with, Mr. Oldbow—Richmond Hill and all the rest. Tell me all you remember."

Mr. Oldbow (with stiffness, squirming)—"My dear Miss Squibbs, I—really"—



MAKING AN AWFUL RACKET.

REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

After twenty-five some sensible girls hate to take the desperate step of matrimony. They had rather be bored than tortured.

A girl who has waited a long time for a worthy husband is sure to wonder, when he does appear, whether he really deserves her.

Dress a handsome villain well, give him a fat purse, and he will inspire more love and confidence in the heart of the average woman than an angel in homespun. —



2. A STIPULATION.

THE BOY—"All right, mister; but, understand, if ye're gone more den ten minutes it'll cost yer a quarter."



ANOTHER SAD CASE.
Driven to drink—by a woman.

A GUARDED STATEMENT.

Snooper—"Doesn't Ricketts paint the town red sometimes?"

Kilduff—"I wouldn't go so far as to say that, but he really has an artistic temperament in a wholesale way."

FOOLISH MAN.

Wango—"Do you know that Smith has gone insane?"

Gowan—"No! What was the cause?"

Wango—"He tried to find a reason for everything his wife did."



A GREATER CATASTROPHE AVERTED.

BROWN—"Whoop! Wow, wow!"

CHIEF—"You don't seem much cut up over your loss. Uninsured, too, I understand."

BROWN—"Whoop! Why, man, my wife was just about to start house-cleaning!"

AN ACROBATIC TRIUMPH.



1. CATTLE-PUNCHERS (in the distance)—“Thar! that circus chap won’t steal no more hosses.”

EASILY UNDERSTOOD.

Mr. Hoon (in the midst of his reading)—“Here is an item about an insane man who, although his age is only fifty-nine, believes he is seven hundred years old.”

Mrs. Hoon—“Goodness! That is a strange hallucination, isn’t it?”

Mr. Hoon—“Well, no, not so very strange, considering the fact that he has lived in Philadelphia all his life.”



3. —Me hands bein’ bound don’t stop me fingers from untin’ dis rope.

THE NEXT THING.

Young Mrs. McBride (at the telephone)—“Hello! Is that Dr. Doce? Well, I wish you’d come and see baby right a way—she has the croup. But stop a minute. Do you give trading-stamps?”



2. CIRCUS HORSE-THIEF—“Now dat dey’re out of sight, for a little gymnastics an’ breath.”



4. —An’ it’s de easiest t’ing in de world ter saw ropes off’n me wrists wid dis spur.



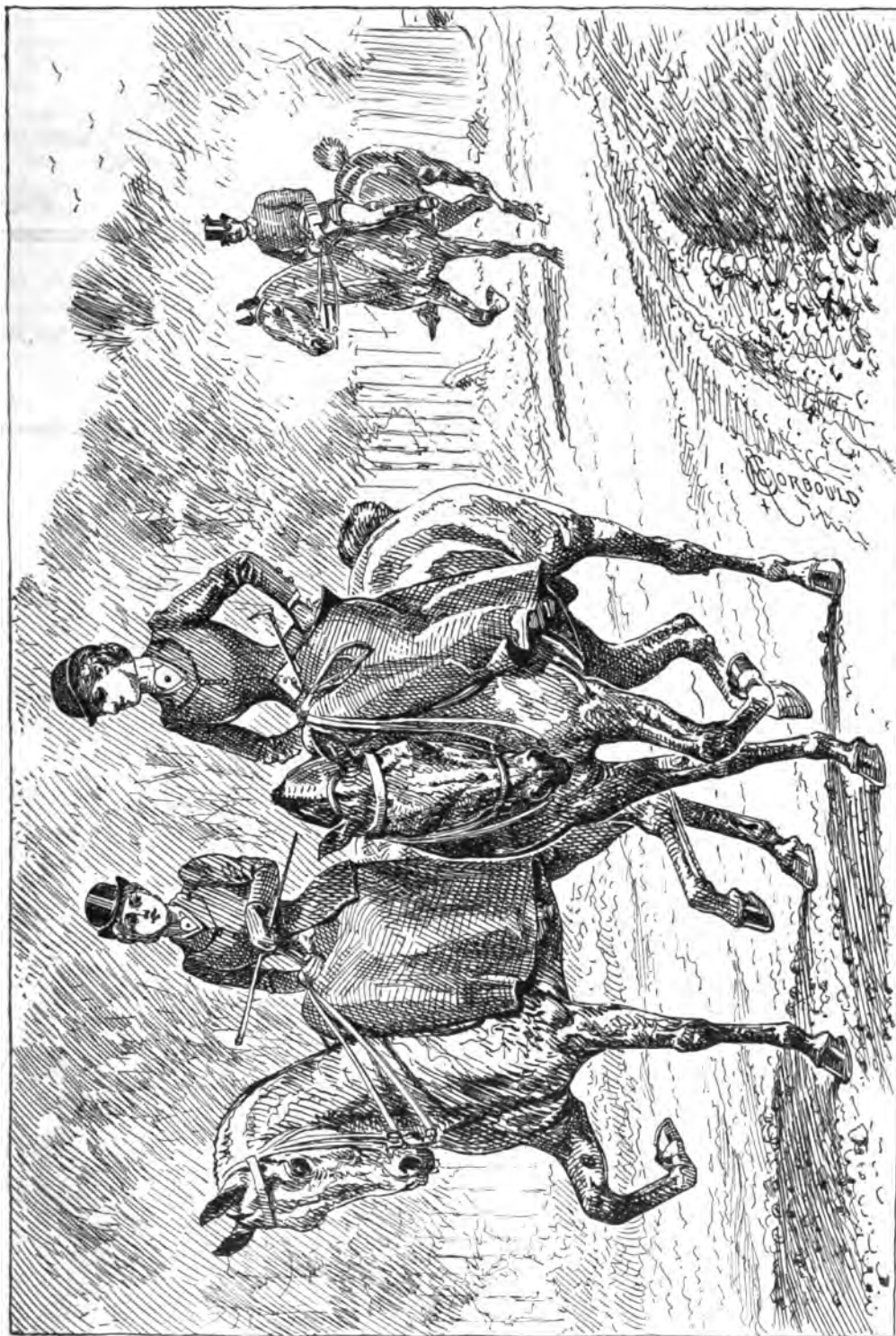
ANOTHER LIE NAILED.

CORN AND MUSIC.

Six-year-old Francis recently lost a number of his front teeth, one of the results of which is that when he eats corn on the cob he leaves a great many kernels standing here and there. The other day he handed one of these cobs to his father and said, “Papa, won’t you please put that in the music-box and turn the crank, just to see what kind of a tune it will play?”



5. —I’ll just chuck dis back on de tree an’ dey can use it on somebody else.”



PLEASANT FOR HENRY.

MABEL—"Oh, Helen, I got a letter from George this afternoon, abjectly begging my forgiveness for our little quarrel last week and inclosing a three-carat diamond ring! And he's coming to-night."

HELEN (*decisively*)—"That's what comes of quarreling. Just you wait! I'll give my Henry such a razzle-dazzle to-night that he'll either commit suicide or send me a six-carat ring inside of three days."



MORNING.

OH, THE USEFUL GIRAFFE!

LIGHT OF COUNTENANCE.

Jack—"You should have seen Miss Pert's face light up the other night."

Roger—"Her face light up? Never."

Jack—"She mixed the boxes and put flash-light powder on her face instead of flesh tint; then, when she leaned over the table and came in contact with a lighted candle her face lightened up wonderfully."



IN TOPSY-TURVY LAND.

THE BUTTERFLY—"Here's a funny one for my collection."



NIGHT.

ALIKE, BUT DIFFERENT.

Teacher—"Now, boys, can any of you tell me what is a lake?"

Patsy—"Sure, it's a hole in the kittle."



A SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION.

JOSH GREEN—"Thet, 'Mandy, is a fire-escape. I don't know ez I kin explain exactly how th' fire escapes down the dinged thing, but s'pose it works on th' principle uv a light-nin'-rod."

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

The individual who devoted many precious hours to the solution of the insoluble problem of life was trying to discuss the question with the person who was too busy making the most of a good thing to monkey with what he was compelled to take as it came.

"Life is very uncertain," sighed the individual.

"You bet it is," replied the person with fine nonchalance.

"Ah, you have observed that it is?" and the individual smiled as if in joy at finding another.

"Of course I have," explained the person. "I found out as early in youth as when I first learned to spell that half of 'life' was 'if. Had you ever thought of that?"

"Um — er — um," hesitated the individual.

"Thank you."

Moral—Let us then be up and doing—somebody.

HIS TANGLEFICATION.

"Mood gorning, mentlegen!" politely, but peculiarly, saluted a pale, worried-looking young man, who was passing the tavern at Pettyville. "Dice nay."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated a recently-arrived guest, who was standing on the porch with the landlord. "What is the mat-



A PAIR OF "JACKS."

ter with that gentleman, to cause him to talk in such a strange manner?"

"That's the new minister," replied the landlord. "Last night he officiated at his first wedding, the marriage of Miss Hitchcraft and Mr. Hotchkiss, and bein' considerably nervous and agitated, he got so badly tangled in tryin' to repeat the names of the bride and groom that at the conclusion of the ceremony he stammered out an inquiry if cussing was kistomary, and then tried to cover his confusion by announcin' that the usual collection would be taken up. His tongue and nerves 'pear to be still twisted this mornin', but I s'pose he'll get over it after a while."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

"Are these the biggest china eggs you have?" asked the customer.

"Yes, sir. They are the usual size."

"You see, I am just going into the poultry business, and I would like as large nest-eggs as I can get, in order to give the hens an idea of the size I expect them to attain with their product."



FALLING IN LOVE.

CASEY—"Oi was hoving a little love-shpat wid me woife whin Oi fell."
HOGAN—"Oi see. Oi often fall in love wid me woife the same way."

MIGHT BLOW AWAY.

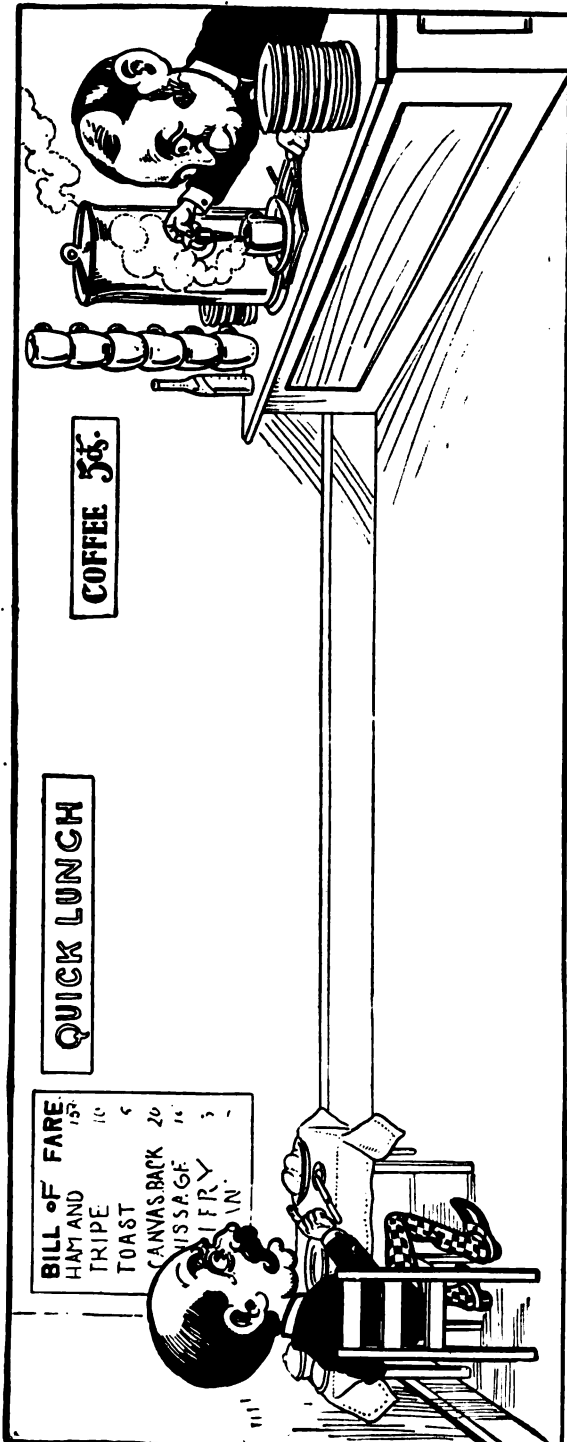
It was the first time Beth had seen the hens on their roost. "My!" exclaimed the little city girl, "I should think some one was pretty careless to forget to put the clothes-pins on."

OVERCOMING THE OBSTACLE.

Mickey Hooley—"T'row a rock at dat Choinaman."

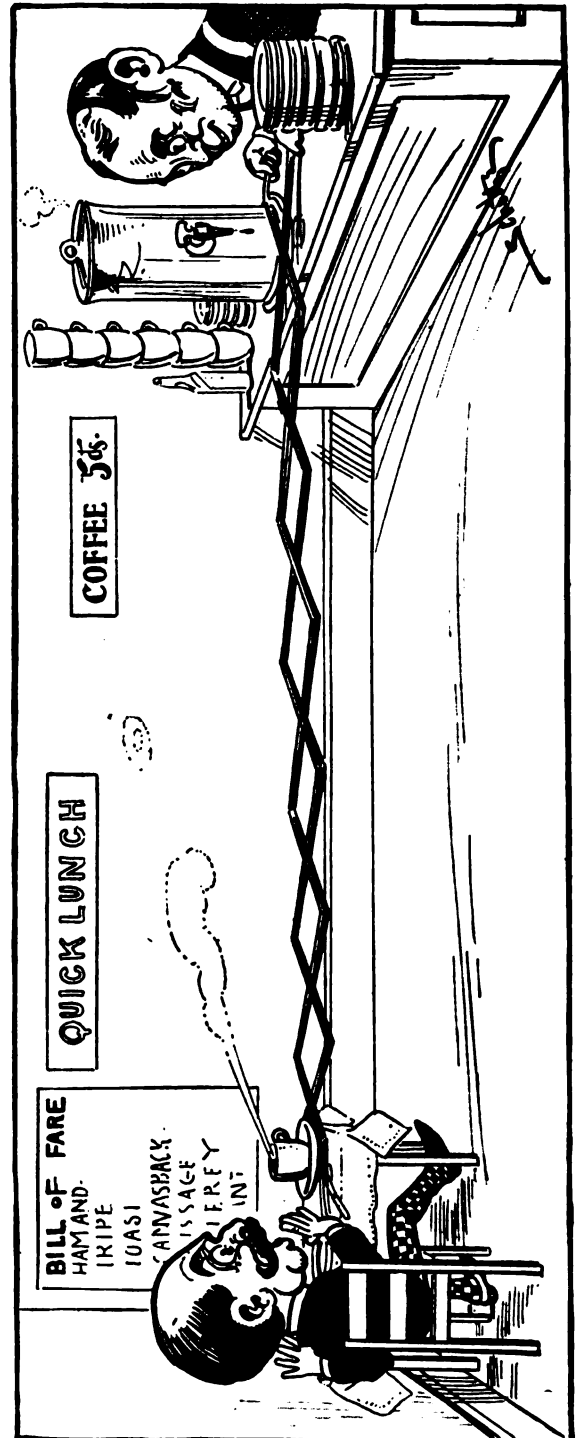
Patsy Dugan—"Shure, he's so far aff it won't go more dan half way."

Mickey Hooley—"Den t'row two rocks at him."



QUICK SERVICE.

"Hey, there! hurry up with that coffee."



"There you are, sir."

A COMMON EXPERIENCE.

Crawford—"What do you do in the street-cars so much?"

Crabshaw—"Stand up most of the time."

DOOMED TO EXTINCTION.

Jaggles—"Do you think Christian science is more than a passing fad?"

Waggles—"No. From the way the members are treated when they're sick it looks as if they would soon die out."

AN UNUSUAL CIRCUMSTANCE.

WAS the first time that Dorothy had been allowed to enter the sick-room where her mother was recovering from a severe attack of fever. After looking at her mother for a moment in silence she exclaimed, greatly troubled, "Oh, mamma! somebody's emptied your head and—and hasn't put back the hair."

THE WARNINGS OF HISTORY.

Uncle Ephraim—"This here imperialism is a dangerous, a fatal, policy. It was annexation of territory that made Rome fall."

Uncle William—"That's right. If Rome hadn't annexed nothin' there wouldn't have been nothin' er fall."



A PLUG OF TOBACCO.

MR. BLACKBRIAR PIPE—"Yo', Henrico! git away frum dat animal's heels. Does yo' wanter git kicked?"

HENRICO BLACKBRIAR PIPE—"Kick? He won't kick! he's only an ole plug."



COURTESY UNAPPRECIATED.

Mrs. HEDGEROW—"Now yew jes' let go me. I ain't done nuthin'."

A COINCIDENCE.

Mrs. Uppercrust—"They say Mr. de Millions, the rich manufacturer, has made an assignment. Have you seen him lately?"

Mrs. Blueblud—"Not since last Thursday evening, when he attended our church-fair. When did he assign?"

Mrs. Uppercrust—"Last Friday morning."



THAT'S WHY.

BOY (in background, to chum)—"Why don't yer go an' knock de stuffin' out uv yer rival?"
CHUM—"I'll tell yer why. Did yer ever seen him fight? I have."



BUT NOT THE HALL OF FAME.
FIRST THESPIAN—"It is awful for such famous tragedians as we to be hauling our luggage thus."
SECOND THESPIAN—"True, Horatio! But such is the haul of fame."

1892

KEPT BUSY.

Jaggles—"I suppose even that great pianist finds it necessary to practice constantly in order to retain his hold on the public."

Waggles—"I should say he does. He's obliged to work four hours every day on his hair to train it to stand up like the quills on a porcupine."

THAT CAME LATER.

"Washington," said Penn, when several worthies were gathered at the Styx club, "how did you work up such a reputation for veracity?"

"Forsooth, Penn," Washington replied, "that was before I ever expected to figure in a historical novel."

IF NO one did anything but what one could do well this would be an idle and unhappy world.



GOT WHAT HE ASKED FOR.

CASEY—"See here! thot dollar ye lent me yisterday wuz a counterfeit."

CASSIDY—"Well, Casey, didn't ye say ye wanted it bad?"

A PARENTAL PHENOMENON.

"I suppose," inquired a bystander, "that your baby is beginning to say some rather cute things?"

"No," replied Mr. Kidby Nupop; "his remarks are very commonplace. In fact, most of the things he says are pure drivel."

Mr. Nupop had long been known as a very eccentric man, but his sanity had never before been doubted.

THE RURAL HUMORIST.

Farmer Dunk (to his nag) — "Whoa, there, Filipino! Whoa, confound you!"

Farmer Hayroob — "That's a funny name fer a hoss. Why in tunkett do ye call him Filipino?"

Farmer Dunk — "B'cuz he's always runnin' away"

A THING of beauty is a joy forever, and yet we are asked to believe that it is but skin deep.



THEN HE SUCCUMBED.

EASTERN TRAVELER (*in Dead Gulch*)—"Gentlemen, I demand to know who you are, and I protest against this treatment."

LEADER (*humorously*)—"We ur a lot uv congressmen. I am th' speaker uv th' house an' protests don't go hyar at all."

A DOG THOUGHT.

H, THE highway dog is scrawny
And he's angular and tall,
And his color 's quite as tawny
As the leaflets of the fall.

At the head of autumn's pageant
Like a comet see him fly,
The immutable press-agent
Of the golden pumpkin-pie.

TWO VIEWS OF A FULL MOON.

Reggy (aged five years)—"What
does the moon look like to you

to-night, papa?"

Papa—"Oh, it looks like a beautiful big gold plate,
such as kings and queens use. What does it look like
to you?"

Reggy—"Just like a big vaccination."

PRACTICAL.



1. "Aha! something new—a horseless-carriage funeral."

ONE PERFECT MAN.

There was one perfect man in life;
I doubt it, but so claims my wife.
And every day she tells it me—
'Twas her first husband, so says she.

A QUESTION.

Landlady—"I see by a newspaper item
that bread more than eighteen hundred
years old has been recently discovered
in Pompeii."

Lank boarder—"Er—h'm! Is this some
of it, Mrs. Hungerford?"

AT THE RECEPTION.

Mrs. Sharpe—"Excuse me, Mrs. Uppby;
but your—your"—

Mrs. Uppby (who has on one of her hus-
band's neckties)—"Oh, what is it? Is
anything wrong with me?"

Mrs. Sharpe—"Yes; I believe your—
your belt has got up around your ne"



IN TOPSV-TURVY LAND.

SPORTY HORSE—"Another hundred gone
up in the air. That man can't run fast enough
to keep himself warm."

PROOF POSITIVE.

The mother—"I cannot allow you
to take my daughter to such an objec-
tionable play."

The young man—"But what makes
you think the play is objectionable?"

The mother—"She tells me that she
selected it herself."

A HEAVY BURDEN.

"My! I never saw an animal with
a mountain-range on its back before,"
exclaimed Beth as she espied a camel
at the zoo.



2. "No; just some ladies going to the opera and a few openings in
'top for their aigrettes."



BLUFFING.

"You're nothing but a little girl," he said
To pert fourteen, who shook her saucy head
And stamped her foot indignantly. "You dare
To speak to me like that? Proud sir, beware!"

The years rolled on. At last he told his love
To sweet eighteen, but vainly sought to move
Her stubborn heart; for, by coy mischief led,
"You're too tall for a little girl," she said.

THE NEXT CHANGE.

Fosdick—"The English are very grateful to the Irish troops."

Keedick—"I am told that the English soldier's nickname will be changed from Tommy Atkins to Patrick Atkins."

AN EXACT DEFINITION.

Weary Waggles—"What's a holler square, Pete?"

Pathfinding Pete—"Yer know what a square meal is, don't yer? Well, take out the meal an' there's yer holler square."

AT THE BOOK-SELLERS.

Mr. Newrich (after buying some classics)—"Does that make about a ten-pound package?"

Clerk—"No; that is only seven or eight pounds."

Mr. Newrich—"Then give me two more pounds of Shakespeare and one more of Bacon."

A CASE OF DYE, DIE AND DIET.

LITTLE LOU—"Mah mammy wants ter know ef yo' got any stylish color-dyes?"

DRUG-CLERK—"What does she want it for?"

LITTLE LOU—"She done got de misery in her stummick, an' de doctor say she must diet; an' she say if she hab ter dye it she want it some han'some color."

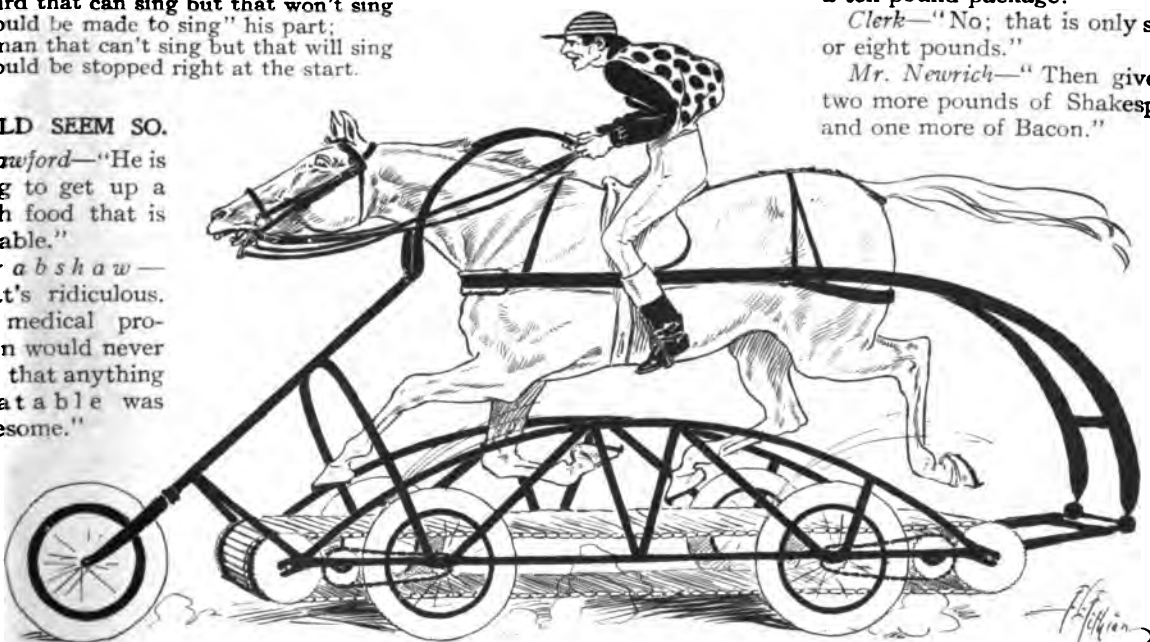
A DIFFICULT RULE.

"A bird that can sing but that won't sing
Should be made to sing" his part;
The man that can't sing but that will sing
Should be stopped right at the start.

WOULD SEEM SO.

Crawford—"He is trying to get up a health food that is palatable."

Crabshaw—"That's ridiculous. The medical profession would never agree that anything palatable was wholesome."



TO BE PATENTED.

JUDGE's suggestion for combining the horse and bicycle as a speed merchant. Guaranteed to break all racing records.



1. FARMER BACKLOT (*whose span has run away*)—"Dern them pesky hoss-scarin' bikesicklers! How'll I ever git this big kerriage hum?"

"POOR RULE THAT DOESN'T WORK BOTH WAYS."



2. FARMER BACKLOT (a few moments later, after having got a lift by those "*pesky bike-icklers*")—"B'gosh! I'll take it all back."

“POOR RULE THAT DOESN'T WORK BOTH WAYS.”

TOO SUDDEN.

"He's engaged to her four years—don't you think it's about time he married her?"

"You don't want to interrupt his dreams of bliss as rudely as all that."

FAMILIAR WITH AGRICULTURE.

"Whoop!" said Bobbie as a little green snake crossed the path; "there goes a piece of fresh hay looking for a new place to grow."

IN THE SUBURBS.

Coal-dealer—
"Boggs is pretty slow pay, isn't he?"

Grocer—"Yes; spot-less cash."

PROPOUNDING A QUERY.

Bobbie—"Pop, are we among the best people?"

Papa—"We are, Bobbie."

Bobbie (after a thoughtful silence)—"Pop, is the best always the cheapest?"

AN UNEXPECTED TURN OF AFFAIRS.



OVERHEARD AT THE SPECTACLE FACTORY.

Miss Fulper (in a whisper)—
"I'm going to buy a dozen pairs of these spectacles—they are dirt cheap."

Grace (in undertone)—"Why, auntie, what can you do with so many?"

Miss Fulper—
"I'll keep them till next Christmas. I owe a number of presents, and these will just about go around."

A GOOD SLEEPER.

"Do you ever have the nightmare?" asked Cumso.

"No," answered Cawker; "my dreams are all of the horseless variety."

THE STATE OF BACHELORHOOD.

Maid—"I am sure bachelorhood must be

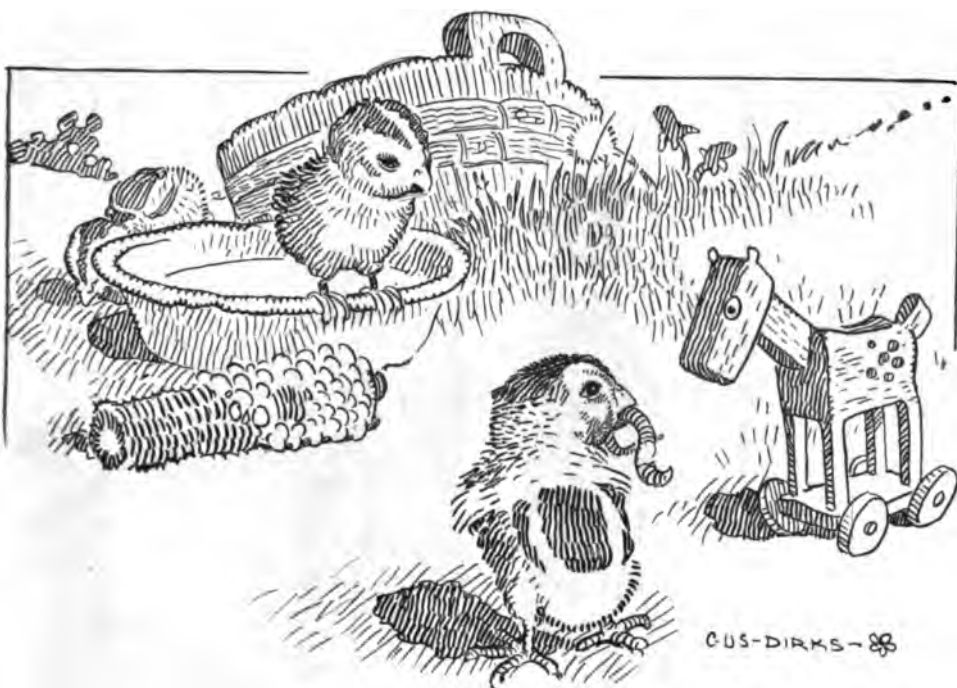
an ideal state."
Bachelor—"I suppose so; it is not in the union."



'RASTUS—"Whad yo' t'ink is de mattah wif me, doctah?"

DOCTOR—"Oh, nothing but the chicken-pox, I guess."

'RASTUS (getting nervous)—"I 'clare on mah honah, doctah, I hain't bin nowhar I could ketch dat!"



CHICK—...What! You don't eat worms? What a funny chick you must be."

THE OFFICE-BOY OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

Johnny Uptodate (who has called at the Fifteenth national bank in answer to an advertisement for an office-boy)—"I guess you're Spuds, eh?"

President Spuds (shyly)—"I am."

Johnny Uptodate (rolling a cigarette)—"Well, I am thinkin' of takin' that place you advertised. What's your refererces?"

President Spuds—"I have good references from the last two boys who were here. If you will excuse me one minute I will get them."

Johnny Uptodate (stamping his foot impatiently)—"Why hain't you got them here? Do you want to keep me waitin' a couple o' lifetimes? You want to hurry up, Spuds."

President Spuds (who has returned within ten seconds)—"Here they are. I hope they will satisfy you."

Johnny Uptodate (lighting his cigarette)—"We'll see about that. Ah, what does Eddy Hogan say? I know him. Eddy says, 'I was associated with Mr. George Spuds, banker, for six weeks and I can recommend him in some respects. He is obedient, grateful, and seldom complains. We parted, not on account of any misconduct on his part, but because we could not agree about me and the

typewriter-girl going to the matinee twice a week. Taken altogether, Spuds seems to be a well-meaning sort of man.' That's not bad. But you oughtn't to kick about the matinee. If I take this place you will have to"—

President Spuds (hastily)—"All right. I won't object. I was wrong, I confess."

Johnny Uptodate—"Betcherlife you were. Is the typewriter pretty?"

President Spuds—"I—believe—so."

Johnny Uptodate—"You believe so? Don't you know? Well, I'll drop in and take a look at her this afternoon. In the meantime I'll look up these

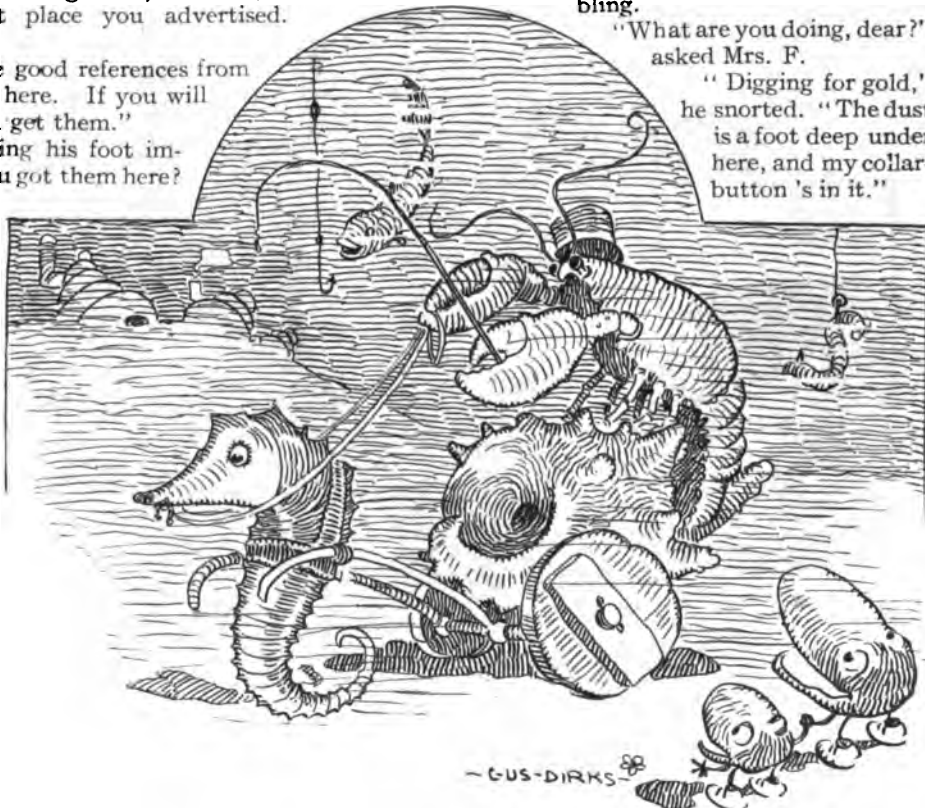
references, and if I find they're all right and the typewriter is to my taste I will take your propersition under consideration."

GIVING THE HOUSEKEEPER A DIG.

Mr. Fussby was under the bed, pawing and grumblng.

"What are you doing, dear?" asked Mrs. F.

"Digging for gold," he snorted. "The dust is a foot deep under here, and my collar-button's in it."



FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

SEA-HORSE—"Oh, dear! when will some one invent a sea-automobile?"

BIZ.



NCE more the shaggy goat,
Rampant upon the rock,
Holds up with jocund note
The mug of sparkling bock.

The violet is blue
Beside the plashing rill,
The circus poster 's due
And eke the magic pill.

All this the poet wakes
And soon his pack 's unrolled,
And from the pile he takes
The Christmas ode unsold.

He fumigates it well,
And on the song-machine
He changes it to sell
To some big magazine.

Which, buys his ding-a-ling,
So musical and gay,
Because it's just the thing
For Decoration day.

A MISERABLE SINNER, BUT NOT THE WORST.

At a revival in a country town the invitation was given for any one who wished to live a better life and desired the prayers of the congregation, to rise. A man arose. The congregation was jubilant and noisy with "amens." Looking about him, he said,

"There is no need of making such a fuss and noise. I ain't the worst man that ever lived."



ONE CONSOLATION.

GROGAN—"Axcept me sympathy fur th' loss av yez little Dinnis."

HOGAN—"Yis ; bad loock t' th' mon thot invinted grane apples !"

GROGAN—"Yis ; but yez may t'ank hivin thot it wor not red wans thot carried aff th' little saint !"



SETTLED ACCORDING TO HOOLE.

PANTHER PETE (*who expects parental opposition*)—"I wants ter marry yer darter, ole man. Hope yer ain't ergin me in the deal?"

HER OLD MAN (*slowly*)—"Wa-al, I *wus* ergin yer, Pete, afore I saw yer hand ; but now I reckon I'll consider myself froze out an' let yer take ther stakes."

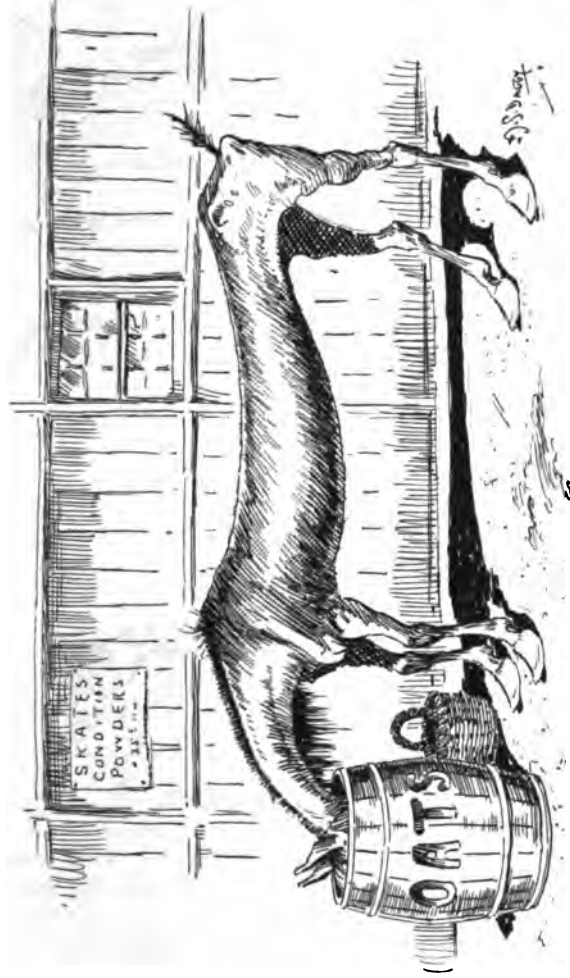
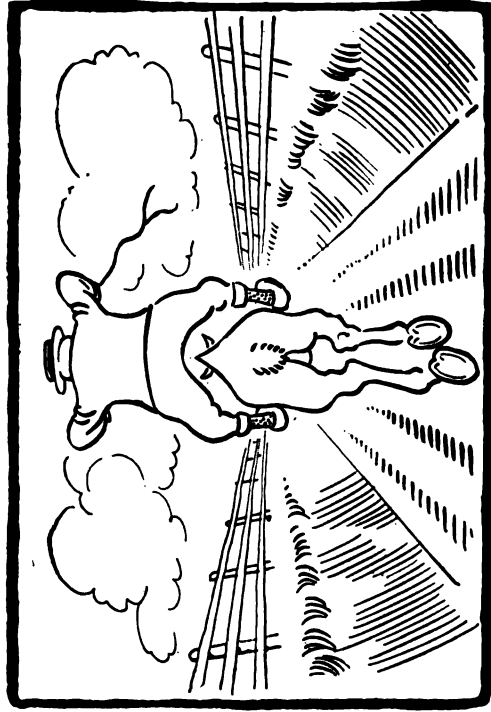
A QUEST IN SPRING.

The budding boughs are all astir;
The young vines stretch their fingers out
To grasp the sunshine, as it were;
Soft spring is dawning all about.
But we've no time to think of that,
We're hunting for another flat.

The girl I loved, and wooed and wed,
Who brought me naught at first but bliss—
How could my soul foresee this dread.
Or ever dream 'twould come to this?
That we would spat and spat and spat
While hunting for another flat.

Ah, sad the truth! It makes me weep.
I could be happy and content
In any place where I could sleep
And eat and drink, and pay the rent.
But she!—'tis this I'm raging at—
Must find each year, another flat.
Yet—yet repining will not pay;
I must fare forth, again to seek—
What's this? In joyous tone and gay,
I hear her voice, and on my cheek
I feel her hand in playful bat—
"Sweetheart, I've found the dearest flat!"

The dearest flat? Alas! 'tis true;
I feel it in each deepest sense.
Whatever place we move into
Is dearer than the last. And hence
The fact I'm squarely gazing at—
This surely is the dearest flat.



HORSY LANGUAGE.
"Long in the barrel."

LUCUBRATIONS.

The shortest cut to success is often the cutting of the throat of competition.

It would be a great thing for woman if, instead of being as old as she looks, she could only look as young as she says she is.

Now that wireless telegraphy appears to be a success, we may confidently look forward to the time that shall be famous because of wire-pullerless politics.

GOOD USE FOR THEM.

Pedal—"Wonder what they'll do with all the old bicycle-chains, now that everybody is going in for the chainless wheel?"

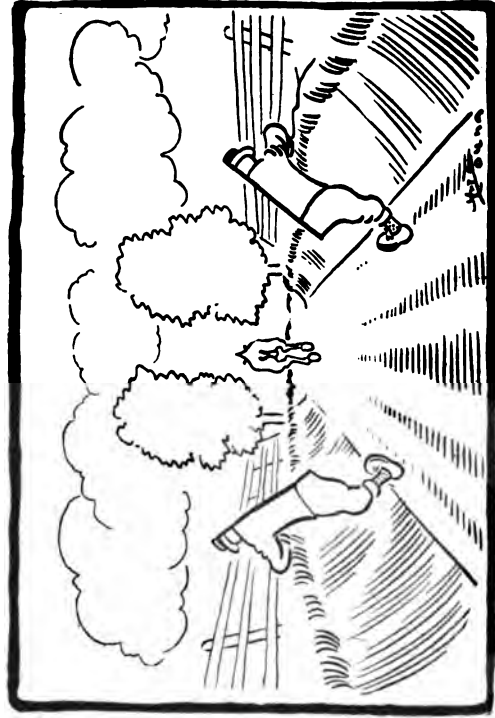
Sprockett—"Better use up part of them in making straitjackets for all the incorrigible scorchers, and utilize the balance for chaining up the bicycle-hating dogs throughout the country. Then maybe the ordinary, peaceable, law-abiding citizen who owns a wheel can enjoy riding it."

HIS REASON FOR GRATULATION.

"'Tis very fortunate," remarked Mr. Grady wisely, "that may be not as hivy as coal."

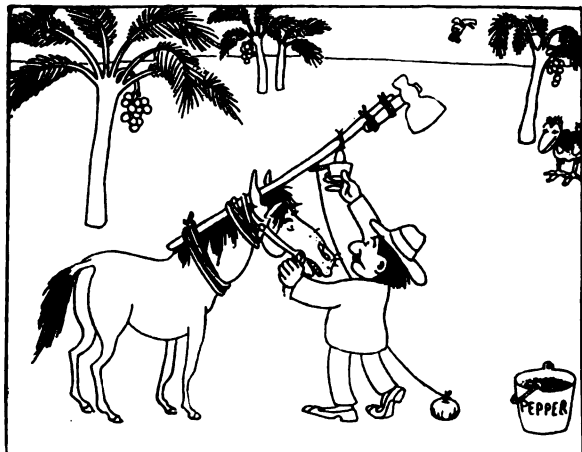
"For whoy, Pat?"

"Shure, a ton av the shuff would weigh so much that a poor man couldn't afford to kape a cow."



CHARLIE'S OUTING—A SAD STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

THE PEPPER-GATHERER'S ORIGINAL IDEA OF HAVING A WARM BIRD FOR DINNER.

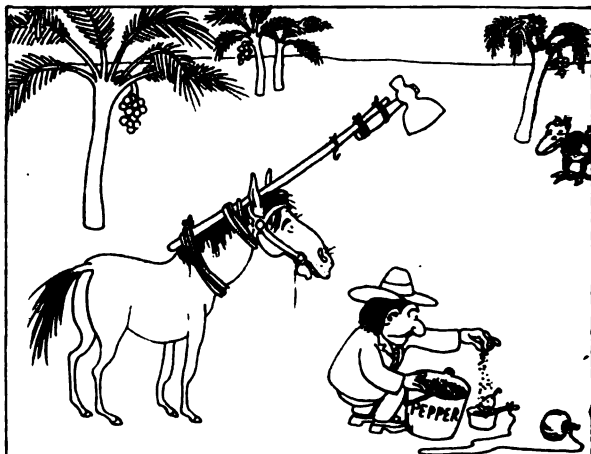


1.

A CHICAGO CONVERSATION.

"What is Sue's last name?" asked Mrs. Spareribs of Mrs. Porkchops.

"You don't mean to say that she has been married again, do you?"

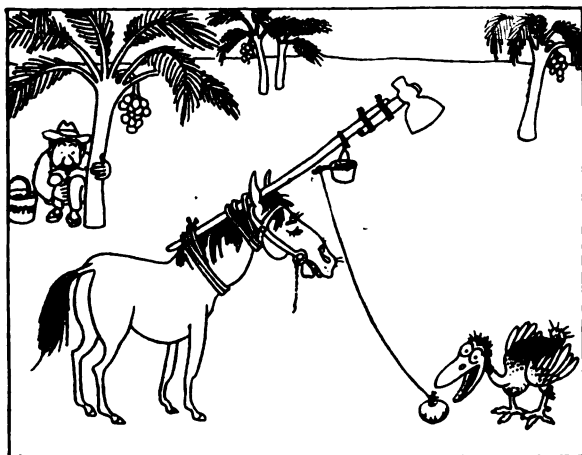


2.

A MATTER OF INFERENCE.

"Is Duderton intellectual?"

"I don't know; he is one of these fellows who call it changing their minds when they decide to put on another cravat."

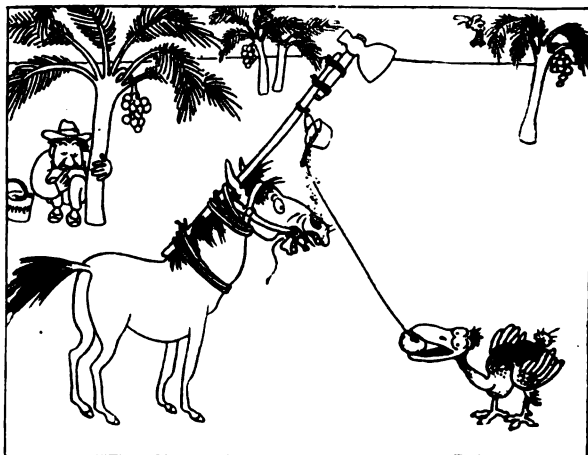


3.

NUMEROUS TIMES.

Little Mike (nursing his aching jaw)—"Feyther, did yez iver hov a toot' pulled?"

McLubberty (encouragingly)—"Hundreds av 'em, me b'y; hundreds av 'em."

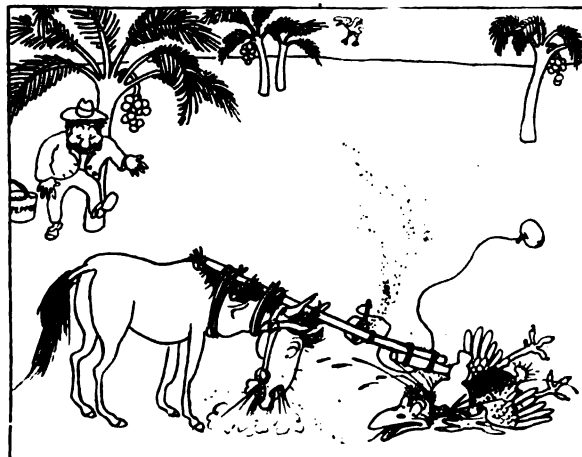


4.

THAT WAS DIFFERENT.

Freddie—"I can't eat strawberries without cream."

Mrs. Cobwigger—"Why, the other day when you got in the pantry you ate two boxes with the hulls on."



5.



6.

SOME GROUND FOR IT.

Miss Gaylord—"Have you heard of Mrs. Rushitt's last break?"

Miss Pompadour—"I have heard of a thousand or two, but I dare say this has escaped me. What is it?"

Miss Gaylord—"She is to give a reception in honor of the earl of Inchley. He is about the size of Tom Thumb. Well, she sent out her invitations for a 'small and early.'"

DISAPPOINTING.

"If that petrified man doesn't quit drinking so much I shall be compelled to discharge him," said the proprietor of the dime museum to his treasurer.

"He certainly is a hard drinker," commented the latter.



A ROYAL SEND-OFF.

RETORT COURTEOUS.

Charlie Boreman (who has been talking to Miss Keene for an hour steadily)—"Have you a maid, Miss Keene?"

Miss Keene—"Yes. But if you are looking for a position as tirewoman I can give you a recommendation."

AN EXPERT.

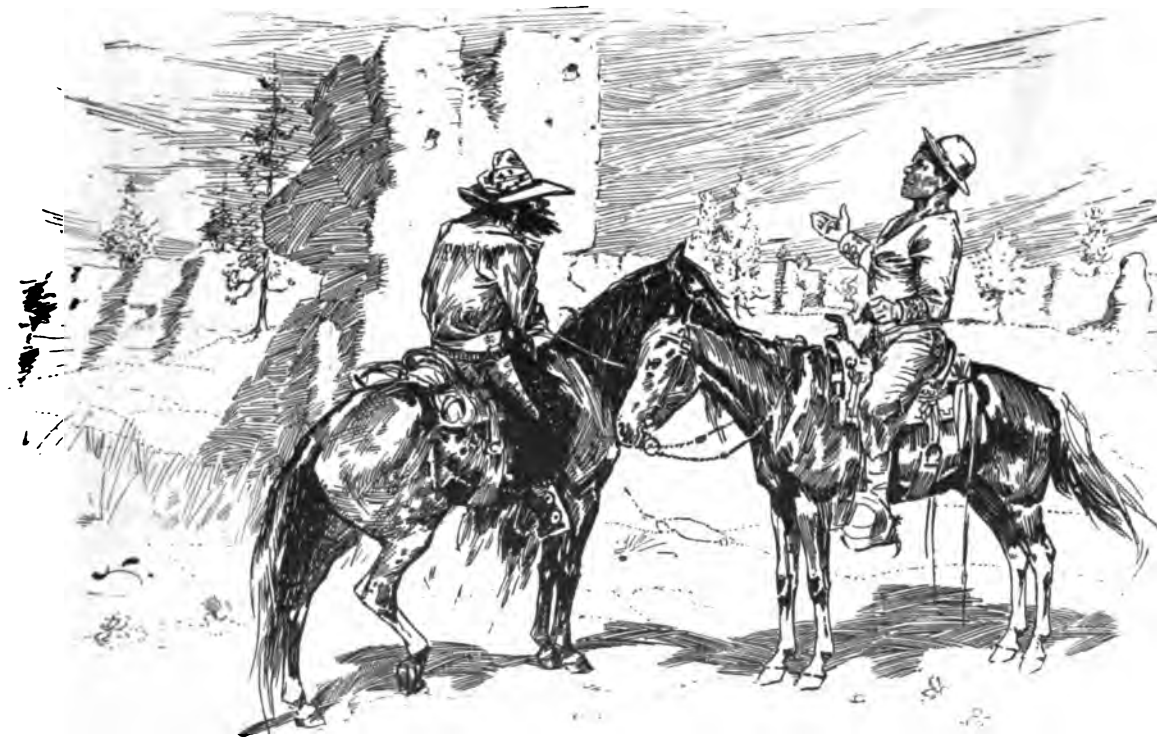
Bibbs—"I just passed Miss Flyte, your typewriter. Is she an expert?"

Gibbs—"She is now. She got entirely too pert and I discharged her."

THOSE DEAR GIRLS.

Mabel—"Did you know that Lucy has a frame of iron?"

Lena—"No; but I noticed that her last dress fitted better."



AN "AFFAIR OF HONOR."

WILD TIM—"Ya-as, Bill; th' whiskey duel between Cactus Carson and Foggy Ferguson is th' greatest sensation ever known in Coyote Gulch. It took eighty-two glasses of tanglefoot apiece to floor th' contestants."

COMANCHE CRAWFORD—"So it ended in a draw, eh?"

WILD TIM—"Only on th' number of glasses drank. Foggy Ferguson is ahead by three snakes an' a tarantula, but as Cactus Carson has just started in seein' sharks his backers are gettin' confident that he'll win it."



RELAXATION.

CASEY—"There's throuble over at Clancy's."

COSTIGAN—"Phwat is ut?"

CASEY—"A family foight."

COSTIGAN—"Shure, thot's not throuble; thoo' . . .

ACTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

THE EXIGENCIES of many generations have made deceivers of men.

An unselfish man craves to be loved, but a selfish man prefers loving.

Men accept a woman on her merit, but women always ask, "Who is she?"

A pretty young woman with ideas should keep them quiet if she desires to marry.

No man is so interesting to a girl as the prohibited one with the bad reputation.

Handsome men usually attract women, but an ugly man fascinates them like a snake.

A pessimist regrets his fate, and is miserable. An optimist takes his experiences, and is happy. A woman does not get acquainted with women with whom she is more or less in contact, they very soon begin to hate each other when they see her, and say, "There she goes."



A SUPERFLUOUS SIGN.

PAT DONAVAN (*who has lately landed*)—"Shure, it's a good thing th' soign is put there. Frum th' look av th' shtrate Oi'd thought, begob! it was purty well open."



VERY SIMILAR.

VETERINARY SURGEON—"Well, sir, I cut open your cow's stomach, and what do you think I found in it? Six tenpenny nails, four tacks, a Waterbury watch, a piece of barbed-wire fencing, a tin whistle, four clam-shells, a fish-hook, some broken glass, a lead sinker, ten glass marbles, a tin can with mud-worms in it, a jack-knife, two quarts of peach-stones, a rubber ball, and four slate-pencils."

GENTLEMAN FARMER (*aghast*)—"Great Scott! how do you suppose she ever got hold of one of my boys' pants-pockets?"



WHEN THE HORSELESS CAB STRIKES THE JUNGLE.

REMARKABLE SITUATION.

"I have discovered a most remarkable fact, don't ye know," said the visiting Englishman, "concerning the legislative customs of your country, which, I am quite certain, has escaped our students of your manners and customs."

"Ah!" replied the American. "And what is that?"

"Why, that all the players in the Washington baseball club are ex-officio senators."

NEVER EXISTED.

Jaggles—"Are his characters drawn from life?"

Waggles—"Of course not. He writes dialect."



ITALIAN COLLECTOR—"Canna mea comma ina yarda and picka up bones?"
MAN (at the fence)—"Certainly; but what ye goin' to do—drive tandem?"

AMBITIOUS.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"Poor thing! She tried to reform her husband and failed."

Mrs. Dorcas—"What is she trying to do now?"

Mrs. Cobwigger—"To reform the world."

CORRECTED.

Johnny—"Oh, ma, I did the chimney sweep."

Mother (correcting)—"Don't say that. Say, 'I swept the chimney'."

Johnny (interrupting)—"I swept the chimney-sweep out of ten cents at marbles."



GOING TO THE (HORSELESS) FAIR.

(With apologies to Rene Bonheur.)

AT THE ROOT OF IT.

LITTLE Eddie awoke one morning, recently, cross and fretful. As the day advanced he became peevish and languid. The toys, books and pictures from the nursery failed to interest or amuse the little fellow, which quite alarmed his anxious mother. Taking him upon her lap, she requested him endearingly to "tell mamma where the naughty pain hurt him."

"It hurts me right here," said the little sufferer, pointing to his mouth.

"Perhaps his throat is sore," suggested the nurse.

"Yes, it is," replied the boy; "right back there where my tongue is fastened."

THRUST UPON THEM.

Visitor (from the east) — "So the Diggers-Mildew feud is alive yet? But I thought the last of the Diggers died several months ago."

Native (of Kentucky) — "He did, mister. He willed his hull estate to the white church down at the Corners, sah. The min-istah didn't want anything to do with the feud, but the deacons overruled him, and the church took up the feud along with Diggers's othah property, jest where he left off, sah."

WHY are agreeable men so mean and good men so disagreeable?



A TIME FOR EVERYTHING.

BROTHER JONsing — "Ain't it wicked, deacon, to rob dis chicken-coop?"

DEACON — "Dat's a great moral question, brudder. We ain't got time to argue it now. Han' down anudder pullet."

MRS. BROWN'S NEW COOK.

Mrs. Nolittle — "Mrs. Brown is putting on airs nowadays. She has a new cook with a high-sounding name."

Mrs. Nomore — "Indeed! I thought she did her own work."

Mrs. Nolittle — "No. I took dinner there yesterday, and they had the loveliest dessert I ever put in my mouth. She didn't tell what it was, but she said that Charlotte Russe made it, and I suppose she's the new cook."

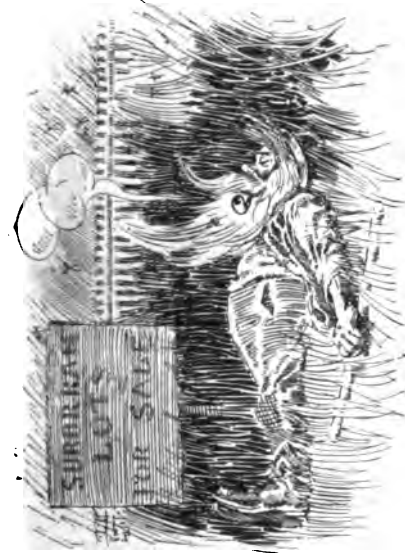


ONE GOOD POINT.

MOSE — "I prefer dogs to women every time. When a dog kisses yo', yo' know he means it."

PETE — "Wa-al, yais; but women is preferable to dogs some ways—when a woman bites yo', yo' don't git hydrophobia."

SOME people take a good deal of trouble to save themselves work.



1. IT WAS NO DREAM.
HARRY HODGES—"It's bully sleepin' in dis long grass durin' de hot nights."

WHERE SHE DREW THE LINE.

First newspaper-woman—"Carrie Dareitall has resigned from the *Trumpet*."

Second newspaper-woman—"Why? Did the Sunday editor want her to go into some more lions' dens?"

First newspaper-woman—"No; the city editor ordered her to report a business meeting of the professional-woman's league."

UNWILLING TO GIVE EVIDENCE.

Mamma—"Did you see Willie take my blackberry jam, Margaret?"

Margaret (whose mouth shows evidence of her having received some of it)—"I think, mamma, I must be like some of the folks in the bible that have eyes and see not."

ILL DISPOSED.

"Tis the only factory in town that burns soft coal. 'Goodness!' exclaimed Nan; "see how awfully bad that building's breath is!"



OBEYING THE ADAGE.

Boss—"Devil a cint more will I pay yez. But, shure, yez are not lavin' me wid this hot iron on th' anvil?"
CASEY—"Faith, an' it's meself tho't I'll stroike whoile th' iron 's hot."



2. IT WAS NO DREAM.

HARRY HODGES—(*next morning*)—"Great Scott! dat wuzn't er nightmare I had, after all."



1.



2.



3.



4.

THE TIGER HUNT; OR, THE VERY WISE ELEPHANT.

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and address to Prof. F. J. Kellogg, 543 W. Street, Battle Creek, Mich., and he will send you a trial package of his remarkable treatment which will reduce your weight to normal. Do not be lulled by evil consequences; the treatment is perfectly safe, is natural and scientific, and gives such relief of comfort as to astonish those who have tried and perished under the weight of excess. It takes off the big stomach, gives the heart rest, enables the lungs to expand naturally, and will feel a hundred times better the first day try this wonderful home treatment. Send your name and address for a free trial packet securely sealed in a plain wrapper, with directions how to use it, books and testimonials hundreds of who have been cured. Write for the free trial package to-day. It will save the rest of your life.

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A GOLF GALLANT.

"Where are you going, my pretty maide?"
 "I'm going a-golfing, sir," she saide.
 "Then I will go with you, my pretty maide."
 "Nobody axed you, sir," she saide.
 "At least as your caddy, my pretty maide?"
 "There are cads and caddies, sir," she saide.

A BETTER GAME.

Mrs. Crawford—"Where did Mrs. Bon-Ton get all the pieces of bric-a-brac?"
 Mrs. Crabshaw—"She used to be a kleptomaniac, but since she learned to cheat at bridge whist she wins them as prizes."

SPRING.

(After Meleager—some 1962 years.)

At last the snow fast by the wall,
 Where longest it inspired my pen,
 Has sloped, and daffodillies tall
 Nod like shock-headed little men
 Upon the bank above my den.
 The street piano makes its call
 Each morning, and to hut and hall
 That tired feeling 's come again.

But now the efficacy 's spent
 Of tonics, nor will treacle blent
 Wisely with brimstone oust the de'il.
 He yields to this, and this alone—
 (A case in point egad 's my own!)
 The sorcery that's in a wheel.

Hypnotism



BE A HYPNOTIST AND MAKE FUN AND MONEY
 It takes but a few hours to learn. The study is both easy and fascinating. Hypnotism is an endless source of fun and wonder. If you know how to hypnotize you can perform the most marvelous feats imaginable. You can do a thousand amazing things that other people cannot do. You can surprise all your friends and make yourself famous. You can place any one you wish under this strange and magic spell. You can compel them to think, act and feel just as you wish. If you want to make money you can do it by giving entertainments, curing diseases or teaching the art to others. These are three sure and easy ways to win a fortune. Why be poor?

Why work for others, when you can master this money-making profession so easily? Investigate now.

You can learn at home without cost. I will send you my big free book for the asking. It tells all about Hypnotism. It is the most elaborate and valuable work of the kind ever published. It contains hundreds of beautiful pictures and explains all the mysteries and secrets of the art. Anybody can learn from it all about the Hypnotic Spell, how it is operated, how it waxes the will of its subjects, degrades, wins undying love, helps to trade or position, amuses an audience for profit, and gains for the operator himself health, wealth and happiness. It also treats fully on Personal Magnetism, Magnetic Healing and kindred subjects, and how to cure yourself of any pain, ache or disease. Remember, this book is absolutely free. Simply write for it, and it will be sent by next mail, all charges paid. Don't send any money or stamp, but send your name and address to-day.



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Miss Edith Williams, Wants Every Lady Reader of This Paper to Know How She Saved Her Father.

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A new discovery, odorless and tasteless, which any lady can give in tea, coffee or food. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge or co-operation. Send name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 2441 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, O., and he will mail enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee or food. Nothing could be more dramatic or devoted than the manner in which Miss Edith Williams, Box 33, Waynesville, Ohio, cured her drunken father after years of misery wretchedness and almost unbearable suffering.



"Yes," she said, "my friends think it a miracle I cured him without his knowledge or consent by using a remedy secretly in his coffee and food. I hadn't seen him sober for half a day before in over fourteen years. But the very day he got the first dose of it he came home sober and said, 'Edith, I don't know what has come over me but I hate the sight and smell of liquor and am going to stop drinking forever.'"



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 The new Vaginal Syringe. Injection and Suction. Best. Safest. Most Convenient. It Cleanses Instantly.
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orning, Noon and Night Fast Trains to the West—Via NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE CUDDLESOME GIRL.

Cora—"What would you like me to get you for a birthday present, love?"

Merritt—"A cigar case, my dear. Since we became engaged I can never find an unbroken cigar in my vest-pocket."

PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITY.

Tommy (riding through a barley-field)—"Papa, are those hairs on the barley-heads what sometimes get into our bread?"

FATE.

They came and went, a fascinating throng,
Masters of melody and queens of song;
A ragged boy to hear them vainly sought;
He starved for music but his purse held naught.

Fair queens of melody, masters of song—
They come and go, a captivating throng;
But one, amid his wealth, sad-eyed, alone,
Still starves for music, for his ears are stone.

TOO MUCH FOR HER.

First club-woman—"It's rumored that Mrs. Speakmuch is in the first stage of softening of the brain. Some friends of mine met her late Monday afternoon, and they say it was dreadful to see her vacant stare and hear her disconnected utterances."

Second club-woman—"Oh, she's all right now. She had been 'trying to stimulate thought' in a Sorosis discussion."

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Dividend-Paying Mining, Oil and Smelter Stocks,
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PHILOPENA.

I played philopene
With Miss Dorothy Mecker—
She, I thought, rather green,
So I played philopene;
But—I now draw the screen
O'er my empty exchequer!
I played philopene
With Miss Dorothy Mecker.

THE WOMAN OF IT.

Suburbs—"What was that you said about the automatic fire-extinguisher?"

Mrs. Suburbs—"After the expense you went to in buying it I think it is a shame that the house hasn't caught fire yet."

Cures Weak Men Free

Send Name and Address To-day---You Can
Have It Free and Be Strong and
Vigorous for Life.

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.



HEALTH, STRENGTH AND VIGOR FOR MEN.

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from sexual weakness, lost vitality, night losses, varicocele, etc., and enlarge small, weak organs to full size and vigor. Simply send your name and address to Dr. Knapp Medical Co., 1066 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and they will gladly send the free receipt with full directions so any man may easily cure himself at home. This is certainly a most generous offer, and the following extracts, taken from their daily mail, show what men think of their generosity:

"Dear Sirs:—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary.

It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy, and you cannot realize how happy I am.

"Dear Sirs:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned, and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

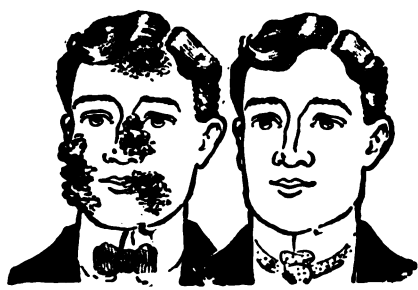
"Dear Sirs:—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed. I can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain, sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking, and they want every man to have it.

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The Remedy is Sent Absolutely Free to Every Man or Woman Sending Name and Address.

A celebrated Indiana physician has discovered the most wonderful cure for Syphilis or Blood Poison ever known. It quickly cures all such indications as mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, copper-colored spots, chancres, ulcerations on the body, and in hundreds of cases where the hair and eyebrows had fallen out and the whole skin was a mass of boils, pimples and ulcers, this wonderful specific has completely changed the whole body into a clean, perfect condition of physical health.



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William McGrath, 48 Guilford Street, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I am a well man to-day where a year ago I was a total wreck. Several doctors had failed to cure me of syphilis. I was rid of my sores and my skin became smooth and natural in two weeks, and after completing the treatment there was not a sore or pimple on my body, and to-day I am absolutely well. I give you permission to use my name and I will answer all inquiries from suffering men."

Every railroad running into Fort Wayne brings scores of sufferers seeking this new and marvelous cure, and to enable those who cannot travel to realize what a truly marvelous work the doctor is accomplishing, they will send free to every sufferer a free trial package of the remedy, so that everyone can cure themselves in the privacy of their own home. This is the only known treatment that cures this most terrible of all diseases. Address the State Medical Institute, 3408 Elektron Building, Fort Wayne, Ind. Do not hesitate to write at once, and the free trial package will be sent sealed in plain package.

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25c each
\$1 Set of Five.

Mailed on receipt of price. Write for Agents' terms.

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174 Sixth Avenue, NEW YORK CITY.

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Though woman cannot tell the truth
There's still a compromise—
All would be well if she could but
Refrain from telling lies.

EMBARRASSMENT.

"Here, Admiral Dewey," remarked the government cashier, handing out an oblong piece of paper, "is a cheque for nine thousand five hundred and seventy dollars, your share in the prize-money of the battle of Manila bay."

"Shiver my timbers!" replied the old salt, who was visibly embarrassed, "but this is so sudden!"

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To roam the brookly woods at will,
To fish beside the brook,
Will fill your soul with joy until
It comes your turn to cook.

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

African chief—"Is my white brother going to send any missionaries to my kraal this year?"

Agent—"Certainly. Glad to find you interested. Have you any requests to make?"

African chief—"Yes. During the extremely hot weather I would like to have you send them canned."

BUT SHE REMEMBERS.

A man remembers his alphabet,
No matter how long is his life;
The letters which he forgets are the ones
He promised to mail for his wife.

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Free Package of the Only Successful Cure Known for Drunkenness Sent to All Who Send Name and Address.



A new discovery, odorless and tasteless, which any lady can give in tea, coffee or food. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge or co-operation. Send name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 3086 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, O., and he will mail enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee or food.


Mrs. Harry Burnside says "With Golden Specific I cured my husband of drinking. I put it into his coffee and after that he couldn't drink liquor or bear to be around where it was."

MYSELF CURED

COCAINE, MORPHINE, OPIUM OR LAUDANUM, of a never-failing harmless Home Cure. Address MRS. MARY Z. BALDWIN, P. O. Box 1212, Chicago.

I will gladly inform anyone addicted to

REGISTERED



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LADY'S SYRINGE

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DR. F. WILHOFF, Dept. 24, 12 Astor Place, New York.

BY MATERNAL ORDERS.

At grandpa's gift, a new squirt-gun,
Wee Willie felt quite hurt—
With water, water everywhere,
And not one drop to squirt.

HOW HE KNEW.

"I don't think the whiskey trust has
much of a foothold in New York."

"Why not?"

"Because every saloon I visit has
the sign, 'No trust here,' over the
bar."

The Sohmer Piano is recognized by the
music-loving public as one of the best in the
world. Visit the warehouses, Sohmer Building,
170 Fifth Avenue, before buying elsewhere.

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from silk to coarsest
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Our Automatic Cabinet at \$17.75 is a wonder.
CASH BUYERS' UNION, Dept. A-38, CHICAGO, ILL.
REFERENCE: FIRST NATIONAL BANK, CHICAGO



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boxed "Trial
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family use or your choice to equal value and selected from our cata-
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Instruments, Watches, Tableware, Lamps, Dress Skirts, Etc. We will
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Set, or a 5-piece Breakfast Set, or a 10-inch Fruit Bowl, all cut
glass patterns, or a number of other useful articles. Our Soaps and Per-
fumes sell rapidly on their merits alone and with the liberal indem-
nent we offer, a sale can be made in every household.

One day's—perhaps only one hour's—work may be all that is
required to enable you to earn a very handsome premium.
You are not required to advance any money. We trust you absolutely
with all goods and premiums and prepay all freight charges. We allow
you 15 days' time to make your collections. Write at once for our beau-
tifully illustrated premium lists, plans, etc., etc. Sent free. Address:
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opium, morphine or other
drugs, and wish to be con-
vinced as to the merits of an absolute cure, you don't have
to pay. We will send a trial bottle free. Write to
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LOVE Our PINK PACKAGE is what you want if you wish to WIN the
wonderful LOVE of any man or woman, never fails, no matter how long
it has been used. ED. CLIMAX, 269 N. M., CHICAGO, ILL.

ASTHMA
Trial Package of three special medicines FREE OF COST
Dr. W. K. Walrath, Box 635, Adams, N.Y.

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Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison.
Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under
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any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write
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of buildings, selection of site, employment
of architects. It is worth \$5 to any one,
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If you ever intend to build get
this book and study it before
you commence. This should be
your first step toward building a
house, so as to ascertain what
kind of a house you want and find
out how much it is going to cost
before going ahead.

There is not one person in a
hundred that builds a house but
that wishes, after it is too late,
that he had made some different
arrangements on planning the
interior, and would give many
dollars to have had it otherwise,
but it is too late.

Also there is not one in a hun-
dred but that will tell you that
his house is costing a great deal more than he calculated it would. The reason of this is he starts to
build, without proper consideration; his only foundation is the money he has to build with and large
imaginings. About the time he has his building enclosed his imaginings vanish and he is left
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as they are called on to build every day in the week.
There is not a builder in the country who can afford to neglect this book.

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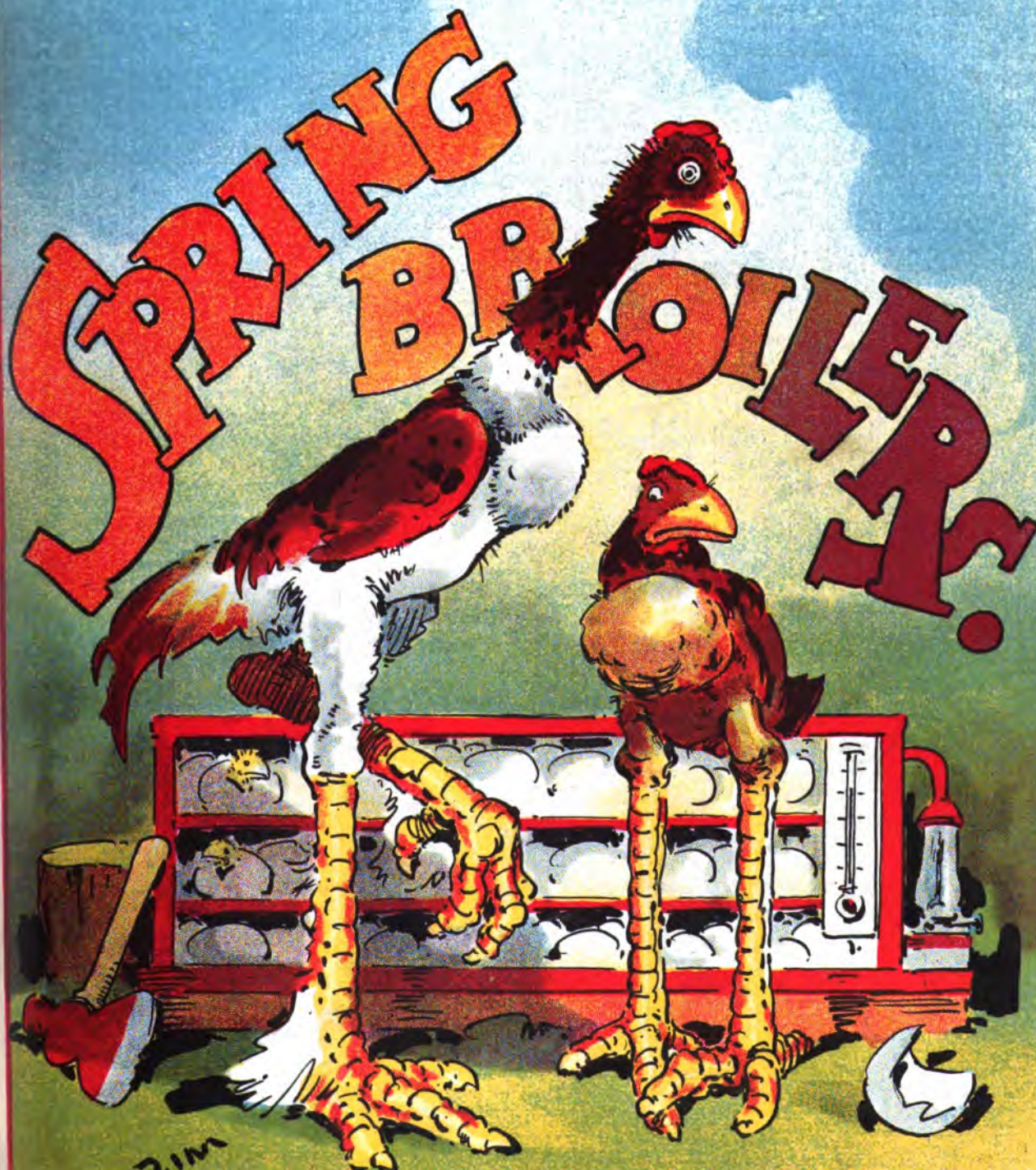
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My illustrated nature book on losses, varicocele, impotency, lame back, free, sealed, by mail. Much valuable advice and describes the new DR. SANDEN HERCULEX ELECTRIC BELT. Worn nights. No drugs. Currents soothing. Used by women also for rheumatic pains, etc. 5,000 cures 100¢. Established 30 years. Advice free.

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It is recommended gladly by all who have used it.

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OPIUM and Liquor Habit Cured without inconvenience or detention from business. Write **THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. S. Lebanon, Ohio.**

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A TIGHT FIT.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"Whenever you mislay anything you blame me. What in the world would I do with your shoe-horn?"

Cobwigger—"I don't see how else you could get into that bathing suit you wear."



ALBERT VERNON.

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Century," in which he fully describes the science of Psychratism. Write for it to-day. It costs you nothing. He wishes all to profit by his experience and knowledge, and will be glad to start you in the study of this the grandest of all sciences, by sending you the book free and postpaid upon receipt of your name. This is a valuable book, not a mere advertising pamphlet, and contains much information and the rudimentary lessons in this interesting and elevating science. Vernon Academy of Mental Sciences and Sanatorium, 3233 East Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

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Who is in love with self can pride
Himself each day on its survival,
And in security abide;
He's sure to never have a rival.



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and all forms of drug habit cured while you sleep by Dr. Swaine's Antidote. Painless, rapid, safe; no failures; no relapses; cure guaranteed; fully explained in booklet "N." Write or call **THREE DAY SANITARIUM, 1146 Third Ave., Detroit, Mich.**

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You are not competent to combat the influences of the world without it. With a knowledge of the principles of this grand science failure has been changed to success; the sick have been made well. It is a marvelous force available in the every-day affairs of life between man and man in business, in sickness and health. Psychratism is **NOT HYPNOTISM** simply the power of putting another to sleep nor a name to mystify. Psychratism is a science and appeals to man's intellect and reason. It enlightens; makes truth of mystery and is the X-Ray of Self-Development and personal influence, enabling one to see and understand all that has been attributed to supernatural agency, hypnotism and occult influences during the past ages.

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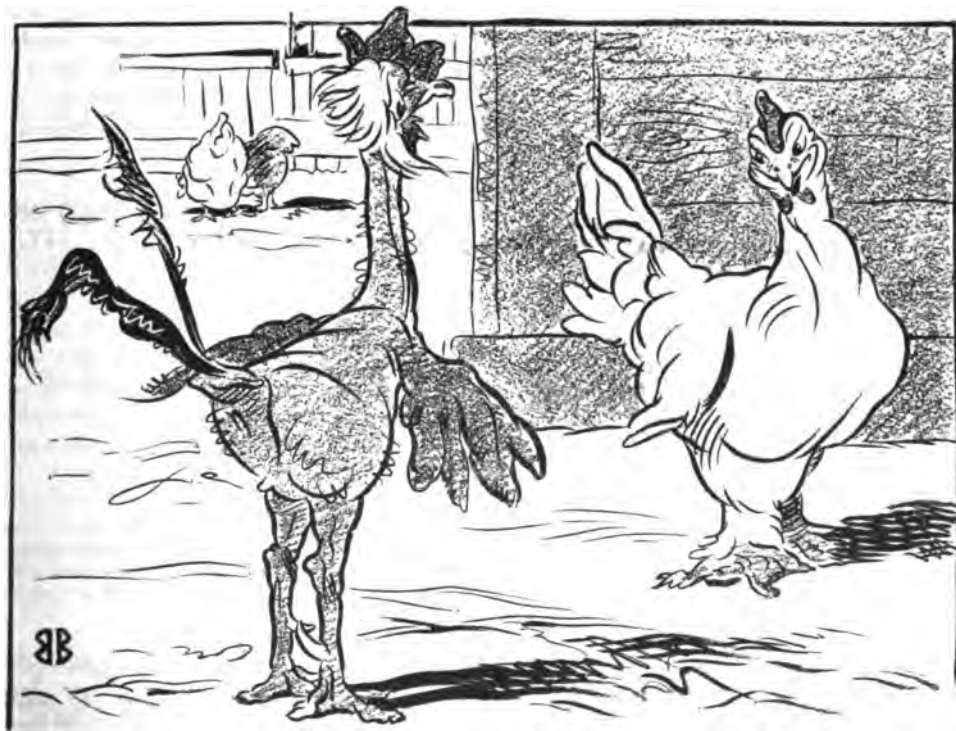
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At 110 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.



DO HIM GOOD.

MRS. CLUCK-CLUCK—"Say Henry, it wouldn't be such a great misfortune if you were tarred and feathered."



CAUSE FOR CONGRATULATION.

THE FIRST OUT—"Gee! it's lucky I got here first—bein' de firstborn I'll come into de ole man's title an' estates."

POT LUCK.

Mrs. Dorcas—"That missionary who went out among the savages was a noble man. He died to save their souls."

Dorcas—"Nonsense, my dear! There was a famine and he died to save their lives."

OBSTRUCT THE VIEW.

Mrs. Newcomb (to her niece who has just returned from New Hampshire)—"Did you enjoy the mountains as much as you had anticipated, dear?"

Niece—"No, aunt. For my part I'd like mountains better if they were on a level with the valleys."



MAMMA OSTRICH—"Ethel, how many times must I tell you to come out of the rain?"

TOO LIBERAL BY HALF.

"Do you know I would give five hundred thousand dollars to be a millionaire!" remarked the visionary philosopher with a self-satisfied smile.

ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

O'Hoggarty—"Thot felly Grogan is a cowld-blooded devil, ain't he? Troy as Oi will, Oi can't loike him."

McLubberty—"Nor me. Begorra, Oi hod just as soon shake hands wid a fish's tail as wid him!"

THE boy sat on a hornets' nest—
He thought it was a pillow.
His family laid him down to rest
Beneath a weeping willow.



A righteous, kindly nature.



Highly-developed taste for chicken and watermelon.



Fondness for dress and cigarettes.



Combative strength strongly developed.

CHARACTER AS INDICATED BY HANDS.



BETWEEN FRIENDS.

MISS JOHNSON—"Oh, yes; he fell in love wif me at sight. It was at de masquerade-ball, yo' know."
MISS JACKSON—"Um! Now I undahstand. How was yo' disguised?"

ALL THEY WANTED.



FARMER GOODMAN (*nine a. m.*)—"What's that—want some peaches? Why, certainly, boys! Go right in and eat all you want to."



FIRST BOY (*six p. m.*)—"Thank yer very m h, sir. We've got to go home now for supper."

SHE HAS NO SPHERE OF INFLUENCE.



ND so," said the distinguished statesman, "we have assurances from all the powers interested that the open-door policy will be maintained in all Chinese ports?"

"Yes," replied another statesman; "we have promises from Russia, France, Great Britain and Germany."

"Why, say!"

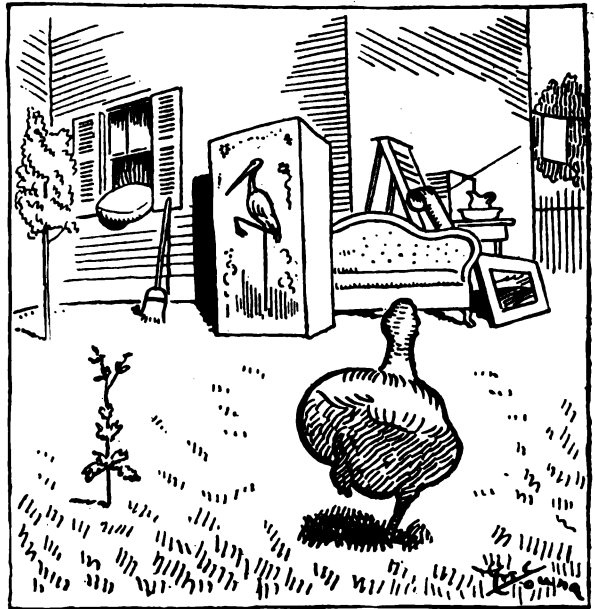
"Well, what is it?"

"We haven't consulted China in the matter."

OH, WOFUL DAY!

Warwick—"Yes, sir; I believe in socialism. I believe it would be a blessing to the people if the government were to appropriate to itself all the railroads in the country and run them, as it does the postal business."

Wickwire—"Humph! And you'd have the United States government backing up with its authority the sleeping-car porters!"



JUST LIKE A GOOSE.

GOOSE—"It's funny nobody ever paints a fancy picture of me. I can stand on one leg."

LABOR-SAVING.

"My dear papa," wrote little Helen, who was spending her vacation at a relative's some distance from home, "I went to a baseball game to-day. The Buckeye club had 26 tallies and the Blue-stockings had 7 tallies."

"P. s.—I put these numbers in figures instead of spelling them because it is so warm."

The intelligent reader will notice that Helen expended more labor in explaining why she used figures than would have been necessary to spell the numbers, but that is Helen's way. She is a girl, and girls become women.

THEY say the yellowest yellow paper is now going to make a paper for a week as the devil would do it. Well, it won't need to make the slightest change.

IN TOPSY-TURVY LAND.

PIGEON—"I got that fellow all right."



1.

AN ILLUSION.

"Gracious! that girl must be a centipede."



2.

"Aber nit!"

OBSIVASHUNS ON THE BALLAY.

HE ballay is a danse bi a lot ov yung' ladys—least-wise they air down on the bil as sich.

It is a grate benefit to mankind, is the play-bil, espeshally in settling enny dout as to the juvenility ov the ballay.

Thare is no disputing wat is in black and white—tharefore if the bil says the kor-d-ballay is komposed ov buteful yung ladys u kan axcept the fact and put it down as one ov the things that passeth understanding.

Quality, not quantity, is required in the cloes ov a ballay gurl.

The less cloes the bigger the biz.

Ballay-gurls' legs air deceptiv. They may be genuine flesh and mussel and then agin they may be komposed ov pads. The only true test, I hav been told, is a pin.

Too much qriosity is a mistake and is apt to hav an upsetting inflewence, like the letting go ov a boat's rudder.

Ballays air to be looked at but not dissected.



A BUCK BORED.

The ainshunts were very fond ov the ballay. Old Solomon kept a private one for his sole amewsmment.

Bald-headed men air espeshally given to the ballay. When u see a row ov these desert kraniums filling into a theater u kan bet ur last cent that there is a ballay a-going on in that speshal place ov amewsmment.

Yung men who seek to ballance thare heads bi parting thare hair in the middel and air weaning themselves bi the aid ov a kane allso affect the ballay.

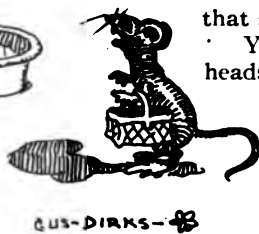
A ballay-gurl is oftentimes expected to be an Indian in one act. a truebidoor in the next, and an angel ov the feminine jender at the grand finail. It is pretty hard on the kredoolity ov the specktator, as wel as on the ingenewity ov the ballay-gurl.

SIS HOPKINS.

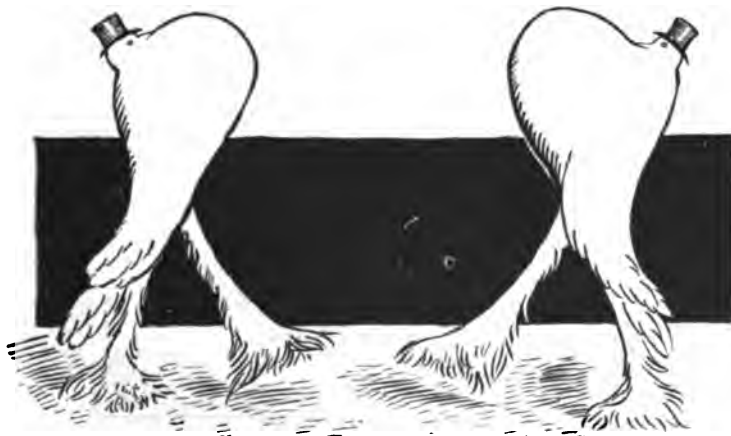


HE WANTED TO BUY.

MR. RAT—"Say, Mrs. Hen, how much are your eggs?"



GUS-DIRKS-



PRIDE.

A simple lesson on the folly of getting so puffed up—



—you can't see old acquaintances.

WHAT IT MEANT.

Parke—"Y o u are having your house fixed over, aren't you?"

Lane—"No! I'm merely paying about two thousand dollars for the pleasure of having my wife tell me how little I know about home decoration."

SHOULD BE RIGHT.

"What kind of money is that?" said the cashier of the restaurant as he pushed back a coin offered by a patron.

"That is a five-franc piece, French money."

"We don't accept French money."

"Then why do you print your bill-of-fare in French?"



UNCLE EZRA CRACKS A JOKE.

"Mother, I fetched ye some aigs."

"Well, lay 'em on the table."

"Gosh! I hain't no hen."

DOVERSPIKE'S EXPLOIT.

"They are calling Doverspike the Carrie Nation of Thompsonville."

"What about Doverspike?"

"He took an axe and smashed a millinery-shop and a dry-goods store."

HIS WAY.

"No," said the deaf-mute, digitally. "I never get very lonesome. You see, when there is no one else around I"—

He raised his sleeve to his lips and laughed in it for a moment.

—"Talk with my fingers."

HOOT, MON!

"Do you know what those children are hooting so for?"

"They are playing hop-Scotch."



HOW IT HAPPENED.

GRAFTIN' GEORGE—"Yer wouldn't t'ink dat de first time dat woman seed me she rushed up an' t'rew her arms aroun' me."

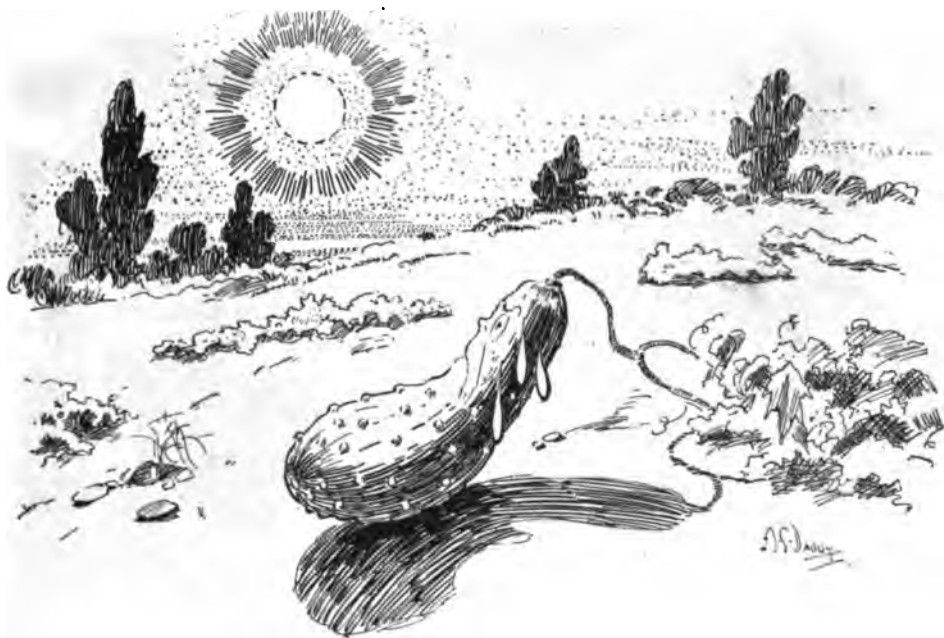
SLICK SAM—"Aw! whatcher givin' us?"

GRAFTIN' GEORGE—"Yes; an' den she t'rew me down an' tied me arms an' rung up de cops. Yer see, I wuz doin' a little job uv burglary at de time."



RARE INNOCENCE.

SHE—"Jimmy, is dere enny rinks open now?"
HE—"Naw; dey all closed more'n a mont' ago."
SHE—"So I t'ought. I wondered w'ot mother meant by sayin' father came home last night wid a skate on?"



SIGNS OF SUMMER.

THE CUCUMBER—"I wonder what idiot started the expression, 'Cool as a cucumber.'"

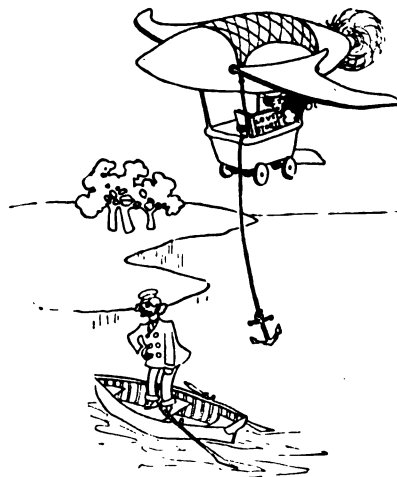
AN AWFUL REVENGE.

Friend (to amateur poet)—"I see you are sending off a manuscript to the *Bonton Magazine*. I thought you told me only the other day you thoroughly disliked and despised the editor of that particular magazine?"

Poet—"I do. That's why I'm sending him my poem."

WAITING TOO LONG FOR THE MUSIC.

Willie had never before seen a crank-churn. "My!" he exclaimed with sympathy, after watching his aunt churn for half an hour, "I should think she'd throw that music-box away and get one that would play."



SPOILING IT.

"Now," said the professor, "to illustrate the distance of some of the fixed stars, I may say that there are some so far away that if they were to be blotted out their rays would continue to reach the earth for a thousand years."

"But wouldn't they be ex-rays, professor?" asked Miss Flypp.

EGGSPERT ADVICE.

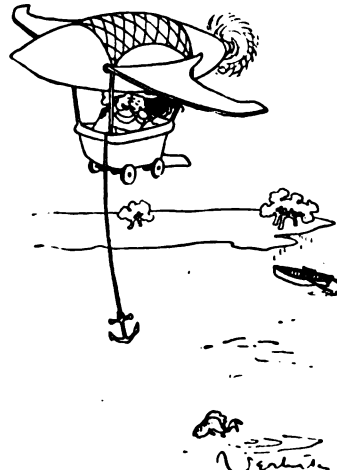
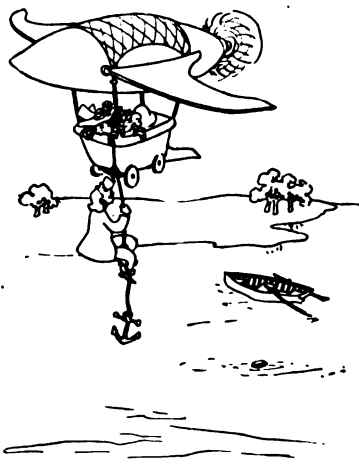
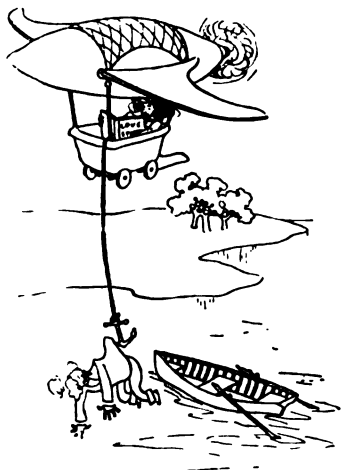
ERIE, PENN., March 17, 1901.

EDITOR JUDGE:

Dear sir—Should Mrs. Nation, when she visits New York, give you a call, offer her an egg and see her hatchet.

Respectfully,

W. WINDER.



A ROMANTIC AFFAIR.



IN TOPSY-TURVY LAND.

RABBIT—"Darn the luck! I don't seem able to hit anything to-day."

THE POINT WHERE FOR-BEARANCE ENDS.

"It strikes me as rather peculiar," remarked the visitor from the east, "that you people who endure uncomplainingly the ravages of grasshoppers, dry weather and cyclones, are the very men who howl the loudest over the crimes committed by the government. I fail to understand it."

"Well," replied the theorist of the prairies, "it only shows that we've got to draw the line somewhere."

MAIDEN MODESTY.

When did Columbia blush?
When she saw the President's trip.



A FRIEND IN-KNEED.

OH, SUGAR!

When the picture of the prize beet was hung in the grocery the package of sugar that was loafing on the shelf almost melted with emotion.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the hard-shelled almond bitterly.

"Why," said the sugar, with a lump in its throat and a forgetfulness of grammar, "that beet's me."

HIS SOLICITUDE.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"What kind of shirt-waist shall I get, my dear?"

Cobwigger—"One that you can't wear my ties with."



DEACON—"Why, parson! What yo' bin dis time o' night?"

PARSON—"I's bin sittin' up at de widdler Hannah's ter try an' cotch some of dem chicken-tieves w'ot hab bin robbin' her. W'ot yo' doin' out so late as dis—two g. m.?"

DEACON—"Jist bin sittin' dowf wid a small game of draw-poker. An'—an' I is startin' home wid de jack-pot."

A SERENE FRAME OF MIND.

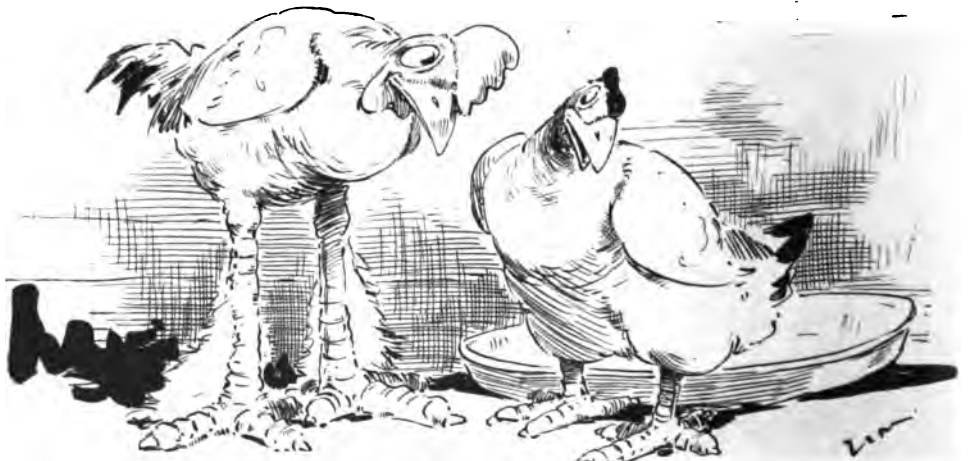
"Look here, Hunker," said Tenspot, "your fiancée complains that although you are engaged to her you kiss girls indiscriminately."

"She's quite right," replied Hunker. "All girls look alike to me."

QUESTION:

"Bobby Burns was a great Scotsman," exclaimed Tavish MacTristan.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Billy Barlow. "What was his golf record?"



SENT OUT THE ALARM.

THE ROOSTER—"Did you know that a colored man was caught last night while trying to rob one of the hen-roots?"

MRS. COMBS—"I'd ought to—I was the hen that squawked on him."

USELESS PRE-CAUTION.

Mr. Tellitt—"I heard at the club to-day that Mrs. Ketchum's husband had run away from her."

Mrs. Tellitt—"That isn't strange. She only married him because she was afraid of getting left."

Mr. Tellitt—"Well, isn't she?"

CIVILIZED.

Captured missionary—"Save my life by telling the king that my body is too tough to eat."

Chef—"That wouldn't save you. He'd just sell you to some boarding-house keeper."



AN UNDERSIZED TURKEY.

THE SMART BOARDER—"Mrs. Smithers, that turkey is *not* done."

MRS. SMITHERS—"Why, Mr. Stump, I'm sure"—

THE SMART BOARDER—"No; I mean not done growing."

VERY LIKELY.

Wife—"I somehow just feel in my bones that we will go to Europe this summer."

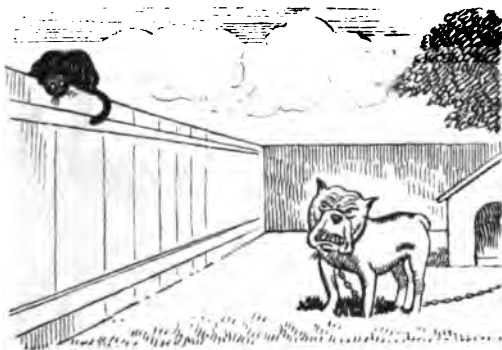
Husband—"In which bone do you feel it most?"

Wife—"Well, I don't exactly know, but I guess it's my wishbone."

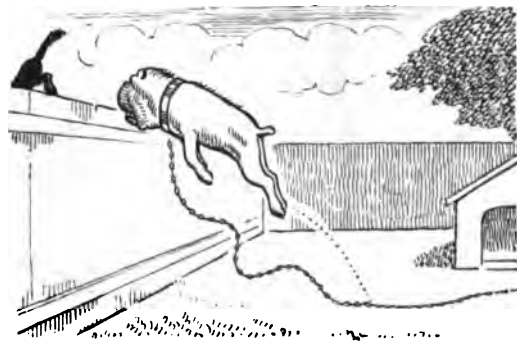
COMES HIGH.

"Money makes the mare go," quoted the man with the shiny trousers.

"I believe you," replied the colonel, who had paid ten thousand for Maude G, "but my experience teaches me that the converse of your statement is also true."



MR. CAT—"If I had a face like that I'd go hang myself."



MR. DOG—"Oh, you would, would you?"



MR. CAT—"Yes, but I wouldn't be in so much of a hurry about it."

A GOOD JOKE ON HIM.

MAKING HIMSELF POPULAR.

Friend (to saloon-keeper)—“Why do you treat your friends so often, Hans?”

Hans—“Vell, yer see, I vant ash many ol dem ash possible to surroutt mine pier ven I'm det and gone, und I t'ought maype dey might pe more apt to do it if I ox dem to surroutt some of it ven I'm still alive. See?”

THE VERY THING.

“The auto-fire-engine is the latest,” said Poindexter.

“It will be used to extinguish spontaneous fires, I suppose,” said Kilduff.

HIS QUERY.

“Pa?”

“Well?”

“Is dandruff dried thinks?”



OLD ROOSTER—“Well, if that hain't ungratefulness! Had my tail-feathers yanked out in a fight with a rooster that insulted my wife, and now she goes and shines up to a peacock just because he looks pretty.”

TAKING PRECAUTIONS.

“Disinfect the house thor-r-roughly, me b'y,” said Mr. O'Toole, when the negotiations for renting the cottage had been completed, “and we'll move in to onct.”

“Why do you wish it disinfected?” inquired the agent. “The place is perfectly clean.”

“Shure,” replied Mr. O'Toole, as expressive of great shrewdness, “the last fam'ly thot lived in it hod tr-r-riplits.”

PRaise IN DISGUISE.

Criticus—“Those last epigrams of yours were all stolen, old boy.”

Cynicus (grasping his hand)—“Oh, thank, thank you! I didn't dream they were 'as good as that!”

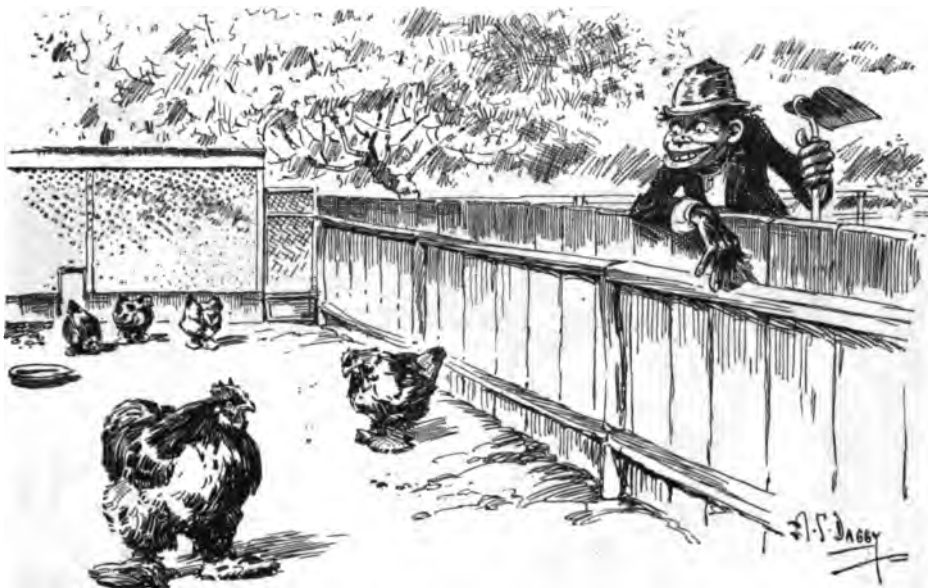


A VARIABLE OPINION.

PARSON JOHNSON (*after the ceremony*)—“May yo' bofe be very happy! Yo', Jim, have got a good wife, and yo', ma'am, have got a fine, upright, exemplary Christian husband - mah fec am two dollahs.”

JIM JACKSON—“P-lease trust me till next week Friday, pahson.”

PARSON JOHNSON—“Trust yo'! Why, yo' coarse, low-down, light-fingered chicken-thief, I wouldn't trust yo' wif an old cat I wanted to get rid of.”



WON.

'RASTUS—"Dey say dat roostah am a prize-winner; den I mus' be a prize, foh he's done won me."

EFFECT THE SAME.

"People are not so simple as they were when I was a girl," observed the old lady.

"No, indeed," replied the fresh young thing. "Nowadays one can't tell the difference between real hauteur and tight-lacing."

THE NICEST WAY.

Ted—"When you're swinging in a hammock how do you hold on to the confounded thing?"

Ned—"I never do. I always hold on to the girl."

A RACIAL RETORT.

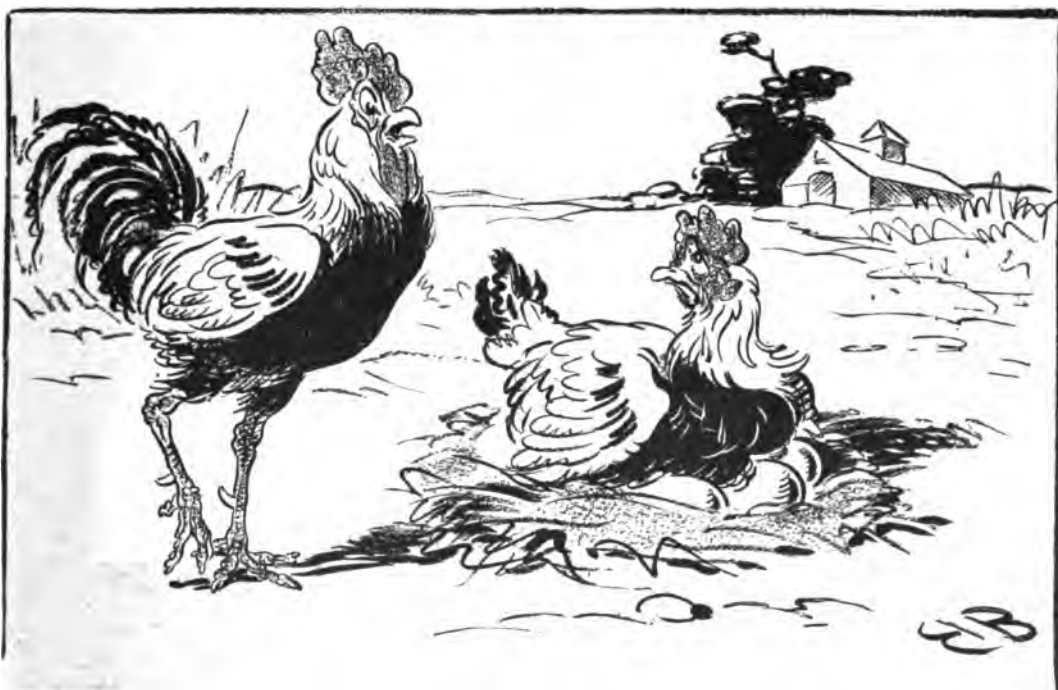
Hosiery clerk—"Can't I show you something very cheap in white?"

Mrs. Darkblack—"No, sah, yo' kaint. I nebber did hab any use fo' white trash, nohow."

A NATURAL RESULT.

Madge—"She is singularly deficient in the subject of history."

Marjorie—"What else could you expect when she spends all her time reading the popular historical novels?"



A CALL FOR EGGS.

THE ROOSTER—"The farmer and his son are going to that fourth-rate performance of 'Hamlet' to-night."

SETTING HEN—"Oh, dear! isn't that too bad? Just as these eggs are almost hatched, too!"



“A RUBBER BAND.”



REALISM IN ART.

A dentist lived in our town
Who did his work so fine
That everybody said he was
An artist in his line.

And it was right that people should
The dentist's praises sing,
For when he drew a tooth it looked
Just like the real thing.

A DENIAL.

Avaunt, thou humbug! Get thee to!
Seek not thus lightly to o'erthrow
Those things which science doth call true.
Go, get thee to a monkery! Go!

I'd tell thee, sir; things may be caught.
Full well know I that these things be.
Kissing is e'er with danger fraught;
I kissed a girl and she caught me.



IT WAS “UP TO” BRIDGET.

LADY OF THE HOUSE—“Bridget, here is a new tooth-
birthday-present.”

BRIDGET—“Now, how in the name av common sense am
Oi goin' t' clane the teeth av this rake wid this little brush?”

AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

YES," said the reformed man to an impecunious friend, "why don't you give up some of your expensive luxuries? Now, for instance, look at me. I gave up smoking about a year ago. I decided I could do without it. Last month I made a calculation as to how much I had saved up to date, and it amounted to a considerable sum. I then opened an account in one of the many New York savings banks, and"—

"Could you lend me ten dollars?" broke in the other impetuously. "I'll pay you back"—

"And the bank failed yesterday. Er—you haven't such a thing as a cigar about you, have you?"

A CONNECTICUT doctor has a woman patient who has a needle in the vermiform appendix; and yet the doctors have always said that the vermiform appendix is needless.



THE FIGURES STARED HIM IN THE FACE.

TRUE PREDICTION.

In her trouble she sought a fortune-teller and the fortune-teller told her of misfortune.

"You will," said the dealer in futures, "be robbed by a tall, dark man."

The troubled one went forth from the fortune-teller's den straight to the gas office, where she paid a bill amounting to seventeen dollars and eighty-nine cents to a lanky clerk with black hair and eyes.



LIL' ALCOOZIE JACKSON—"Somebody's gwine ter hab chicken fo' dinner, dat's shore, but I don't know if it's gwine ter be der Jackson fambly or not."

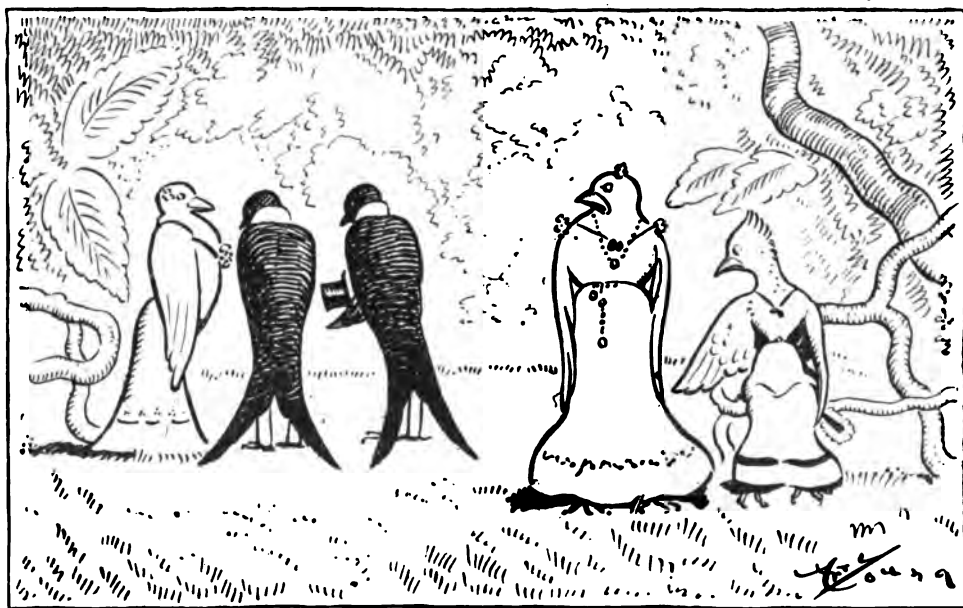
NATURALLY OPPOSED.

Crawford—"Do you really mean that the janitor objected to the little dance you had last night?"

Crabshaw—"Yes, indeed. It's a steam-heated flat and he doesn't believe in any house-warming."

AGAIN THE PROFESSOR.

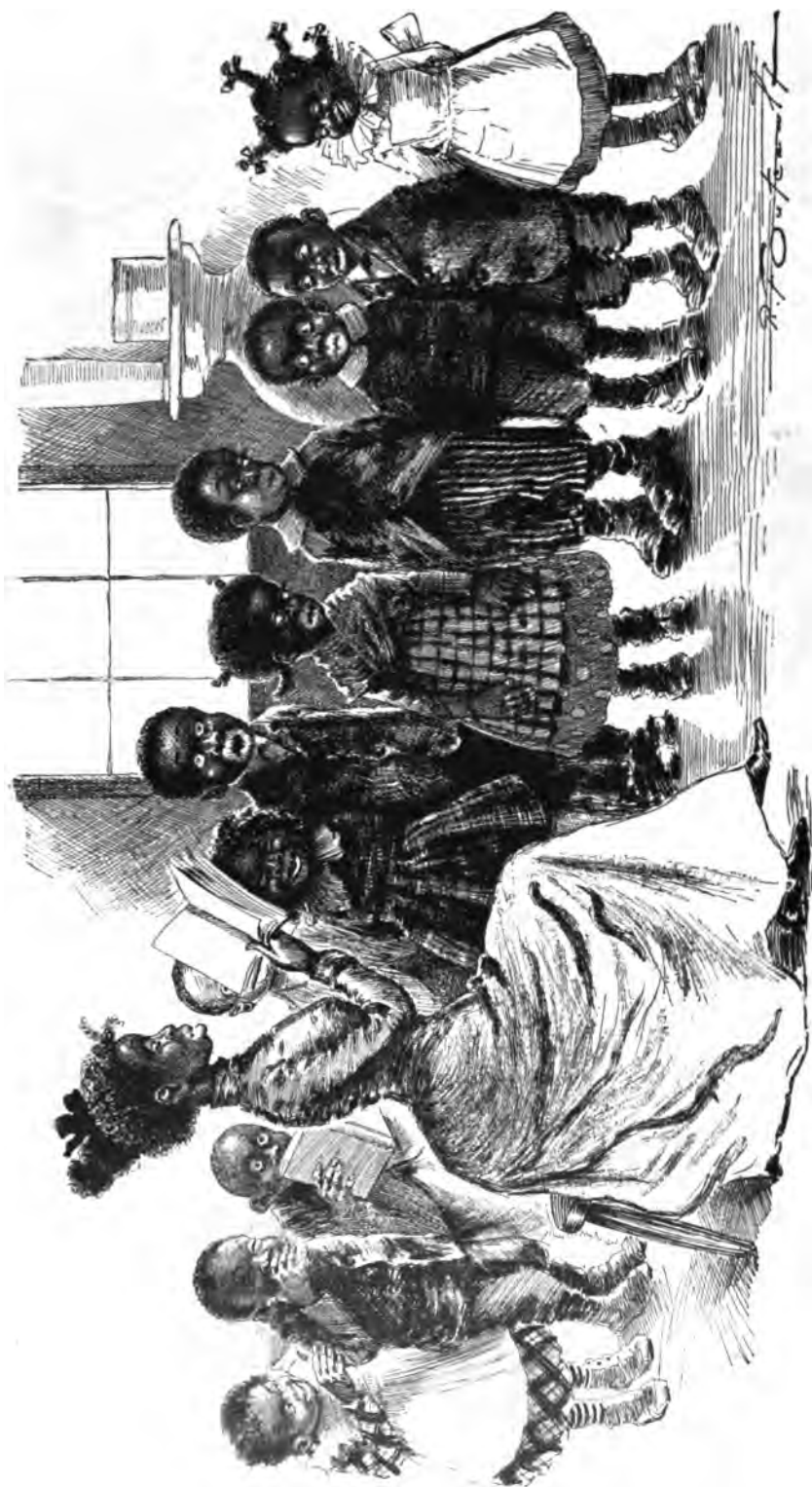
"It is extremely provoking," said the professor, vigorously running his hand through his hair, "but the most pleasant recollection I have of my trip abroad I cannot seem to remember."



SWELLS.

MISS ROBIN—"Wonder why she never invites any one to her receptions but those horrid Swallow brothers?"

MISS JAY—"Oh, I suppose it's because they are the only ones who have dress-suits."



THE TEACHER—"Look heah, Mosey Sunbeam; whad yo' two lil' coons 'chewin' de rag' 'bout, ovah dar?"
 MOSEY—"Rastus Mornin' glory says yo' can't subtract three from one; but mah daddy subtracted three chickens from one hen-house las' night."
 THE TEACHER—"Whad was de result?"
 MOSEY—"De result was dat de doctah bin subtractin' beans an' buckshot from his back all day."

A NICER WAY.

Grace (to little brother)—"Come, Freddie; it is your bed-time. It is nice for little boys to go to bed early, you know."

Freddie (pouting)—"Tain't so nice as to sit up early, as you and Mr. Wiggins do!"

SCALE-LIKE.

"Mamma," exclaimed Nan as the family grocer left a turkey on the kitchen table, "the turkey's legs are shingled clear up to the meat."

It is not a pleasant admission to make, perhaps, but some men do begin on the first of April and give a continuous performance during the succeeding twelve months.



Spring lamb with mint upon it
Is a dish for any king;
But when the lamb springs o'er the mint
It's quite a dangerous thing.

WHERE HE FAILED.

"Did you get your promotion?" asked a friend of a warrant officer in the navy.

"No," was the answer, given in a tone of disgust.

"What was the trouble? I'm sure you could pass the examination."

"That's just where I missed it. Barely got through with the two-step, but flunked completely in the waltz."

FEMININE SINCERITY.

Ted—"He stutters so badly it took him over half an hour to propose to her."

Ned—"What did she say to him?"

Ted—"Oh, this is so sudden!"



FAVORITE TINTS.

"Baby blew."



SHE DID NOT.

MISS O'TOOLE—"Wor Oi iver kissed befoor?" Polace-mon O'Flaherty, do Oi look loike that koind ov ur girrul?"

Clubberly—"No. He had smoked your cigars before."



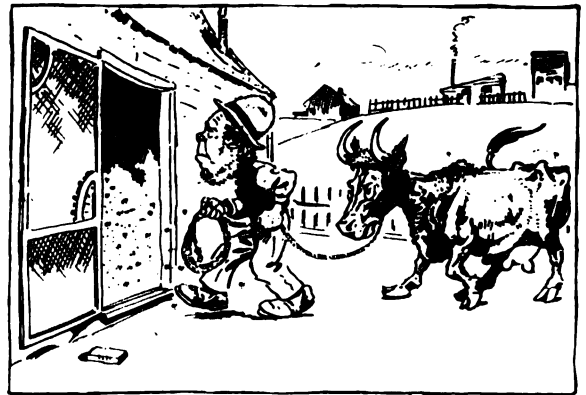
PICKING A LOCK.

Would he have his poems read,
Wise the youthful bard who sends
Not his book unto his friends
But his enemies instead.

The woods strike up a melody;
 Their tones are clear and rich.
 The maple gives the sweetness
 And the pine-tree gives the pitch.



1. MRS. DOOLAN—"We kin niver dhrive out these flies. Yez'll hov to buy some floy-paper, Moike."



2. MR. DOOLAN (*leading up the family cow*)—"It's nary a floy-paper Oi'll be afther shpendin' a cint for."



3. MRS. DOOLAN (as Mike leads the cow in) - "Hivins, Moike! Ameriky is not ould Oireland. Yez can't be afther makin' a shtable av the house."



4. MR. DOOLAN (*as he leads the cow out again, plus flies*)—
“Now, be aafter shuttin’ the shcrane-door an’ yez’ll nade no
floy-paper.”

LEADING "TIMES BETTER THAN DRIVING."

THOROUGH.

Mr. Genial—
“Howdy, old chap? What’s the outlook?”

Penwright—
“Fine! I’m out of funds, out of hope, out of elbows, out of place, and out of the world.”

Mr. Genial (sympathetically)—
“Well, you are not out of town, my dear boy.”

Penwright—
“Of course not. It’s summer.”



A NECESSARY ADJUNCT.

“That’s the wife of Penhandler, the well-known artist. You see her in some of his best pictures.”

“Great Cæsar! you don’t mean to tell me she’s his model?”

“Certainly. He’s a caricaturist.”

THE GENTLE SPRING ZEPHYR AND MAGGIE’S NEW BONNET.

RAT—“Sh-sh, Willie! Here comes the cat. Be quiet, or she’ll hear you.”

IDENTIFICATION.

Nora—“Och! tare an ’ouns, misthress! Some caller at th’ front hov yanked th’ door-bell to flinders wid wan jerk.”

Ethel—“Don’t be so loquacious, Nora, but go show Mr. de Football into the parlor at once.”

AS OTHERS SEE US.

New-Yorker—“What do you think of our street-cars?”

Englishman—“They seem to be very comfortable for those persons who prefer to stand.”



1. THE AUDIENCE—“Oo-ooo-oooo!”

THE AWAKENING.

Crawford—“Did he learn anything by visiting the Paris exposition?”

Crabshaw—“Well, he found out that he’d wasted a lot of money having his daughters instructed in boarding-school French.”

NO SATISFACTION.

Mrs. Newcomb (to little Willie)—“I’m afraid you must be sick, dear, you make so little noise.”

Willie—“No, mamma; it’s ’cause grandma and Aunt Ruth aren’t here to hear me.”



2. !—!—!—!



3. “Muskeeter-nettin’ an’ her mudder’s geranium. Huh!”



HIS FUNERAL.

EMPLOYER—"I hear you were at the ball-game yesterday. You told me when you asked to get off that you were going to your brother-in-law's funeral."

CLERK—"Yes, sir. That new pitcher they tried yesterday was my brother-in-law, and they knocked him out of the box in the first inning."

BEYOND A DOUBT.

The wife (during a lull in their quarrelsome existence) —"I have just finished reading an article on the subject, 'Does hell exist?' There seems to be a great diversity of opinion. What is your belief?"

The husband—"It is not meet to express one's convictions on that theme before everybody, but"—with the approval of his conscience—"between you and me, I believe it does."

NOT THAT KIND.

A young man, while out driving in the country with his best girl, stopped at a little grocery-store and asked for a couple of sodas. The clerk handed him two pound packages of baking-soda.

"Two *glasses* of soda," explained the young man.

"Oh," said the clerk, "ourn hain't that kind."

A BARE POSSIBILITY.

"He said he'd sign the paper, but every time I put it under his nose he has some excuse."

"Perhaps the gentleman doesn't write with his nose."

A NEW PROCESS.

Beth entered the house much excited, one morning, after seeing her grandfather at work grafting. "What do you think?" she exclaimed. "Grandpa's out in the orchard vaccinating the apple-trees."

OF ANOTHER MAKE.

Dorothy had never before seen a peacock with its exceedingly brilliant tail. "My!" exclaimed the little girl admiringly, "I guess that bird's fan must be imported."

MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

"William, why did you punish that child?"

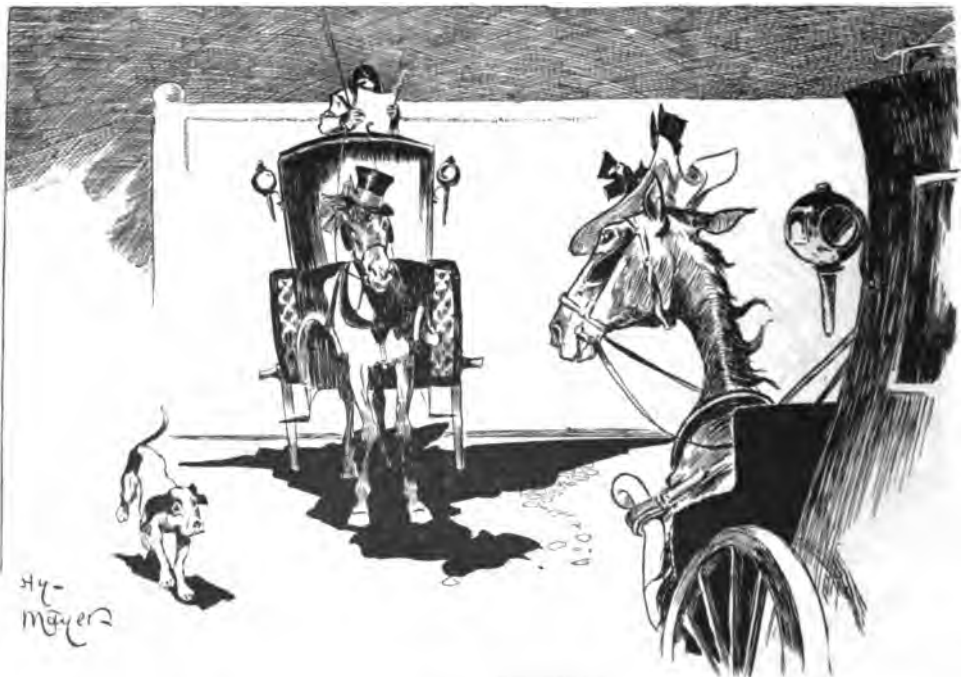
"For irreverence, my dear; he called me Billy."

"You were very inconsiderate, it seems to me; you always refer to him as the kid."

A DESIRABLE ACQUAINTANCE.

Mrs. Hoon—"I cannot for the life of me understand why it is that that stupid, absent-minded Mr. Boobler is so popular with all you men."

Mr. Hoon—"Oh, he has such a poor memory that he cannot recollect a good story long enough to repeat it to any one else, and having forgotten it, he is just as ready to listen to it the second time as he was at first."



GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS.

"H'm—that's last year's hat she's got on."



A MILD REPROOF.

DAVIE was standing in an open doorway at the back of the house when, a door in the front part being suddenly opened, the wind swept through, closing the back door violently and propelling the boy with great rapidity across and off the porch into a rose-bush. He was scratched somewhat and considerably shocked. His face bore an expression of pain but not of anger when he arose. He looked at the sky.

"My goodness, God!" he said, "don't you know it's wrong to slam a door that way?"

NOT MUCH.

Little Josiah Crookneck (who has put on his new suit of clothes)—"Ain't you goin' ter take the size-tickets of'n 'em 'fore I go to church, ma?"

Mrs. Crookneck—"What! and have everybody sayin' I bought 'em second-hand? I guess not."



A PAIR OF CALF-SKINS.



HE WAS WISE.

TEACHER—"Bobby, name the largest known diamond?"

BOBBY—"The ace."

NOT ANXIOUS TO SHOW IT.

Madge—"How did you know I wore my old hat to the theatre last night?"

Marjorie—"I was told you took it off."

THE LATE-SUPPER GIRL.

A while ago, when worldly bent,
She picked the toothsome wishbone;
But later, when she was keeping Lent,
She wrestled with the fish-bone.



THE GROCER'S BOY—"Mr. Wayout wants to know will you please change this bill?"

THE EX-MAGICIAN BARBER—"Why, certainly, Beelzebub! Zim! zam! D. L. & W.! Presto—"

HE CHANGED IT.



—change!"



ON THE LIFE-LINE.

MR. DEWEY CASSIDY (*as the swell strikes them*)—"Och! isn't this a foine schwill, Mary Ann?"
 MRS. DEWEY CASSIDY—"It would be if there was less wather in it, Pat."

EXCEEDING REALISM.

Foster—"Did you ever hear of that artist who painted a bunch of grapes so lifelike that birds came and pecked at it?"

Felton—"Yes; but I knew an artist who drew a picture of a tramp so natural that the editor he took it to kicked it out of the room."

CERTAINLY.

Collingwood—"Giddings has married a multi-million-aireess."

Gildersleeve—"Then I suppose that the instrument which certifies the fact of his marriage is a genuine gold certificate."



FIRST ROOSTER—"Say, fellers, that work of art gives me an idea. Come over to the corn-field and I'll show you."



FIRST ROOSTER—"Steady, fellers! I'll soon let you have your turns. Funny we didn't think of this trick before."



REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

RECLUSE is the only ideal idealist.

A bachelor of long standing never makes a successful husband.

Every man is anxious to protect a pretty woman against all men save himself.

A "magdalen" and a "man of the world" earn their appellations in exactly the same manner.

It jars a man awfully to have his bachelor friend elaborately commend a virtue in his wife which the husband knows only too well she does not possess.

The average graduate from the school of experience goes into the home of reminiscents.



A LIVING PICTURE.

BOTH.

Mrs. Jack—"Our congregation has sent the minister to Europe to get a rest."

Mr. Jack—"Whom, the minister or the congregation?"



POPULAR EXPRESSION.

A few choice remarks.



EXCLUSIVE.

THE PUG—"The way those Jews are getting into society is positively disgusting."



NO DANGER.

FRIEND—"Suppose your air-ship should get up in the air and something should break and it should fall to the ground and be dashed to pieces?"

INVENTOR—"Oh, there is no danger of that! This air-ship will never get far enough from the ground to be hurt by a fall."

MERELY A CONVERSATION.

Jones—"Yes, Maria; the infatuation shown by you women for foreign titles is appalling, and if allowed to go unchecked may sap the foundations of the republic. No, I won't be home for dinner; I'm going to be installed grand worshipful sir knight commander of the Eminent Nobles of Thingumbob."

AND THE SAME OLD PLAY.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the South American patriot; "such slothful carelessness is disgusting. We are fast becoming as slow and backward as some of the nations of the old world."

"True, indeed—true," replied another patriot. "But what new circumstance were you thinking of?"

"What am I thinking of? Why, here it is ten o'clock and our revolution was advertised to begin at nine sharp."

LOSERS.

They made a bet—

He thought it that; she, this;
He bet a box of gloves,
And she—a kiss.

She won. He paid the bet
But why should she
Be just as sorry that she won
As he?



NO NAME FOR IT.

FIRST UNDERTAKER—"Busy?"

SECOND UNDERTAKER—"Rushed to death."

PROCRASTINATION.

Small boy—"Say, mis', your husband's had an accident—got both legs an' hip broken, his shoulder smashed in, collar-bone dislocated, four ribs injured, an' one eye put out. They want you to get the bed ready—they're bringin' him home."

Mrs. Newcomb—"Now that's just exactly like Hiram—always putting things off. If he'd only joined the Christian scientists last Sunday, as I've always wanted him to, he wouldn't have to take his bed."

VARIOUS KINDS OF SHAVING.

"We had quite a lively debate at the school-house Saturday evening," remarked a populist. "We aim to discuss only questions of interest to the party; but this was the liveliest time we've had yet."

"What was the question debated?" inquired another populist.

"Last Saturday night the topic for consideration was, 'Resolved, that two barber-shops are worse than one national bank.'"

EXCERPT FROM PHYLLIS'S LETTER.

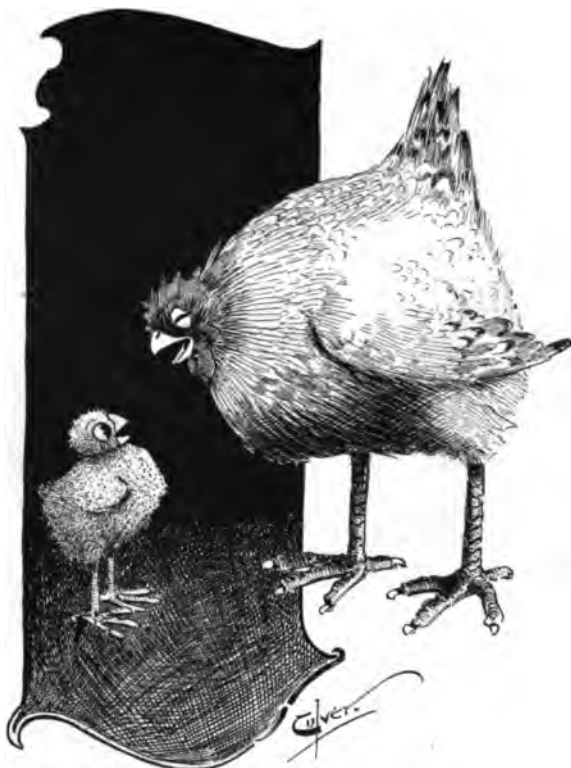


EAR Papa and Mamma— . . . The young man of whom I spoke in my last three or four letters as staying here at Aunt Jane's has become much less agreeable than he was at first. He is uppish and dictatorial—almost uncourteous. The boor in him has come to the surface. He orders me about as if he were a big boy and I his little playmate. It would be unbearable if I were not determined to let nothing mar the joy of my vacation. I try to see only the funny side of it, but I am afraid I shall be compelled to bring him up with a round turn after all. With much love, PHYLLIS.

P. s.—This is the next morning. Don't be angry, dear ones, but the young man and I are to be married. He simply would not *let* me refuse him—the *great bear*! I am *so* crestfallen!



BASEBALL TERM.
Knocking the cover off the ball.



THE AMBITIONS OF YOUTH.

"Mamma, have I got a wishbone?"
"Yes, dear."
"Well, then, I wish that I could crow and lay eggs."
"But, Henry, my dear, you have only one wishbone."

JUST SO.

Little Elmer—"Papa, what is tact?"
Professor Broadhead—"Tact, my son, is the art of knowing what not to do."

POSSIBLY.

Perhaps one cause of the dearth of poetry in our day is the over-production of verse.



HOW HE GOT HIS WIFE'S SANCTION.

Mrs. GOTDEKUSH—"Your new typewritist meets with my entire approval. Sign a contract with her for two years."



HER HUBBY—"Wasn't that false-face gag a hot one? Wow!"



"WAS THERE A SOUL DISMAYED?"

THE CAPTAIN—"Is yo' all brave men?"

CHORUS—"We is."

THE CAPTAIN—"Yo' ain't none ob yo' skeered at nuffin?"

CHORUS—"No, indeedy!"

THE CAPTAIN—"I's gwine ter pick out one ob dis band fo' ter take his trusty dawg an' go ter Deacon Siniff's watahmillyun-patch an' tackle dat fool
 • ghos' whad bin prowlin' roun' dar de las' few nights, so I's glad yo's all so brave."



Fred Thompson
JACK OF HEARTS.

SURE ENOUGH.

"I wonder," exclaimed Dorothy thoughtfully, as she saw the ground under an oak grove completely covered with bitter acorns, "why God made so many acorns and so few raisins."

USEFUL GIRL.

"If you dislike her why do you visit her?" we inquired, after the maiden had expressed her opinion of an absent one.

"Oh, all the parades pass her home," was the satisfactory reply.

HABIT.

Clarence—"Why did you stick out your tongue a moment ago?"

Jack—"Force of habit. That was my doctor who just passed us."

INADVERTENCY.

He—"What makes you so down on young Earl? He didn't try to make love to you, did he?"

She—"Make love to me? No, indeed!"

He—"Ah, poor Earl! One never knows how to please a lady."

PROOF POSITIVE.

Jaggles—"How do you know you have found the cheapest tailor in town?"

Waggles—"Russell Sage gets his clothes from him."



TIME ALONE CAN MEND

One puncture that completely baffles the subtle workings of the "quick-repair" kit.

THE FOOZLER.

Cobwigger—"I understand that his efforts at athletics are not very successful."

Merritt—"Hardly. The only game he ever makes a high score at is golf."

DUE.

"I'm half dead," said Mr. Bickers as he came in and threw himself down on the sofa.

"Good," replied Mrs. Bickers; "now I'll collect half of your life insurance."



It is hard to believe that this man, who got his little toe scratched in a runaway, would go helplessly about for three months if he were not receiving big accident insurance.



It is hard to believe that some people really enjoy grand opera, even if they do tell you next day that it was magnificent.



It is hard to believe that the tall, rather good-looking young lady we occasionally see with her rich husband married strictly for love.

SOME THINGS THAT ARE HARD TO BELIEVE.

REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

Indolence and impotence are responsible for more virtuous men than are the doctrines of morality.

A broken-down roué sneers at love as a woman with no more hair sneers at curls.

The Bible says all are born evil, and perhaps this is the reason why defects please quite as often as virtues.

There would be less of sin in the world if men feared to offend God as much as they do a pretty woman.

The love of a man is more than angelic when he can love with the breadth of heaven betwixt himself and the object of his passion.

A man is always jealous of a wife many years his junior. He is like the satiated child who cries for the porridge he could not contain.



MAKES HIM A SUBSTITUTE.

She treats her husband like a dog.
But why that never frets him
Is that, to give his love a jog.
She fondles him and pets him.

HOPELESS.

First horse—"We're ill treated.
The government is run in the interest of the men. But I suppose there is no use to strike."

Second horse—"No; if we were to strike they'd simply ship in a lot of automobiles."

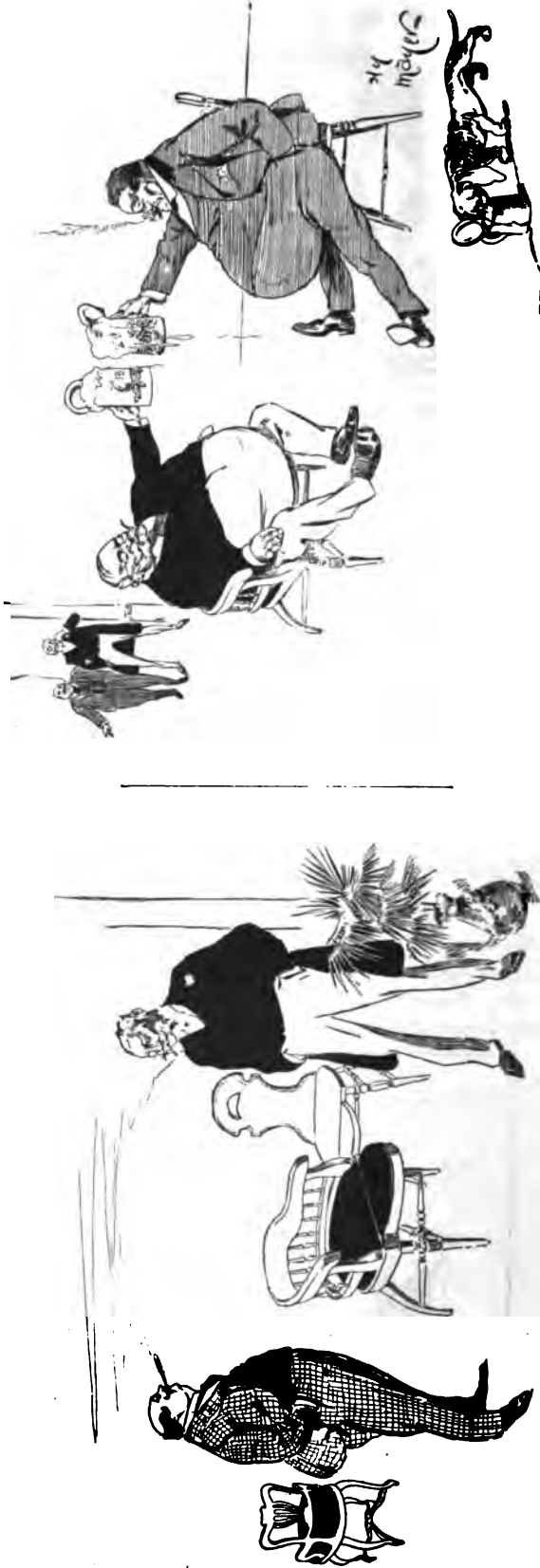
A NECESSARY ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Mrs. Dorcas—"Did she lose all that money at bridge whist because she didn't know how to play?"

Dorcas—"No; because she didn't know how to cheat."

ELIGIBLE.

"Wot are yer deceratin' Jim fer? He didn't die fer his country."
"Naw; but he got his tail runned over by last year's parade."



VISITOR—"These are a peculiar kind of chairs."
FRIEND—"They're useful, though. Wait until you see some of our members."

AT THE GERMAN CLUB.

The members.

AN UNEXPECTED TURN OF AFFAIRS.



I.

JONES (*fiercely desperate*)—"J-i-l-l-e-d! I will not live in torture, but make sure of a violent death."

SORRY HE LIED.

De Garry—"You are the only woman I ever loved."

Madge—"In that case I can't be your summer girl. I don't want any amateur."

WAY UP.

Rye—"I hear you have secured a tip-top engagement for the summer?"

Alto—"Yes—that is, I'm engaged to play in a roof-garden company."



III.

—and three seconds later reduced Jones to the condition of begging for the life he had tried to take.

ONE WAY OF TELLING.

Curley—"See that fellow looking over there? He used to go to the same college that I did. I wonder if he remembers me."

Burleigh—"Ask him for the loan of five dollars."

Curley—"What for?"

Burleigh—"If he remembers you, you won't get it."

RENT-day doesn't come around with such fawn-like alacrity when you happen to be a landlord.



II.

But, unfortunately for Jones's suicidal intentions, Mrs. Spagetty came under the window at that moment—

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

"How they have shortened the steamship time between New York and London!"

"Haven't they? I lose only hundreds at poker now where it used to cost me thousands."

No woman is so ideally happy as she who is loved by a man whom many other women love futilely.

PERSONAL.

"Well," said Snaggs, "I think many dogs have more sense than their masters."

"Yes," agreed Craggs; "I have a dog like that myself."

And then he wondered why they all laughed.

NONE.

Castleton—"I spent two weeks in the Adirondacks after deer."

Cleverton—"Have any luck?"

Castleton—"No. I missed every guide I didn't aim at."



TOPSY-TURVY.

It is good to be wanted; better to be needed.

"Wa-al, how's that? There was only one ostrich in that pen last night, and now there's two."

"—Wa-al, I swan! Ef the critter ain't turned up its toes!"

FEEDING THEM OUT.

"Have you a list of fifty best books?" he said to the book-seller.

"No, I haven't," replied the latter. "Do you wish to order them?"

"No; I wish to look at it in order to know what books to avoid."

NOT UP TO THE MARK.

Magazine editor—"Haven't you got a poem to go on this page?"

Assistant—"Here's one that I don't quite get the meaning of, but I suppose many of our readers will understand it."

Magazine editor—"That won't do. I want something that will puzzle everybody."

A QUERY.

Cirubenstein—"Zweistein has money to burn."

Dreistein—"Vos dot money insured?"



THE REAL THING.

First HEN—"Master has evidently put cayenne pepper in these nests to keep us from setting."

SECOND HEN—"How foolish of him! Why, I've been trying to get into the 'smart set' for years."

HIS INDIFFERENCE.

"Yore Uncle Glick was a feller that never 'peared to take much interest in anything that was goin' on around him," reminiscently remarked a moss-grown citizen of Arkansas.

"Say he didn't?" inquired the younger citizen whom the veteran was addressing.

"Nope. I recollect, durin' his last sickness, when the two doctors that was attendin' him got to fightin' over him with knives about some delicate pint of professional etterket, he jest quietly turned over an' died without waitin', or apparently carin', to see which licked."

UP-TO-DATE GAME.

Ted—"Was the game close?"

Ved—"Close? I should say so. The crowd was just pouncing on the umpire when the police reserves arrived."



INQUISITIVENESS.

FARMER CRABBED—"Naow, what's that baskit a-doin' up thar? Allers after I been laid up with the rheumatism an' git round ag'in I find that hired man has left things—"



—a-settin' all over."



A KLEPTOMANIACAL SOMNAMBULIST.

FARMER TRAPEM—"This is a purty perdicament fer a minister uv th' gospel to be cotched in!"
 PARSON FEATHERFLOCK—"An' hit's lucky dat Ah *is* a ministah; othahwise yo' might'n beliebe dat hit's jes' dis yere habit ob sleep-walkin' dat gits me intoe sich unpleasan' sittywashuns."

A ROUNDABOUT JOKE.

"Your brother in Manila is a long way off," said Hojack.

"That's what he is," replied Tomdik. "He could hardly get any further away without coming nearer. Now, I'd like to know what you're laughing at so consumedly."

NAMED.

Secretary—"What shall I call the one-hundred-foot foot-race for the dollar prize?"

Manager—"Oh, enter it as the centipede."

AT THE ZOO.

Bobby—"I wonder why the tiger doesn't lie down and go to sleep once in a while?"

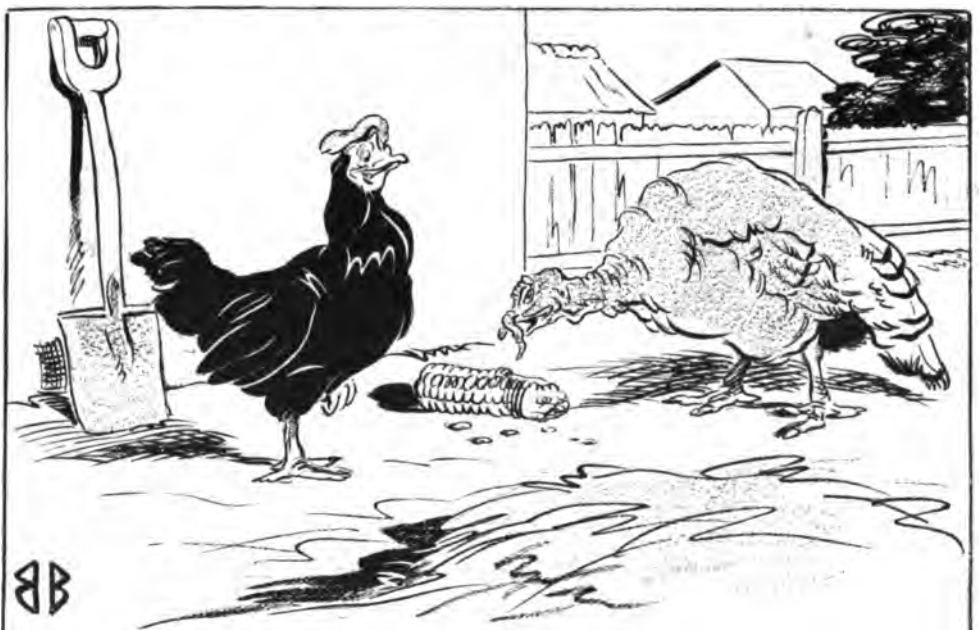
Nurse—"I am sure I don't know, Bobby."

Bobby—"Do you suppose he's afraid he will turn into a rug if he does?"

TWO OF A KIND.

Jaggles—"What makes you think they are searching for the unattainable?"

Waggles—"His wife is seeking for something to remove superfluous hair, while he is looking for a preparation to grow hair on a bald head."



THE HEN—"I've unearthed a secret about the goose that laid the golden eggs."
 THE TURKEY—"I'll promise not to tell."
 THE HEN—"She took the Keeley cure."

ITS BREED.

"Here's a story of a dog that hatched out a nest of eggs which had been deserted by the hen."

"Does it say what sort of a dog it was?"

"No; but it must have been a setter."

FIRST AID.

Cobwigger—"Did you save that man who met with the accident?"

Ambulance-surgeon—"No; but we pulled through the fellow who attempted to commit suicide."

SPRING FANCY.

"Mamma," called Benjie, looking into the mirror with much concern at a tiny pimple on his face, "I'm beginning to bud."

REUNION AT THE POLE.

Jones—"Smith seems fearfully slow in starting out with his north-pole expedition. It's a rather peculiar circumstance all around."

Brown—"Yes? How so?"

Jones—"Why, the relief expedition has already been gone nearly two weeks."

NOT CHRONIC.

Doctor (to patient who wishes to be treated for an impediment in his speech)—"Do you always stutter?"

Patient—"O—o—only when I—I—talk."



AT THE ZOO.

"Oh, mamma! is that one of those New Jersey mosquitoes?"

SURE!

He—"I feel sure the duke is an impostor."

She—"Why?"

He—"He dresses in such good taste."

THE WISE BOW-WOW.

The dog 's asleep on the snowdrift

Out in the night's bleak cold.

He snores in a vision

rosy,

Lost in a realm of gold.

And as I look from the window

The secret all I know.

He's snoring beside the log-fire

Reflected in the snow.



REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

Happiness is a matter of temperament rather than of circumstance.

A man who is impervious to tears and pleading will melt like wax at the touch of indifference.

A bohemian is a person to whom the luxuries of life are necessities and the necessities luxuries.

People say that they know the world when their acquaintance is limited to the flesh and the devil.

To test eggs: Place in cold water; if good, they sink; if bad, they float. This test, as applied to witches, is obsolete.



NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH.

MISS CHARLOTTE RUSSE—"Mercy! that's a tough-looking character."

MR. COOKIE—"Tough? Well, I guess! He's Mrs. Newwed's first biscuit."

NO WONDER.

Lady—"If you are a lawyer by profession, why must you beg?"

Lazy Larry—"Well, ye see, mum, I's an honest lawyer!"



They spend most of their time in the beer-gardens of Germany and return so much broadened that their friends hardly know them.

After hearing a lecture on the broadening influence of foreign travel Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Plug, of Sidetrack, Michigan, decide that it is just what they need.

Good Poison Cured Free

Remedy Is Sent Absolutely Free to Every Man or Woman Sending Name and Address.

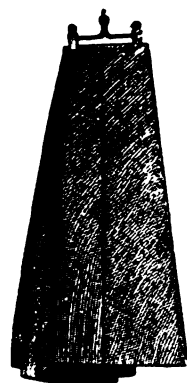
Celebrated Indiana physician has discovered most wonderful cure for Syphilis or Blood Poison known. It quickly cures all such indications as mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, scar-colored spots, chancres, ulcerations on the skin and in hundreds of cases where the hair and rows had fallen out and the whole skin was a mass of boils, pimples and ulcers, this wonderful cure has completely changed the whole body to a clean, perfect condition of physical health.



The illustrations above plainly show what this Grand Discovery will do.

William McGrath, 48 Guilford Street, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I am a well man to-day where a year ago I was a total wreck. Several doctors had tried to cure me of syphilis. I was rid of my sores and my skin became smooth and natural in two weeks, and after completing the treatment there was not a sore or pimple on my body, and to-day I am absolutely well. I give you permission to use my name, and I will answer all inquiries from suffering men." Every railroad running into Fort Wayne brings scores of sufferers seeking this new and marvelous cure, and to enable those who cannot travel to utilize what a truly marvelous work the doctor is accomplishing, they will send free to every sufferer a free trial package of the remedy, so that everyone can cure themselves in the privacy of their own home. This is the only known treatment that cures this most terrible of all diseases. Address: State Medical Institute, 3408 Elektron Building, Fort Wayne, Ind. Do not hesitate to write at once, and the free trial package will be sent sealed plain package.

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With it the weight of the skirt is equally divided on the band, preventing all SAGGING and BAGGING, so RUINOUS to the GARMENT.

25¢ each
\$1 Set of Five.

Mailed on receipt of price. Write for Agents' terms.

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74 Sixth Avenue, NEW YORK CITY.

THE VIRGINIA CREEPER.

(Virginia creeper—a little black pickaninny.)

Oft the Virginia creeper 's found Running quite wild upon the ground. It seems to need a deal of dirt, And by neglect it isn't hurt. 'Tis often trimmed but seldom trained; By gardeners it is disdained.

TWO FORCES.

Jinks—"What makes a rabbit wiggle his nose?"

Binks—"Give it up. What is it?"

Jinks—"Why, scentifugal force."

Binks—"Ha, ha! Well, what makes a rabbit run so fast?"

Jinks—"Give it up."

Binks—"Sentripedal force."

Millions of Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A RINGING VOICE.

A merry ring has Roland's voice, That makes her maiden heart rejoice And blushes to her cheek can bring; But yet I've heard her shyly own That it would have a sweeter tone Had it the true engagement ring.

SOUNDING COLORS.

Crawford—"What did your wife do with all those sofa-pillows she used to have?"

Crabshaw—"Cut them up and made them into shirt-waists."

A SPRING PASTORAL.

The balm of spring is in the air, The grass is green in clumps; Our goods are in the moving van, And we are in the dumps.

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"NEW" Punching Bag (NOISELESS)

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CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

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THEN THE WEEDS WILTED.

A year she wore her widow's weeds In quietude, until at last The proper man, who knew life's needs, Said "Wilt thou?" Then they wilted fast.

MYSELF CURED I will gladly inform anyone addicted to COCAINE, MORPHINE, OPIUM OR LAUDANUM, of a never-failing harmless Home Cure. Address MRS. MARY Z. BALDWIN, P. O. Box 1212, Chicago, Ill.

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TO MAY.

You are tired, my dear, you are tired—
And so am I, darling, all-fired—
Of hearing your eyes
Are as blue as the skies,
And the other stuff poets have tyred.

I'd sing (if I dared) that your eyes were
green
And crossed with a hook-bill nose between
Like the beak of an owl—
But how you would howl!
So I'll not, for I love you, my dainty queen.

I'll sing of the buds in your golden hair,
I'll sing of the smile that you sweetly wear,
Of the blooms in your belt—
Oh, say, but I'd welt
The cad that made fun of you, dear—so
there'

IN GAY PAREE.

Mull—"Why did you remain in Paris
so long?"

Milo—"My friends kept me there."

Mull—"I didn't know you had friends
in the city."

Milo—"I didn't; but I had friends in
New York, and they refused to send me
any passage-money."

HE WAS NOT TOUCHED.

Wango—"Smith's intentions are wise
enough, but I can't say that I sympathize
with them!"

Gowan—"Does he owe you money
and can't pay up?"

Wango—"No! He intended to owe
me money and not pay up."

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worth double the
money.

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who desire a Monthly Regulator that
cannot fail will please address, with
stamp, DR. STEVENS, BUFFALO, N. Y.

REGRETS.

"Doctor, you told me three months
ago that if you didn't perform an opera-
tion on me I would be a dead man in
twenty-four hours."

"Well, sir; I was wrong, and I can
only express my great sorrow for it."

ONLY ON SPECIAL OCCASION

Mrs. O'Donovan—"Oi didn't see
at Pat's fun'ral, Mrs. O'Dowd."

Mrs. O'Dowd—"No, mum! Oi niver
joy fun'ralsonless they're in me own faml"

AGE before beauty—about sixteen yd

Cures Weak Men Free

Send Name and Address To-day---You Can
Have It Free and Be Strong and
Vigorous for Life.

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.



HEALTH, STRENGTH AND VIGOR FOR MEN.

How any man may quickly cure himself after years
of suffering from sexual weakness, lost vitality, night
losses, varicose, etc., and enlarge small, weak organs
to full size and vigor. Simply send your name and ad-
dress to Dr. Knapp Medical Co., 1066 Hull Bldg.,
Detroit, Mich., and they will gladly send the free
receipt with full directions so any man may easily cure
himself at home. This is certainly a most generous
offer, and the following extracts, taken from their daily
mail, show what men think of their generosity:

"Dear Sirs:—Please accept my sincere thanks for
yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a
thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary.

It has completely braced me up. I am just as
as when a boy, and you cannot realize how happy

"Dear Sirs:—Your method worked beauti-
Results were exactly what I needed. Strength
vigor have completely returned, and enlarged
entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sirs:—Yours was received and I had
trouble in making use of the receipt as directed
can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men.
greatly improved in size, strength and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, no
plain, sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the
ing, and they want every man to have it.

DREAM'S ILLUSION.

poet's dream—There's one I know
Dreams and cannot forego it;
ut dreams still by contraries go—
He dreams he is a poet.

IN FOGGY WEATHER.

oster—"I understand that an English
pany is going into this liquid-air busi-
s on a rather extensive scale. They
m they have a plan to manufacture it
ut a nominal cost."

elton—"Ah, I see. They'll just take
air that is in London."

he Sohmer Piano is recognized by the
ic-loving public as one of the best in the
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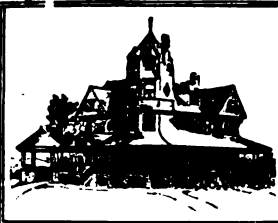


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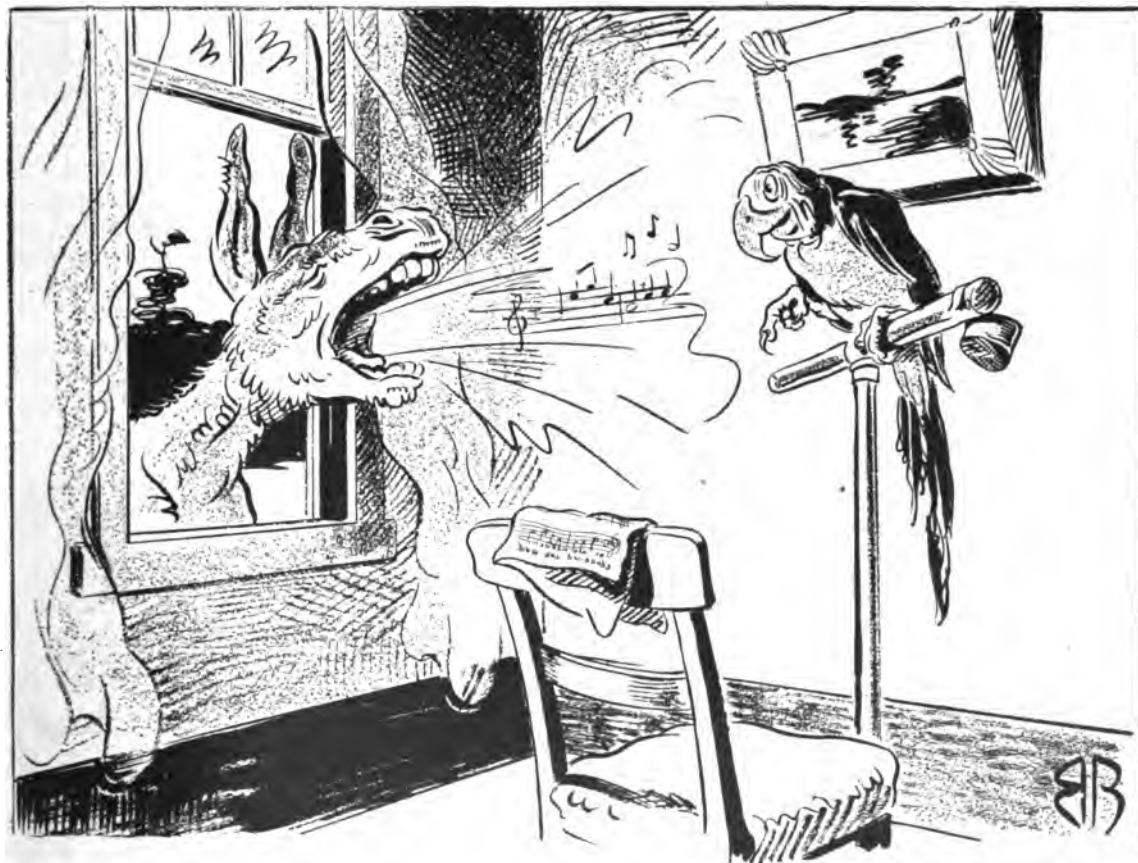


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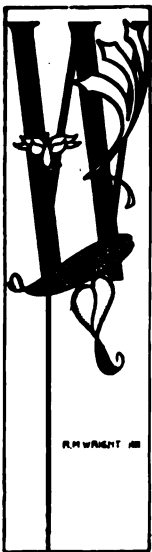
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A CRITICISM.

THE PARROT—"Say, old man! you have a splendid ear but a very poor voice."



PICKED UP BY THE WAY.

WE boast of civilization, yet try to find words to express sympathy. Shall we never learn to find silence?

It is easier to weep with those who weep than it is to make them smile again, but it isn't half so useful.

Getting into debt is like going in bathing—it is cold and unpleasant when you are only up to your ankles, but when you are fairly out of your depth you find you can float comfortably.

The great fundamental passions of the heart—love, jealousy, hatred, sorrow, revenge—are the hereditary jewels of literature which each generation has reset in the fashion of the day.

From the living rock of truth the seas of human passion break off a fragment. It is



IRON AND STEEL STRIKERS OF MEDIEVAL AGES.

rolled on many a beach, worn by many grinding sands, till at last, one day, it is thrown up beyond the wave-line, smooth, round and shining—a proverb.



DANGEROUS NEIGHBORS.

THE PARROT—"A present for his best girl, eh? Oh, I won't do a thing but give her some choice remarks."

SAID BY A HORSE-FANCIER'S DAUGHTER.

"'Es, mamma's home," said Margie on one occasion when she had responded to a ring at the front door. "She's out in ze kitzen, curryin' off ze wange."

PUZZLED.

"Papa."

"Yes?"

"Does the fall of night have anything to do with the break of day?"

NAN's father had on a white shirt with a figured bosom.

"My!" she whispered, greatly troubled, "I wish papa wouldn't wear a shirt that's patched."

"So poor Bullion is bankrupt?"

"Yes; his wife insisted upon making 'dainty dishes' from the fashion magazines."

A SUPPLEMENTARY HIT.



Pianist Paddywhizzki gracefully wheeled on his piano-stool to bow to applause; but, nevertheless—



—there was a "screw loose" in his performance.

THE BATHER.

Although the prudes in great distress
Rail at this season's style,
They should be just; besides
her dress
She always wears a smile.

THE PARSON AND THE BARBER.

The reverend Mr. Moryll was getting shaved. The barber's hand was shaky and his breath was laden with the fumes of liquor. At last the expected happened—the blood flowed freely from a cut in the parson's chin. He looked at the barber severely.

"See," said he, "what comes from using whisky."

"Yessir," replied the barber; "it makes the skin very tender."

ONE FORM.

"Davie, what's a friend?"

"Why a friend 's some-one yuh tell things about yourself to so's they can tell about yuh to someone else."



EASY TO GET.

BOY—"Gee, mistah! you *are* skinny, fur sure."

THE THIN MAN (*irritably*)—"Well, maybe you can tell me how to get fat."

BOY—"Go to de butcher; he'll sell you some fur ten cents a pound."

EFFECT WITHOUT CAUSE.

Hogan—"Oi say, O'Toole must hov bin crazy; he's t'rown up his job."

Finn—"Th' divil he has! Shure, an' Oi niver knew he swallid it."

VAIN REGRETS.

Mr. Cawker—"You and I were born too soon, old man."

Mr. Cumso—"What makes you say that?"

Mr. Cawker—"What a pudding a horseless carriage would have been when we went courting!"

GREAT EVENT IN HIS LIFE.

"They had a little celebration over at Bagley's last night."

"Ah? Anniversary of some important event in the family history, doubtless."

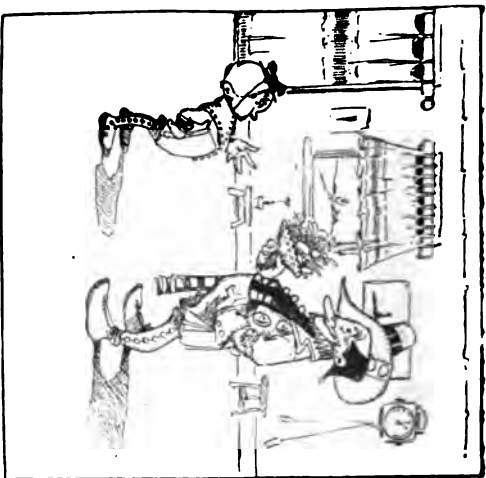
"Yes; it was ten years ago yesterday that Bagley left St. Louis."



STRONG CREDIT.

MRS. FARMER WHIFFLETREE—"Wa-al, Josh, did yew leave that firkin o' butter at the grocer's?"

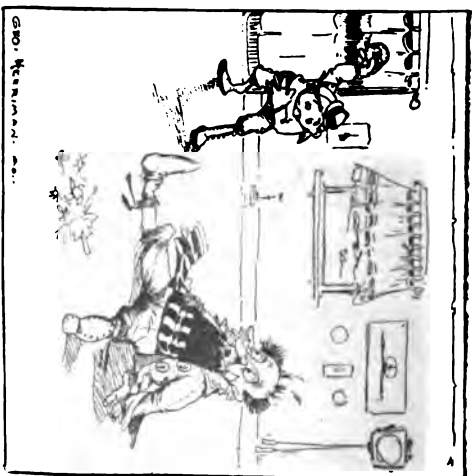
JOSH WHIFFLETREE—"Yes, mother; and he said he'd give us two months' credit on the *strength* of it."



LITTLE PHILANDER McSWATT—"Verily, Mr. Alden, thou art an honored man, Priscilla, my beauteous sister, hath told me something which, if I were to tell thee, thou wouldst leap for joy."



MR. JOHN ALDEN (*aside, with ecstacy*)—"Oh, joy! at last she accepts me. Here, Philander, is a samolicon. Tell me what happiness awaits me concerning the angelic Priscilla McSwatt."



LITTLE PHILANDER McSWATT—"Sure, and at her wedding with Captain Smiles Standish thou art to be 'best man.'"

THE WAY OF IT.

Blow it!—"All fashionable Americans go to Europe once a year."
Know it!—"You are wrong. They come back to America once a year to get money to foot their bills with."

The man who does the least work is always the most tired.

A RADICAL THEOLOGY.

Stuart was overheard in his prayer—"Oh, God, bless all the good folks and don't bless any of the bad, and let us all live till we just die ourselves. Amen."

It's some fellices thot fale sore agin nachure because rain-shstorms do be always made av wather.

A STELLAR STEP.



1.

The swell at the shore thought to make a splurge
By the sad sea-waves in his suit of serge.



2.

On a mossy rock stepped to make a mash—
A hazardous proceeding, a step most rash;



3.

For his feet surged up and his hat flew off
Before his "dip" he even could doff.



4.

And the only mash he made "at that"
Was the mash he made when he mashed his hat.



5.

And his suit of serge seemed a suit of crash.
And the only "splurge" he made was a splash.



MR. OWL—"Say, Marie, can't you see to the baby? She's been crying steady for the last hour or so."

PATRIOTIC.

Askim—"I wonder why they put green lights in front of the police-stations?"

Tellum—"Don't you know that green is the national emblem of our police-force?"

LIKED HIM.

Jaggles—"I see there's a new keeper in the menagerie. Didn't the animals like the old one?"

Waggles—"I guess so. They ate him up."



HIGH C.

Mr. Puffinelli, the famous tenor, has just landed. He was the only one on board the boat who was not seasick, because you know it was easy for him to take the high sea. (Oh, gee!)

THOUGHT IT WAS GOING OFF.

Into the room flew a bumble-bee—the first one Beth had ever seen. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed in delight, "it's brought its alarm-clock along!"

A QUESTION OF CUISINE.

When at barnstorming actors
The ribald audience pegs
Stale eggs, say, are they serving
A lot of ham with eggs?

"PERFECT happiness," declared Aunt Sarah, "consists in s'posing yourself the envy of all your friends."



A STRETCH.

BRONCO BILL—"So y'er lynched th' wrong feller?"

ROUGH RUBE—"Yes. We imagined he was the feller stole th' hoss, but he wasn't."

BRONCO BILL—"Huh! Yer should be more careful how yer stretch yer imagination."

HIS ENTERTAINMENT.

Mrs. Dorcas—"Doesn't your husband ever try to amuse you?"

Mrs. Gayboy—"I shouldn't like to say that. Whenever he comes home late he gives me a song-and-dance."

A NEW PATIENT.

"No one pays much attention to the sick man of Europe now," said Gummy.

"No; the sick kid of Europe is receiving the most attention," replied Glanders.



WHERE HE WAS AFFECTED.

MRS. FARMER—"See here! I gave you a little alcohol to apply to your rheumatism and you are drinking it!"

FROZEN STUFF—"Y-yes'm—it's rheumatism o' de stomach w'ot ails me, mum."



A CRUEL FATHER.

THE STERN PARENT—"Go! and never darken my door again."

A DIFFICULT MATTER.

Beth had never before heard the frogs croak. "Goodness!" she exclaimed, "I don't see how folks can understand them, they've got such awful brogues."

POOR FELLOW!

"They say that Mr. Bunting is almost helpless," said Mrs. Perkasio.

"Yes; he's a parenthetic," added Mrs. Dinsmore feelingly.

THINGS HE LIKED.

Miss Golringski—"Oh, Jakey! would you go through fire and vater for me?"

Mr. Cohenstein (a thorough business man)—"You shoost bet your sved life I vould, Rebecca, und glad of der chance."

"A SMILE," said Willie, "is only a laugh with the noise left out."



RELATIVE PROPORTIONS.

FATHER—"That's my daughter Lucy, my daughter Sara, and this is Clarisse. She's the *baby* of the family."

THE SAYINGS OF LITTLE SAMMY SMITH.

Humor is things a feller says to you when you're feelin' like laughin'.

Pa says he changed his name when he got married; it was Smith, and now it's Smithereens.

Ma is threatened with nervous prostration. Pa says she's got the kind that affects everybody else's nerves but hers.

Of course I don't know if that had anything to do with it, but Kittie Biggs tells more lies than ever since she's got her false teeth.

Pa says women are like fountain-pens; they work till they drop, and make us poor fellers scratch till they get ready to do it again.

NOT THEIR LANGUAGE.

Dorothy was greatly surprised to learn that one of her grandfather's hens had hatched out a brood of goslings. "I—I shouldn't think they'd mind her very well," she exclaimed slowly, "for how can they ever understand her dialect?"



"I wonder who the darned freak was who said—'make hay while the sun shines.'"

and sped away, while a sympathizing citizen carried the youth into his house and tried to stanch the flow of blood.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

There had been a smash-up and the young bicyclist lay insensible on the ground in the tangled wreck of his wheel.

With a clatter and clang the surgeon of the bicycle ambulance corps arrived on the scene. The sight that met his eyes blanched even his stern face.

Hurriedly jumping to the ground he ran to where the youth lay groaning.

After fifteen minutes' careful examination the surgeon arose. "Any hope?" asked a bystander.

"Oh, it'll come around all right," he answered. "Tire punctured, five spokes out, handle-bar broken, rear wheel smashed to pieces, and one pedal missing, but with careful attention it can be fixed up as good as new. Same make of wheel as mine." And with that the ambulance surgeon remounted



A RESOURCEFUL HOST.

Not having a bed for his friends,
The storkey, to give them a boost,
Quite kindly and thoughtfully lends
His beak to the birds for a roost.



SARAH AGER—"So many of the girls complain that they are jest afraid to go to the post-office Sat'day nights owin' to the men tryin' to flirt."

PHOEBE WINTERS—"Oh, fiddlesticks! I been goin' there ev'ry Sat'day night fer nigh on fourteen year, an' I hadn't had no trouble."

SHE HELD IT.



L. VOICE (from tenth story) — "Hey! Look out below!"

A BIG DIFFERENCE.

Gumme—"What is the difference between an ordinary foreign correspondent and a special journalistic commissioner?"

Glanders—"An ordinary correspondent gives the news in brief language, while a commissioner begins with, 'I am able to state positively,' or 'I am authorized to say,' and then doesn't tell much."

A GREAT BENEFIT.

First daughter of the revolution—"She says she'd like to know, for her part, what practical good our society does."

Second ditto—"Why, the mean thing! Just as if we hadn't made it almost fashionable to be patriotic."

LOST TO SIGHT.

Mrs. Hampack (of Chicago)—"I haven't heard from Mildred for a long time."

Mrs. Porkchops (also of Chicago)—"Neither have I. I don't even know her married name this year."



"A YELLOW JOURNALIST."

'T WAS SHE WHO WASN'T UP.

It was Margie who said, when she first saw a white-duck suit, "Dwacious! zere's a man zat isn't up yet."

USUALLY THE WAY.

Quizzer—"I hear the Rev. Dr. Windjammer is going to the holy land."

Guyer—"Oh, no! he's too busy writing a book about it."

EXCESSIVE PRUDENCE.

"Jack spends all he makes."

"If that is all he spends he must be economical."



2. "Oh! Oh!"

SAME THE WORLD OVER.

Onthebum bey—"All Ali! why haven't I feet like a centipede?"

The grand vizier—"What for, your sultan-ship?"

Onthebum bey—"My wives have all given me embroidered slippers for birthday presents."

AFTER HE SAID GOOD-NIGHT.

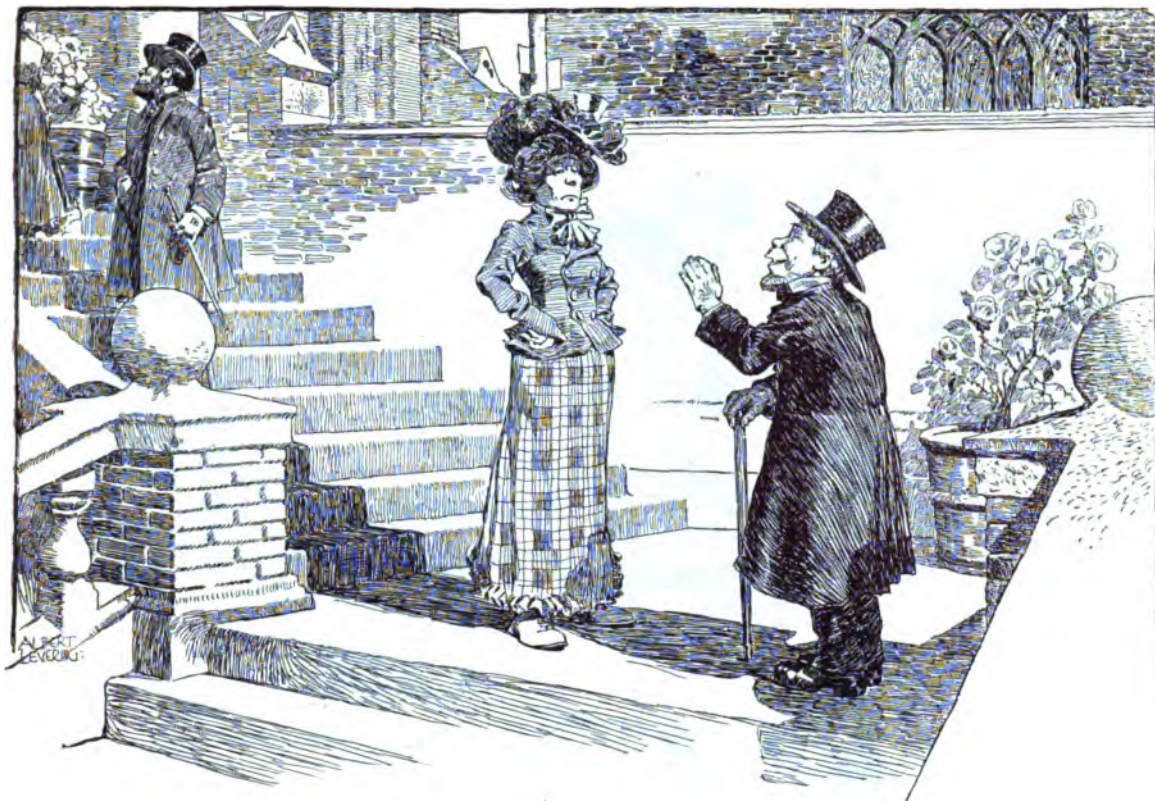
She (with a sigh)—"And Gertrude said he was 'hard to talk to.' Well, I guess she's right; he was here two hours and I couldn't get a word in edgewise!"



QUITE A HANDY YOUNG CHAP.



3. But all is fish that comes into her net.



A BOVINE FLAVOR.

MRS. GROGAN—"Oi belave in givin' tit fer tat."

MR. HOGAN—"Shure, Mrs. Grogan, ye talk loike a cow."

PERFECTLY CRAZY.

Twynn—"Whiffett is perfectly crazy about fishing."

Tripiett—"He is a regular angler-maniac."

A JUST COMPLAINT.

Little Maudie (the first morning at the farm)—"Please, Mr. Brown, your rooster spoke so loud this morning he woke me up."

HARDLY A CAUSE FOR PRIDE.

Beth (to Mary, exultingly)—"I guess I feel proud! Papa's been invited to preach the bacchanalian sermon before Brother Tom's graduating class."

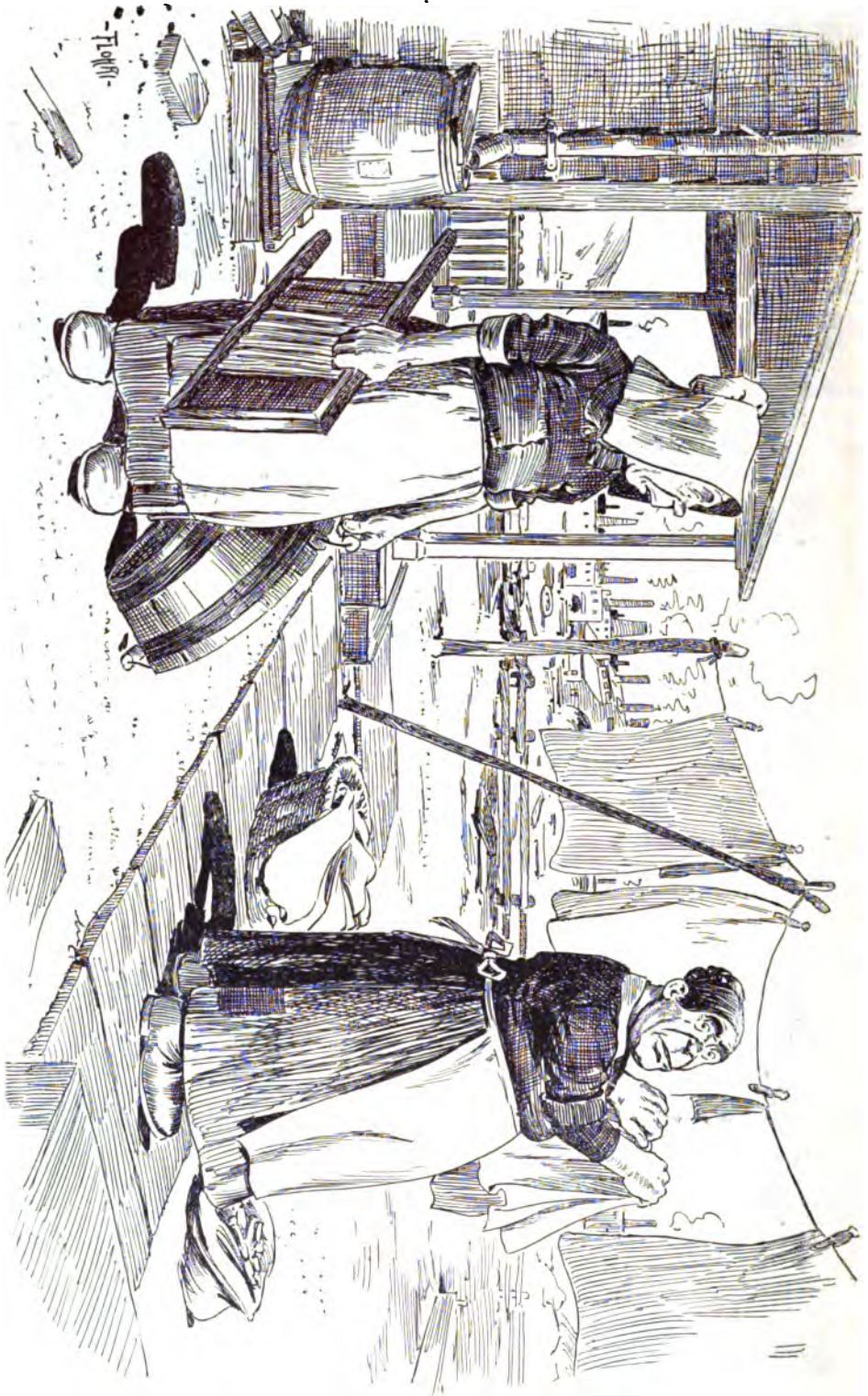
"FRUIT," says Margie, "is one of ze sings 'zat when you eat enough of you eat too much of."



CHEAP AND SWELL.

"Great scheme! If I can't go to the seashore I'll get my tan in town."

"Yes, girls; we had a great time at Newport yachting, swimming and golfing. Just look at that coat of tan."



THE WAY SHE EVENED THINGS UP.

Mrs. MAHONEY—"There's no sense in larrupin' that kid av yours the way yez did this marnin'. It only wears out th' sate av his pants."
Mrs. OCHONE—"Only a trifle! Because it's so long befoor he kin sit down agin that it more than makes up for it."

FROM ENGLISH INTO FRENCH.

"He tied his horse to a locust,"
So Cooper says in his "Spy."
Translating the same, a Frenchman
Has him the animal tie
Not to a tree, but an insect.
Explaining upon this wise,
That American locusts often
Attain to a monstrous size;
That this one, caught by a trapper
Somewhere along the coast,
Had been carefully stuffed and mounted
To serve as a hitching-post.

MUTUAL ADMIRATION.

Jonah, having emerged, looked
admiringly at the big fish. "You
are certainly a bird," he remarked.

The whale, for his part, looked
with equal admiration at the
prophet. "Speaking of birds,"
he rejoined, "you are something
of a swallow yourself."

INCOMMUNICADO.

Warwick—"We don't hear
much any more about them fel-
lows that went to the Klondike to
get rich suddenly."

Wickwire—"No; letter-postage
has to be paid in advance, you
know."



A CASE OF RURAL ECONOMY.

Suspenders cost twenty-five cents a pair in
Pluggsville, but whiskers grow for nothing.

WHY NOT?

"Harry," said Mrs. McBride,
"what word should I use to de-
scribe a person who resorts to
subterfuge?"

"I'd call him a subterfugitive,"
replied Mr. McBride.

A HINDRANCE TO COURTSHIP.

Mr. Hilow—"I hear that Miss
Munn, whom you call upon so
frequently, is quite wealthy in her
own right."

Mr. Hudson—"So I hear."

Mr. Hilow—"Any incum-
brances?"

Mr. Hudson—"A seven-year-
old brother."

A NEW COMBINATION.

"Rockefeller even controls
poetry now."

"How do you make that out?"

"A great critic defined poetry
as a combination of sweetness
and light, and doesn't Rockefeller
control both sugar and oil?"

THE horse has more human
nature than some men have.



A KICK AGAINST THE SUMMER GIRL.

WIDOWER HIRAM—"By gosh! them comic papers is all cheats. Here I've been at this place for three hours, spent sixty-five cents, an' I ain't engaged ter be married yet."

SHREDS AND PATCHES.

Every man's work has three values—its real worth, its market-price, and its value in his own eyes. There is not so much difference between the first two as the man himself thinks, but he whose work is not worth more to him than it will bring will never do any work worth doing.

No one can forgive gracefully but the original offender.

If God had not inspired prayer man must have invented it.

Remorse is feeling more dissatisfied with self than usual.

The stage seems to be the Canada where literary embezzlers spend their easily-acquired gains.

It is as painful to feel you are some one's "duty" as it is delicious to feel you are some one's happiness.

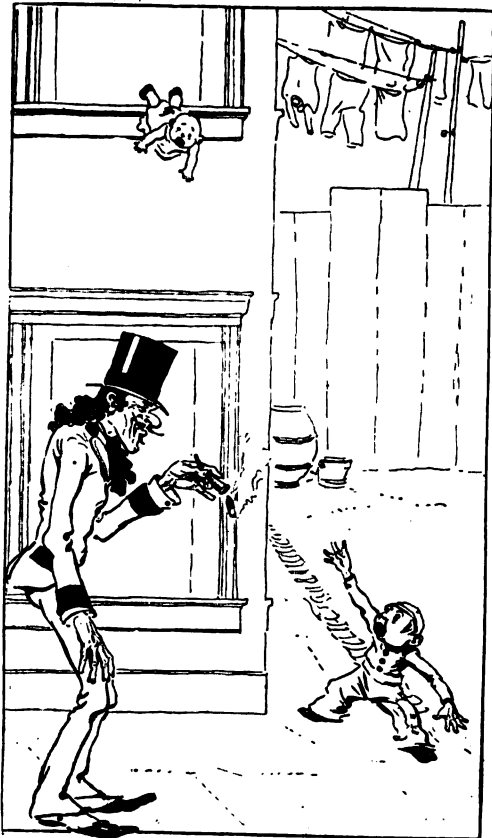
"Why" is the cruellest word in the world. Against it brains beat, hearts break, but only the silence answers.

NATURAL PER-VERSENESS.

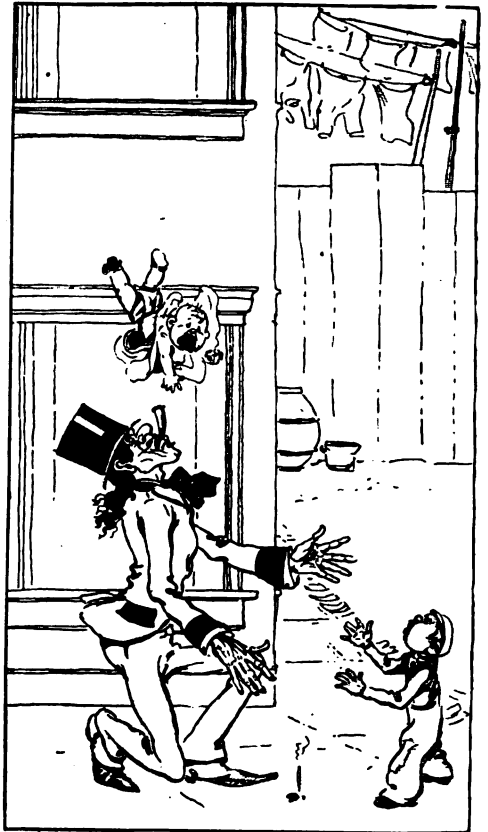
Crawford—"How do you account for the fact that there are so many wealthy bachelors?"

Crabshaw—"A man is more apt to think he can afford to marry when he's poor than when he's rich."

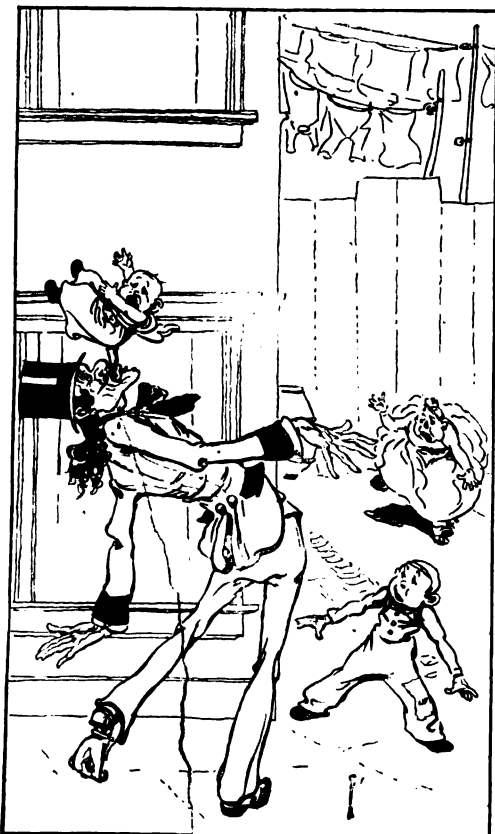
WHY should anyone be afraid to die who is not afraid to live?



1.



2.



3.



4.

ADAM AND EVE.

We have no doubt a wheel
Was owned by our first sire,
For when our parents fell
They found they lacked attire.

HARDLY A SAFE PRECAUTION.

Husband (gently, to his wife, who is recovering from brain fever)—“You know, dear, the doctor says you mustn't talk; so, for a day or two, just ask questions.”

FOREWARNED BUT NOT FOREARMED.

Crawford—“What makes you think that people who get divorced are generally foolish?”

Crabshaw — “Because most of them marry again.”



GOOD POLICY.

FIRST OFFICER—“Say, Tom, Oi want a little advice. A drunken felley jist shot foor payple down in Casey's s'loon. Oi t'ink he's aither a newspaper man or a mumber av th' law-an'-order l'age, an' Oi don't want t' lose me job; so”——

SECOND OFFICER—“Don't tek no chances, Moike. Lave him alone.”

THE USUAL WAY.

Northern visitor—
“Who composed the mob which lynched that negro last night, colonel?”

Colonel Bludsoe—
“Ouah best citizens, suh.”

CARELESSNESS PUNISHED.

Gotham — “How did you get those punctures?”

Jersey — “I forgot to put the mosquito-netting over my wheel last night.”

SOFT COAL.

“Dwacious!” ejaculated Margie, sniffing the smoke from the locomotive, “zat smote 's stwong enough, I s'ould sink, to mate zat twain do out.”



HE DIDN'T APPRECIATE IT.

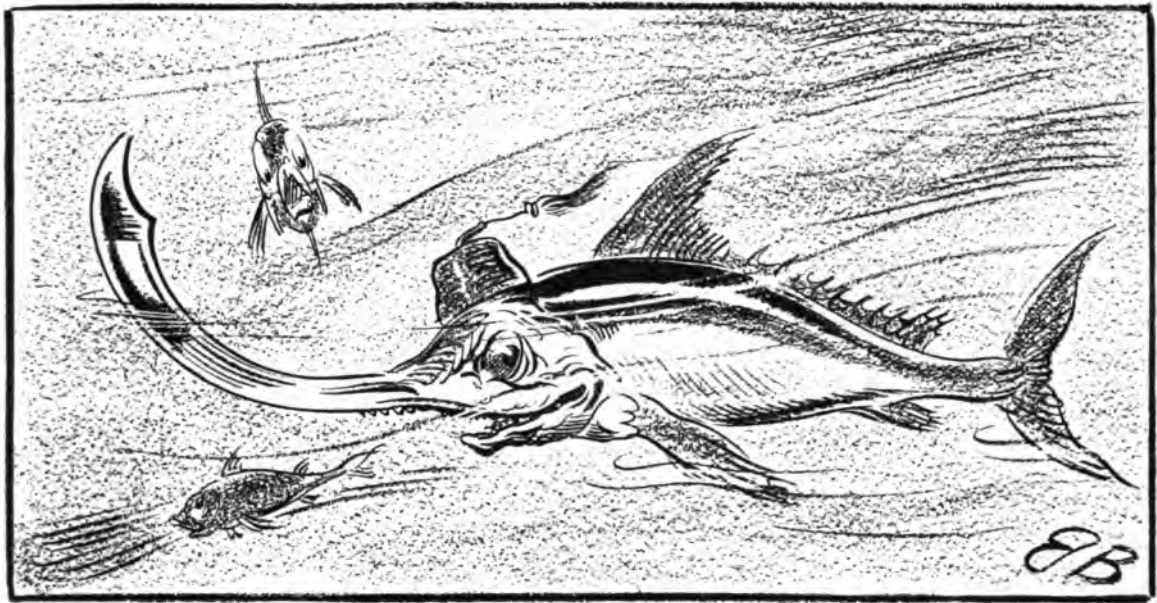
“Mother, it jest 'pears to me that the more lessons the girls take the worse their music sounds.”

“W'y, paw, how you talk! The worse it sounds the better music it is. It 'd cost you five dollars to hear that opri they're singin' if you was in New York.”



A RELIEF.

Mrs. ICEKOLD—"Do you drink rum?"
 Mr. WILLIAM WALKER—"Ah, w'ot a relief it is to listen to a sensible question like dat! All de society ladies I meet has such a monotonous way o' sayin',
 'Do you play golf?' 'Have you met de prince?' 'Are you off to Monte Carlo?' 'Do I drink rum?' Sure, lady. *Have* you a bottle on your hip?"



The swordfish, after having cruised along the coast of Turkey, has his sword made into a scimiter.

AN UNPARDONABLE SIN.

"Hands up!" commanded the leader of the mob.

The scene was on Chicago's most crowded street, and as the victim tremblingly obeyed, the leader said to another man, "You stand guard, Bill, while I help the boys hunt up some feathers."

The rail and barrel of tar lying near indicated the victim's fate.

"What is the matter?" asked a bystander.

"Matter? Matter enough!" answered an excited citizen. "That man is the inventor of anti-fat. The villain is trying to reduce the population."

HER CHOICE.

Enthusiastic cyclist (just after a century run) — "I tell you what, if I had to give up either I'd rather give up my wheel than my cyclometer."

TOO OLD TO EAT.

Mrs. New wife (whose husband's family had always slaughtered their own poultry) — "Bridget, return those hens to the butcher—they're too old to eat—and tell him not to bring any more here without teeth. I may be new at housekeeping, but I won't be imposed upon."

VERY LIKELY.

Sapsmith — "I have been in a bwoon study all the awftahnoon, y' know, Miss Sally, and" —

Sally Gay — "A very light-brown one, I presume, Mr. Sapsmith?"



A HARE-RAISER.

1. Miss Sutherland received a telegram——

2. —the startling contents of which made each individual hare stand on end.

THREE.

I.
They loved and their vows were plighted;
But each had a proud, proud heart,
And a trifling, foolish quarrel
Drifted them far apart.

II.

They met, but they met as strangers,
Though she was loyal and true;
For he, in a reckless moment,
Had married a handsome shrew.

III.

His wife in her grave was lying;
Once more his love he told.
Alack! out of poverty's stresses
She had wedded a man for gold.

How happy one must be who never wishes
for to-morrow!



"A HARE CUT."

BUSINESS PUSH.

Swindelblum—"I shall told you somedings,
Mosey. Rosenzsky, der undertaker, vinnessed
his first pase-pall game to-day und made a
fool ohf himselluf."

Köhen—"Did he make some takeanickel
blunder?"

Swindelblum—"I shooodt say so; somepotty
in der crowd shouted that Casey vas a 'dead
one,' und Rosenzsky jumped over der fence to
secure charge ohf der body."

A BOUNDLESS CONTIGUITY.

"What are you figuring on?" asked the
Chicago wife after her husband had covered
several sheets of paper with columns of figures.

"Well," replied her husband, "I am trying
to find out what the population of our city
would be if we had no city limits at all."

A BOOMERANG.

Crabslaw—"I don't
see how you women can
stand around a bargain-
counter this hot weather."

Mrs. Crabslaw—
"Why, my dear, we do
it just the same way you
men stand in front of a
bulletin while the ball-
game is being played."

AT THE EMBROID- ERY CLASS.

Miss de Peyster—
"What colors shall I use
for this dog?"

Madame—"Exercise
your own taste in the
matter."

Miss de Peyster—
"Well, I think it would
be sweet to have a blue
dog with a yellow tail."



1. Mr. Bull—"Hello! there is Miss Bennem, one of those pretty summer-boarders.
Won't she scamper up that tree when she sees me?"



2. But the shoe was on the other foot.



NO GLORY IN IT.

"Now phwat's th' matther wid yez—bin foightin?"
 "Naw; gittin' licked."
 "Yez look loike yez had bin in a proize-foight."
 "Naw; jist a common every-day fight."

SYMPHONETIC.

"What is classical music?" you ask me, dear girl;
 'Tis a kind always puts a weak mind in a whirl.
 You, hearing great symphonies, such is your lot,
 Must acknowledge you like if you like them or not.

THE EVER-PRESENT QUESTION.

First cyclist—"Oh, you wouldn't like Jobson; he's got a wheel in his head."

Second cyclist—"What make?"



FIRST PUP—"Say, Tige, you haven't a flea about you, have you?"

SECOND PUP—"Yes; why?"

FIRST PUP—"Let's put him on that stuck-up pug and see the fun."

THE ENFANT TERRIBLE.

"All is over between us!" she cried,
 But quick she discovered her blunder.
 A giggle beneath the settee
 Soon showed there was still something under.

A NEW PROCESS.

"Just look, mamma, quick!" exclaimed Beth, who had for the first time seen baby's new tooth. "Baby's hatched one of his upper teeth, honest true."



WHAT HE HAD SEEN.

MRS. NEWLYWED—"Am I the most wasteful thing you ever saw, dear?"

MR. NEWLYWED—"Of course not, pet. I have seen the Panama canal and a billion-dollar congress."

THE UNATTAINABLE.

He twists and turns, he chokes and gasps,
His shoulder-blades he tries to clutch;
His face grows purple as he grasps
At something he can never touch.
His writhing body backward bends,
His hands behind grope in the air;
And yet he cannot reach the ends
Of those suspenders hanging there.

A POSSIBLE EXPLANATION.

"What is the reason of Rugby's desire
to paint the town red night after night?"
"I don't know, unless he has had his
gray matter dyed."

WE ALL WONDER.

"Papa, I wonder"—
"What do you wonder, my boy?"
"Why the flies have so much longer
stingers in the morning than at any other
time."



Punk Centre, Iowa, April 3d.—Uncle Jim Skin-
flint, of this place, a reputed millionaire well-known
throughout southern Iowa, put a dollar in the col-
lection-plate at the Methodist church yesterday.
Great excitement prevailed.



AT HIS WIT'S END.



PETER GRIND PHILANTHROPIST.

SOME GIFTS THAT LOOK BETTER THAN CARNEGIE'S.

Clay City, Wisconsin, March 30th.—Peter Grind,
a wealthy real-estate owner of this city, has promised
to buy an iron hitching-post for the new library build-
ing if the town will pay the freight. The freight
will cost more than the post, but the citizens have
held a mass-meeting and voted Mr. Grind their
thanks for such unexpected generosity.



Whistleville, Ohio, April 4th.—Lemuel Squeezer,
a citizen of this town, whose wealth is estimated at
five hundred thousand dollars, bought his wife a new
spring bonnet yesterday, the first she has had in
eighteen years. Mayor Whipple has hoisted the
flag over the court-house, and the band will be out
to-night.

WORTH A SECOND HOPE.

With romantic hope
She'd arranged to elope,
But she learned with emotion great,
In that case she'd receive no wedding gifts,
So now she's content to wait.

A CRITERION.

Askins—"Was it very expensive, pro-
fessor?"
Professor Broadhead—"Oh, yes. I
had to pay almost as much for it as if it
had been given to me."

A GREAT INDUCEMENT.

"I have about decided to marry Mr.
Drestbeef," said one Chicago woman to
another.
"He is not at all handsome."
"That is very true, but his ex-wives
tell me he never opposes a divorce-suit."



IN TOPSY-TURVY LAND.

THE CAT—"Darn that man! I'll settle him. This is the third night he has kept me awake with his yowling!"

HAD HIS TOOLS WITH HIM.

Jasper Hardtack (the wit of Clover corners, whose friends have persuaded him to take a trip to New York and secure a position on a humorous paper)—"Kin I git a job here?"

Editor (of the *Side Splitter*)—"You? What can you do? Can you write a comic article?"

Jasper Hardtack—"No, not thet exzac'ly; but th' fellers thet hangs raoun' th' groc'ry 'n' daown et th' station 'bout train-time tells me I'm awful funny."

Editor—"Indeed? Can you draw?"



DIFFICULT COURTING.

BACHELOR POTATO—"It's dern queer—every time I sit next Miss Onion I can't help crying."

Jasper Hardtack (hopefully)—"No; but ma put a home-made por'us-plaster atween my shoulders afore I left hum. It kin."

THE OLD PROBLEM OF HEAD, BODY AND TAIL.

Uncle Hiram—"I tell ye I'm right in fer the annexation of a good slice of China. I believe the United States is able to an' could annex a piece of that old empire with at least a hundred million people in it."

Uncle Silas—"Annex a hundred million? Well—er—er—would that be a colony or the headquarters?"



A PERVERSION OF CASH.

BAD STOCKINS—"Hey, Weary!"

WEARY (sleepily)—"Uh?"

BAD STOCKINS—"Jus' t'ink uv de mixed-ale jags yer cud buy wid de money w'ot's wasted advertisin' darn-fool t'ings!"



THE KIND SHE WANTED.

MRS. DOOLEY—"A pound av tay, if ye plaze."

GROCEER—"What kind?"

MRS. DOOLEY—"Oi'll take a pound av the iced tay Oi hear about."

A PROVISIO.

How shall we send our mss.? We would fain

Find a reasonable answer to that.

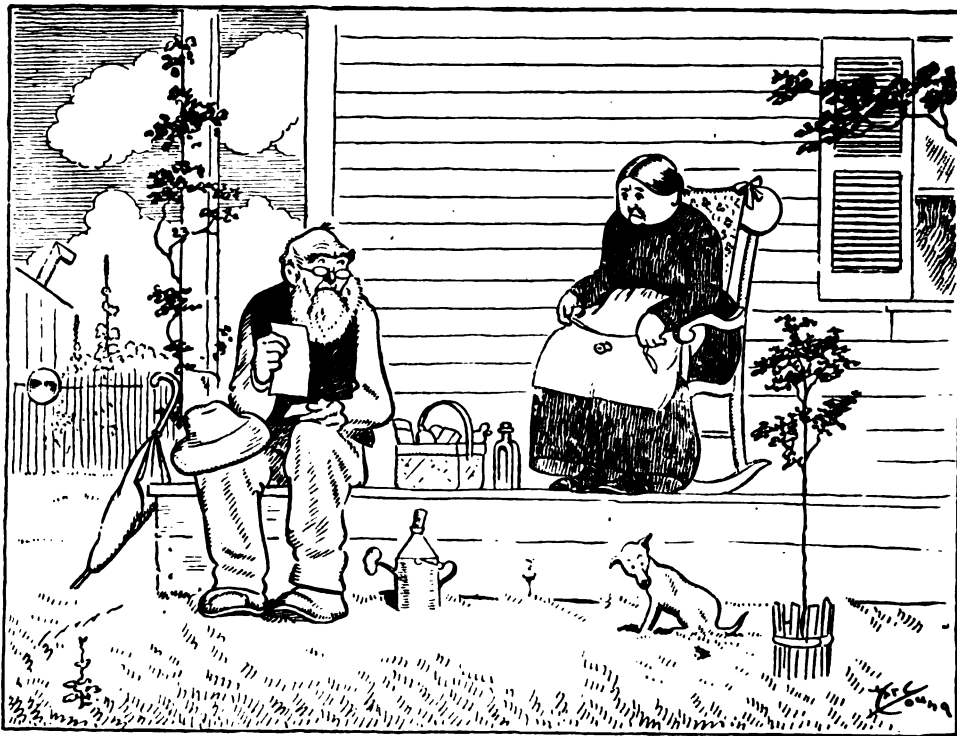
The editor won't have them rolled, it is plain,

Yet insists that they should not be flat.

FORCE OR MORAL SUASION.

Jonesmith—"Let a wife alone for getting all the money she wants out of a man. She'll put her arms around his neck, lay her face against his cheek, tell him he is the dearest old darling on earth, and then ask him for a little money. And what plan could she adopt to get it quicker?"

Henry Peck—"Well—er—the other plan is quicker, I think."



THEY COULD USE HIM.

FARMER KRICK—"Henry writes fer more money; says he wants to take fencin'-lessons."

MRS. KRICK—"Well, fer goodness sake, send it to him, Hiram! It's the fust useful thing he's wanted to study sence he went to college. When he comes home ye kin jes' set him to work puttin' a new fence front o' the house."

SWEET LIBERTY.

"I'm goin' fast, Amos," said old Mis' Walker in a voice that plainly intimated she was stabbing him as much as lay in her power.

Amos held his gray head in his hands, but said nothing. She had always been the spokesman, and experience had taught him that silence was the best course.

"You'll be marryin' again when I'm gone, Amos," continued the wife of his bosom.

Still there was no word from Amos.

"I say you'll marry again," repeated Mis' Walker in sharp reminder.

"I don't guess I will," objected the prospectively bereaved husband.

"Oh, yes, you will," responded she with acrimonious conviction from which there was no appeal.

In a tone of demurring he pleaded humbly, "I don't exactly feel like it just now, Sarah."

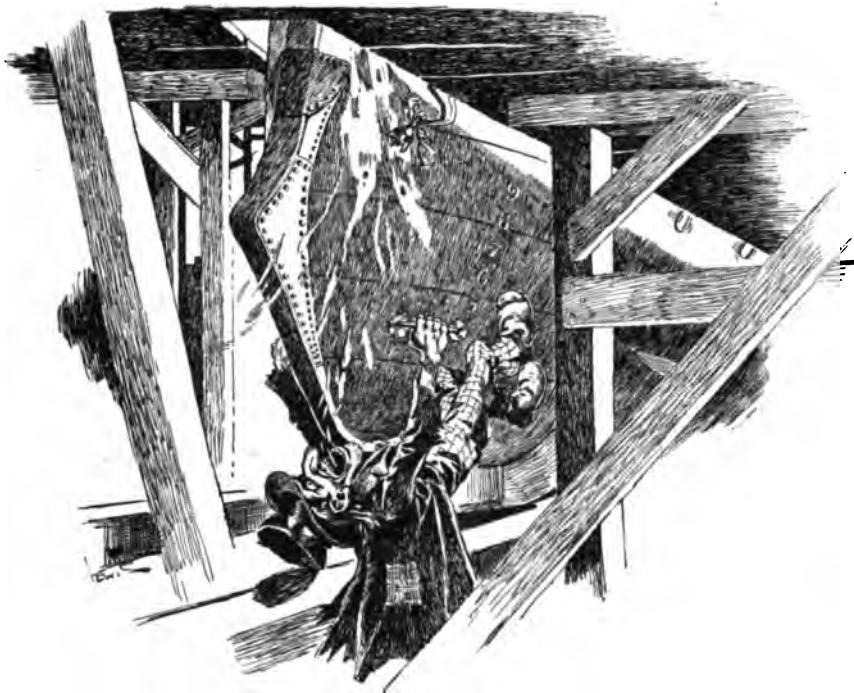
THE WRONG KIND.

Dorothy (after getting badly scratched by rose-thorns)—"I wish God had made them safety-pins instead of the old scratchy kind."



GETTING USED TO IT.

Mrs. GROGAN—"Wake oop, ye devil! Oi can't shlaape a wink an account av yure shnoring."
Mr. GROGAN—"Ye musht thry an' git used to it the same as Oi hov. Oi niver notice it meself ut all, ut all."



JUST AS THE BOTTLE BROKE.

THIRSTY THROCKMORTON—"When me old pals hear dat I wus one uv de guys w'ot dranked shampagny at de launchin' uv dis battle-ship dey'll be green wid envy."

DIAMONDS RECUT.

The woman who hesitates is won.

Man wants but little here below, and keeps on wanting.

Fools make feasts for wise men to eat and get the gout.

In the reproof of chance lies the true proof of a good bluffer.

My party, may she always be right; but, right or wrong, my party.

The evil men do lives after them; the good is oft interred in their wills.

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some become aldermen.

When poverty comes in at the door love goes home to papa and brings hubby with her.

Home-keeping youth hath ever homely wits—which may explain why Weary Willies, say so many witty things in comic papers.

AT A BIRD-SHOW.

Aunt Sarah (before a cage of white pigeons)—
"For my part I like the birds best with colored foliage."

OH, CHARITY!

"But, my dear," gently remonstrated her husband, "I thought I gave you five dollars to buy a sofa-cushion for your fancy-table at the fair, yesterday."

"Why, but John, dear, *this* five dollars is to buy it back."

NOT OF THE BOTANICAL ORDER.

Mary (on her first visit to the farm, suddenly coming upon a flock of moulting hens)—
"Why, grandpa! what is the matter with them? I thought hens always leaved out when they were chickens."

APPROPRIATE.

Inquiring tourist—"How does that man lounging over there happen to be called 'Stationary Jim'?"

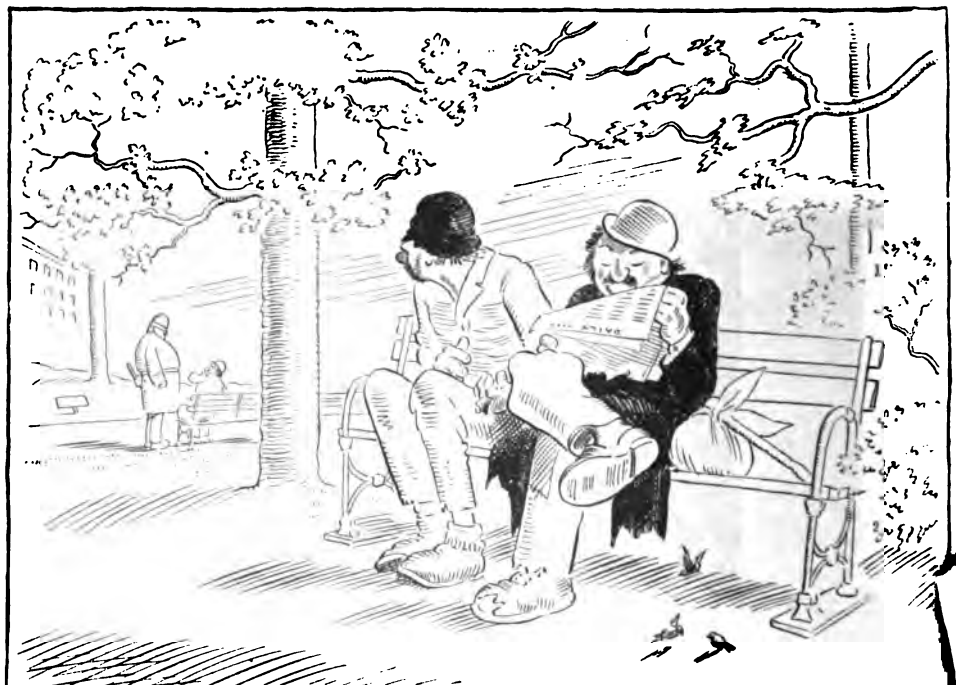
Alkali Ike—"Borcuz'he is too infernally lazy to git out of his own way."

HIS REGULAR DUTY.

"Is there anything more that we have to look into this morning?" asked Mr. Depew of his private secretary after disposing of several items of business.

"No, sir."

"Then you may find out what the newspapers say about me to-day and deny it."



"Say, Bill, here's a article w'ot says a senator has held de same seat in congress fer twenty years."
"Dat's nothin'. Dey hair't no cops in congress."

JUDGMENTS FROM MR. MCGARVEY.

H' truth av some fellies is falsehood.

Thirteen is an unloocky number t' owe.

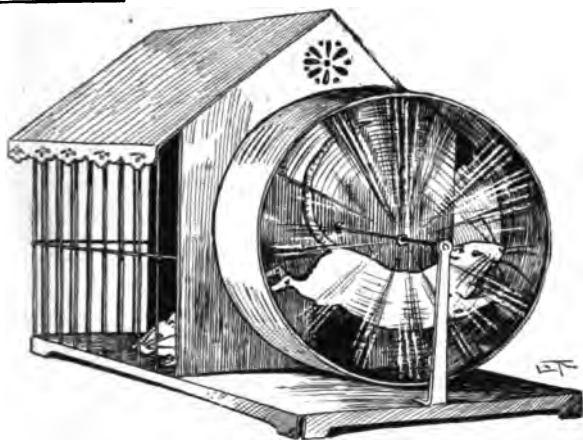
Shure, it niver pays t' kill a pig till he's roipe intoirely.

'Tis th' oidle mon that wurks loike th' divil playin' golf.

A plisint incidint is moighty unplisint t' th' felly thot gits licked.

It takes th' nervy felly t' kill a skoonk—a felly thot kin brathe wid his ears.

No mon thot can't shiteer his voice clear av his nose has a roight t' sing aloud, aven in a whishper.



A "WHITE RAT" DOING A TURN.
A continuous performance, too.



LADY-BUG—"Oh, I feel so embarrassed! There's a man staring right at me."

'Tis many th' thing thot's not found out till it's too late intoirely. Whin Oi wint t' see Murphy whin he wor sick Oi sez t' him, "How do yez fale, me b'y?" an' he sez t' me, "Tis nearly gone thot Oi am. Oi kin hear me heart batin' out th' did march." He wor a poet, an' we niver knew it till thin.



THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

EMPLOYER—"I have noticed, Mr. Johnson, that you, of all the clerks, seem to put your whole life and soul into your work; that no detail is too small to escape your critical attention, no hours too long to cause you to repine."

CLERK (*joyfully*)—"Y-yes, sir."

EMPLOYER—"And so, Mr. Johnson, I am forced to discharge you at once. It is such chaps as you that go out and start rival establishments after they have got the whole thing down pat."



When the summer-resort young lady to whom he was about to propose asks how he enjoyed the evening entertainment, and he has replied that "It was very good, all but the shrieking of the freaky-looking woman who thought she could sing" —

WHEN A FELLOW WISHES HE HAD NEVER BEEN BORN.



— and then learns a few minutes later that "the freaky-looking woman" is the young lady's mother.

HE YEARNED TO KNOW.

"Pa" — once more spoke up little Clarence Callipers, with the rising inflection of one who earnestly desires information.

"There, my son; that will do for this time," sternly interrupted his long-suffering sire, whose reading had already been often broken into by the insertion of his offspring's interrogatory gimlet. "I don't know who was the meekest woman, nor how many mickles make a muckle, nor how many is many nor how few is a few, nor how a sailor smokes his horn-

pipe, nor whether Adam when he saw the first toad thought it was a pocket-book hopping around, nor why Tuesday don't come on Friday, nor why rabbits can't add, subtract and divide as well as multiply, nor whether Lot's wife was the first well-preserved woman, nor why a boiled owl should get drunker than any other kind of an owl, nor the answer to any one of the many other equally foolish questions that your abnormally-de-



A RATIONAL LUNATIC.

KEEPER (of lunatic asylum)—"And this man imagines he's got wheels in his head. What do you think of that?"

VISITOR—"Why, I think he's more rational than the majority of folks."

veloped bump of inquisitiveness incites you to propound. So now, my son, if you do not at once turn off your breath instead of blowing it out, and permit me to proceed in peace with my reading, away you go to bed. Understand?"

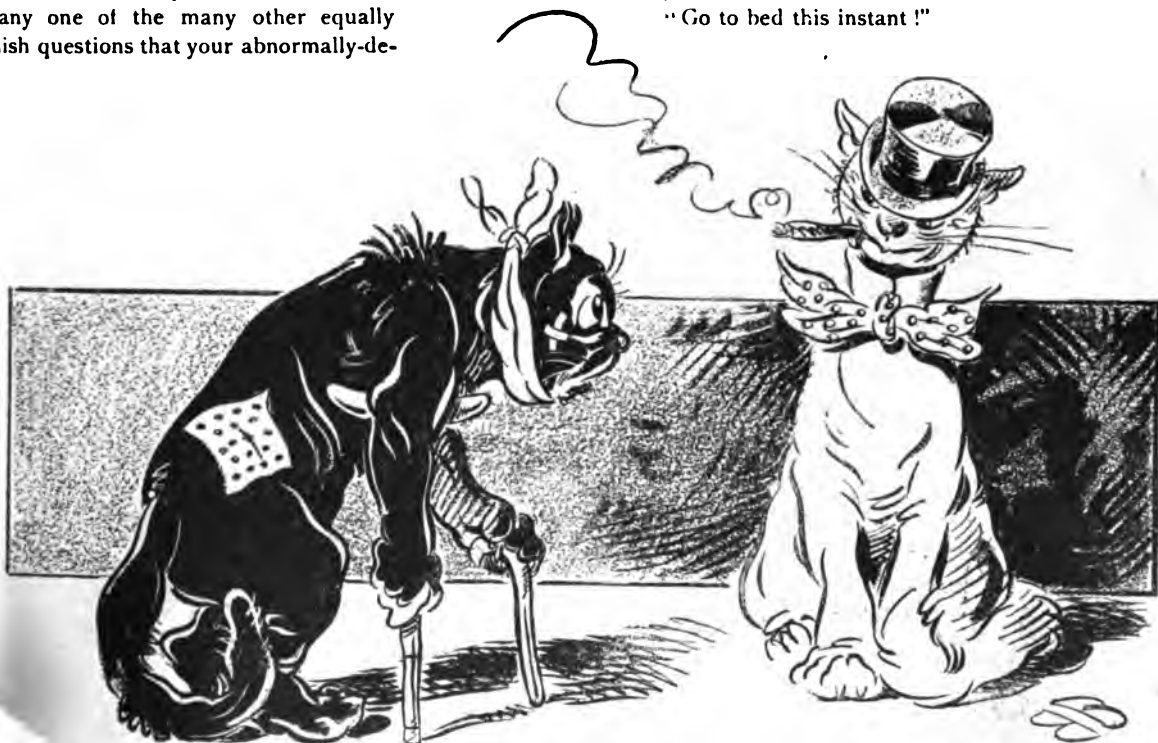
"Yes, sir; but shucks, pa! I don't want to ask any such foolish questions as those. What I want to know is real sensible and important."

"Well, then, if the question isn't foolish you may ask it."

"All right, pa. What I wish you would tell me is, when a fat man is self-contained, do

you suppose he has more room inside of himself to contain himself in than a thin man has, or is himself so big that he is just as tightly crowded inside of himself as the thin man is, and how much of himself is it that is self-contained, and how much is on the outside doing the containing, and" —

"Go to bed this instant!"



EXPLAINED.

FELINE COMEDIAN—"Why, old chap, what is the matter?"

FELINE TRAGEDIAN—"Just been trying my new play on the dog."



ATLAS—"Gee! how do they use an umbrella, anyway?"



"How poetical are the falling leaves!"



SETTING THE DATE.

ANGELINE—"How soon will de weddin' come off?"
BEATRICE—"Jest as soon as his mustache comes on."



SUCH IS FAME.

CITIZEN—"Off'sher! can you (hic) tell me where I (hic) live? I'm (hic) Senator Bigbuddy, you know."

OFFICER—"What's yer cook's name?"

CITIZEN—"Mary Ann (hic) O'Brady."

OFFICER—"Four blocks down and two doors to yer right."



NOT IN THE ROMANCE CLASS.

"Say! git out an' go away. Dis conversation ain't meant for no childish ears. Wo't does youse kids know about fellers an' love an' romance? Go chase yerselfs!"

THE WRONG MAN.

He was a pale, quiet, ministerial-looking little man, and he sat unmoved in the corner while the boys were telling yarns that would disturb the serenity of a cast-iron owl. It was very disconcerting to observe his placid, even bored, expression after a particularly lurid fabrication, and the boys put forth their best efforts. Stories of blood-curdling adventure, tales of hair-breadth escape, gorgeous falsehood and pyrotechnics of vivid imagination, he absorbed without wincing, and at last, after a stunning prevarication, he actually yawned. It was too much. The boys rose in disgust and fled. A gentleman who had been an amused witness of the unavailing efforts to surprise the quiet stranger, took a seat beside him and said,

"Rather tall stories those boys were telling."

"Think so?" rejoined the stranger. "I didn't."

"You didn't? Why, you don't mean to say—why, some of them were simply blood-curdling! Er—hy-the-bye, you are not a minister, are you?"



THE BETTER SYSTEM.

MISS HOCKHAMMER—"Do you pelieve in love at sighd?"

MR. ROSENBAUM—"Vell, sixty days vas more like peeshniss."

"No," replied the other, rising with a far-away look in his eyes; "I'm a writer of dime novels."

THE DOG IN THE WELL.

"How is it that Jimson always stops and listens to Dumley's stories about his cute little boy?"

"Jimson owes Dumley borrowed money."

PROFESSIONAL CONFIDENCES.

First Adirondack guide—"Is that city chap you are guiding much of a shot?"

Second Adirondack guide—"Not at game—he's great at hitting his flask of whisky, though."

A HOMELY DEFINITION.

"Paw, what's harmony?"

"Harmony, Ezry, is a big pile of dry wood and a snap-pin' cold spell of weather."

WHEN we feel that nothing in life matters but the joy of others we are on the high road to our own.

HIS SAGE CONCLUSION.

"Aw, well," said the Kothack philosopher meditatively, "while I ain't prepared to positively deny that Christian science can turn the hills into bread, the rocks and ledges into cake, the brooks into molasses, the ponds into wine, the cattle into giraffes and the hogs into elephants; give all the old maids a chance to marry, cause all the creditors to die peacefully in their beds, and create free plug hats, false teeth, tobacco and celluloid collars out of nothin', I will say that I haven't seen it do anything of the kind yet.

"Such bein' the case, I guess I'll jest stay on the safe side of common sense and remain in my present benighted state for a spell longer. You see where I'd be if I should happen to quit work and go to trustin' in it for support and it



TOO MUCH FUN.

"Hey, Bill! wo't yer doin'?"
 "Learnin' ter smoke."
 "Is it fun?"
 "Aw, say! it's simply great."

shouldn't be inclined to do anything for me. I'd be caught, and that's all there would be to it. A humble piece of fried liver in the hand is worth considerable more than a whole flock of roast-turkeys in the bush."

HOW HE PROVED IT.

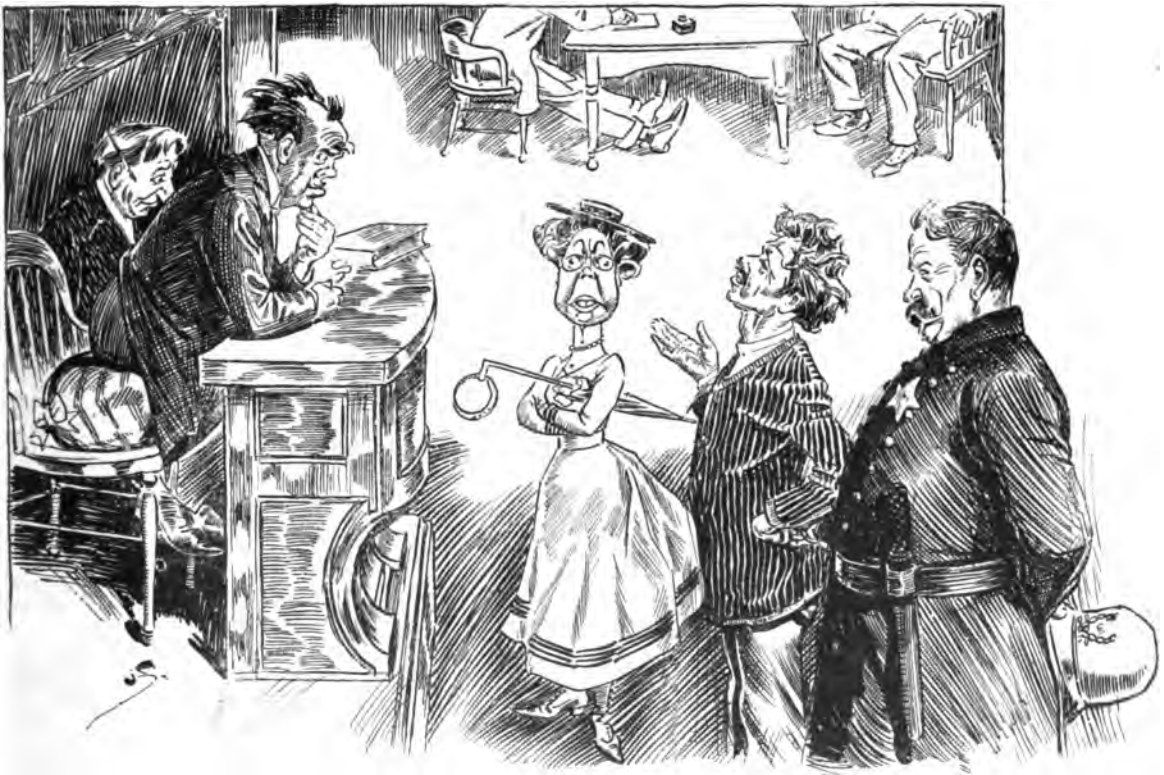
After some further discussion he said he could prove from the Bible that fishermen were liars. We dared him to do his worst.

"Well," he said, "fishermen are men, I reckon."

We agreed with the reckoning, whereupon he produced a scripture passage which read substantially as follows: "All men are liars."

GREENWOOD.

Miss Sylphine — "Oh, Mr. Whitewood—Blackwood — Redwood — dear me! I hope you'll excuse me. I always do forget the color of your name."



A PERFECT DEFENSE.

JUDGE—"You are charged with trying to kiss that young lady. Have you any defense to offer?"

PRISONER—"Nothing but de young lady's face, yer honor. I deny de akkerzation and offer dat face as evidence."

A GLANCE INTO THE FUTURE.



MONAHAN

THE scene is laid in the year 1997. In the commodious museum our highly-specialized and scientifically-developed descendants are spinning along on their bicycles over the asphalted floors. Some are whirling along by themselves, looking at the strange sights; but most of the crowd is following the eloquent professor who rides around the hall on a wheel whose model has not yet been dreamed of and explains the marvels of the exhibition. Stopping before a wild-eyed and timid-looking man who is seated on an elevated platform, the professor holds forth as follows:

"Here, ladies and gentlemen, you see the greatest marvel of the age, and see what will probably be known to your descendants merely as a tradition. This man, who was born and reared on the almost inaccessible slopes of the Rocky mountains, and spent his life in wild fastnesses into which none but the most daring bicyclis's could penetrate, was finally captured and at great expense brought here for your entertainment. Ladies and gentlemen, you see before you the last and only man living who knows how to walk. I will now pause for a moment to allow you to purchase photographs of him in the act of walking. Afterward we will proceed to the next platform, where I will explain to you all about the stuffed horse, and tell you some of the characteristics of this wonderful animal that flourished from the pre-glacial period to within fifty years of the present time."

WHITE hairs cover a multitude of sins.



THE COCKTAIL WENT TO HER HEAD.



DOUBTFUL.

FIRST URCHIN—"My fadder's a dandy. He never told de truth in his life."

SECOND URCHIN—"How do yer know?"

FIRST URCHIN—"He says so."

SENTENCES PASSED BY THE JUDGE.

The liar layeth his own snare.

The diagnosis does not cure the disease.

To gather a dinner of herbs is to eat it with gusto.

Who denies his offspring God hath already denied.

The reformer never hesitates to make the devil fetch and carry.

Economy consists in knowing when to spend and how to spare.

A persistently slovenly maid will demoralize the most conscientious mistress.

Bring me no water from a corrupted well ; no gift from a gambler ; from a liar no grace.

HER CRITICISM.

Mistress—"Well, Norah, how did you enjoy the scenery?"

Norah (who has just returned from a week's outing on the Maine coast)—"To shpake plainly, mum, th' scenery 's not so illigant as it looks."



A DIVINE.

WILLY—"Miss Ownsdust is a nice girl—got money, too. She will make a fine wife for some 'lucky dog.'"

ALGY—"I proposed to her myself, but she refused me."

WILLY—"What a miss-fortune."

NOT ALTOGETHER WRONG.

Mr. Green—"Billson's boy has got to be an officer in the navy."

Mrs. Green—"Well, well! I s'pose he'll wear epithets on his shoulders now."

IMMODEST.

Dorothy (on passing a tree around whose trunk had been tacked, one above the other, several differently colored advertisements)—"I should think any tree would be more modest than to wear such striped stockings in public."

TO BE SURE.

"There are two ways of making a Maltese cross, you know," said he to a red-cross girl.

"I know only one," she returned.

"Well, the other is to step on its tail."

THE SECOND BEST.

"Isaacs, haven't you found that honesty is the best policy?"

"Yes, mine frendt ; nexd to der fire-insurance bolicy."



A CONSCIENTIOUS MAN.

MRS. WRATHERS—"Here! here! Why are you leaving? You said before getting a breakfast that there would be no quarrel over the amount of wood you would saw in payment."

APPY TYTE—"Right, mum. Well knowin' de amount uv wood-sawin' I'd do would precipertate a quarrel, I'm obliged ter leave in avoidance ter make good me word. Ta-ta, mum!"



WHEN A MAN WISHES HE HAD NEVER BEEN BORN.

After looking over the monthly bills and accusing his wife of spending money foolishly. She says: "Oh, by the way, here's a bill that came yesterday—'wine and cigars, fifty dollars'; maybe you know something about it?" He does. It recalls a "high old time" while his wife was visiting her mother.

AN INTENTIONAL COMPLIMENT.

"Would you rather be deaf or be blind?" she said;
 "I think that, than either, I'd rather be dead."
 "It is hard to decide," he replied, "but, in case
 I were really condemned to a choice,
 I'd be deaf when I looked at your radiant face
 And be blind when I heard your sweet voice."

BETTER THAN A PEACE CONGRESS.

First Parisian—"Ah, the exposition is a grand success!"

Second Parisian—"Yes; I understand political writers have postponed the general European war another year on its account."



THE RESEMBLANCE.

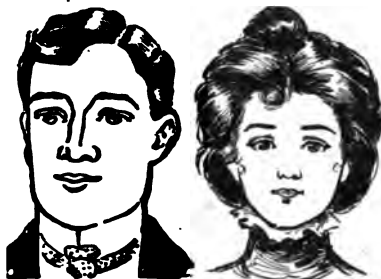
MRS. NEWLYWED (*proudly*)—"Do you think baby looks like some famous personage whom you have seen but cannot place?"

JACK BACHELOR - "Er - yes—by Jove! now I have it - it was the 'yellow kid.' How forgetful I am!"

Blood Poison Cured Free

Remedy Is Sent Absolutely Free to Every Man or Woman Sending Name and Address.

A celebrated Indiana physician has discovered a most wonderful cure for Syphilis or Blood Poison known. It quickly cures all such indications as mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, red-colored spots, chancres, ulcerations on the skin, and in hundreds of cases where the hair and rows had fallen out and the whole skin was a mass of boils, pimples and ulcers, this wonderful cure has completely changed the whole body into a clean, perfect condition of physical health.

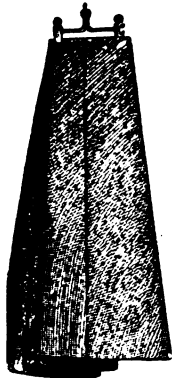


The illustrations above plainly show what this Grand Discovery will do.

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KLIPPER MFG. CO.,
Sixth Avenue, NEW YORK CITY.

ALL IN THE GAME.

My luck at cards is always poor,
No matter what the game may be.
The most unworthy cards, I'm sure,
Invariably are dealt to me.
But never luck so ill, they say,
But cards may change and bring you gold,
And when at love with Prue I play
You'd envy me the hands I hold.

A DANGEROUS ARTICLE.

Dorothy had never before seen a dwarf.
"My!" she exclaimed in a scarcely audible whisper, "he must have been brought up on condensed milk."

HER WEAKNESS.

"Mrs. Gableton talks a great deal, but never seems to say anything worth listening to."

"Yes; the trouble with her is that she can't persuade her tongue and her brains to collaborate."

Millions of Mothers.

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A BARGAIN.

Keeper—"Yes, it'll cost de state t'ree hundred dollars to electrocute you."

Cohenstein—"I'll tell you vat I do—I'll shoosd mineself for a hundert und feefty."

HER HIDEOUSNESS.

"Mrs. Rockiface is very homely, isn't she?"

"Homely! She's almost as ugly as the front cover of the average magazine."

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AN UNFAILING TOPIC.

Crawford—"While your wife is away in the country what does she find to write to you about so regularly?"

Crabshaw—"Money."

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A VEXED QUESTION.

There was a wise old botanist, and he was known to fame.
Linneus Cincinnatus Hocus-Pocus was his name.
His knowledge was stupendous, his wisdom was profound,
His learning in botanic fields was something to astound.
But there was one deep question this wiseacre could not solve.
And round its puzzling mysteries his mind would e'er revolve.
He'd sit within his study and he'd ponder by the hour,
Muttering, "Is a cabbage rose what we may calliflower?"

A HIGH VALUATION.

Mrs. Hoon—"The Puffingtons seem to greatly esteem their relative, the general."

Mr. Hoon—"Yes; they appear to value him almost as highly as if he had been run over by a railroad-train."

THE SEASON'S PARADOX.

Mrs. Younghusband—"The recipe for shortcake says to use one quart of strawberries."

Younghusband—"Then you'd better order three of those quart boxes."

MIGHT BE SOME MISTAKE.

Rachel was much surprised to learn that her new baby brother had no name.
"How do you know he belongs to us, mamma?" he inquired anxiously.

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GETS OUT OF AMMUNITION.

Freddie—"What is a spendthrift, dad?"

Cobwigger—"He's a fellow who imagines he has money enough to kill time with a double-barreled gun."

MYSTERY.

Bride (emerging from railway tunnel)—"Why did you kiss me, dear, in that awfully dark place?"

Groom—"But I didn't."

Bride—"Well, somebody did."

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"Dear Sirs:—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary.

It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy, and you cannot realize how happy I am."

"Dear Sirs:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned, and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sirs:—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed. I can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, no plain, sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the using, and they want every man to have it.

A GREAT COME-DOWN.

"I would have you know, sir, that my family is descended from William the conqueror."

"Yes," he replied with a quiet smile; and it still appears to be on the down grade."

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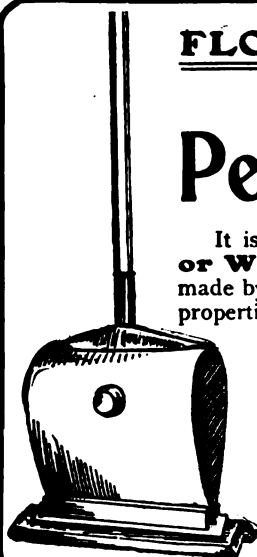
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IN GOOD TIME.

My wife always goes through my pockets.
Not before I get up—there's the rub—
But slyly it's done in the evening
Before I have gone to the club.

Hypnotism



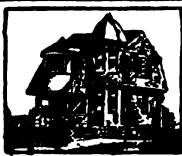
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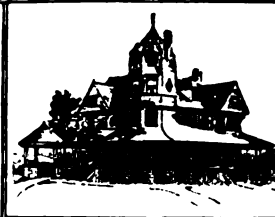
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CAUSE FOR WORRY.

MRS. PEASLY—"My-o-my! I jes' don't know what we're goin' to do 'bout Hiram. Ev'ry time he sees a piece o' paper flyin' through the air he chases it fit to kill. Thinks mebbe it's one o' them wireless telegrams."



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

WILLIE—"Pardon me mum, but could yer tell a couple of tourist gents de name of yer beautiful town?"

WOMAN—"Yes; this is—"

—Bath beach."

A SAD COMMENTARY.

Jaggles—"I notice that many of our millionaires claim that they don't know how to do good with their money."

Waggles—"I guess that's true. If they had been accustomed to doing good they would not be millionaires."

AS A GENERAL THING.

An epicure cannot make a square meal out of a round steak.



IN A RESTAURANT.

Patron—"Is this horse-radish purely vegetable?"

Waiter—"Yes, sah; an' it's guaranteed to be absolutely horseless."

EXCEEDINGLY ODD.

"There is a queer thing about this latest disappearance."

"What is it?"

"The newspapers do not say that it was a sudden one."



HE WAS.

FARMER FLAP—"Ben down to the store, mother, talkin' with Bill Hunkins. He's jes' got back from the city. Sed he seen Henry down there, an' seys, fer a young feller thet hain't hed much schoolin', he's makin' quite a stir."

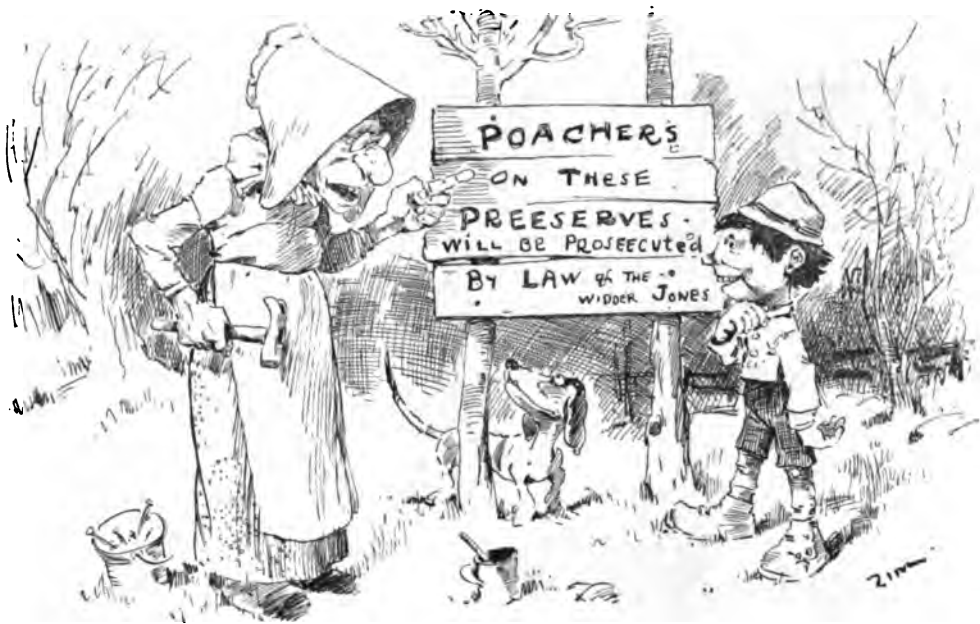
This is son Henry at his occupation—stirring omelets in a Bowery restaurant.

FABLES.

I.

A corn-fed philosopher, gifted with rare reasoning faculties, was one day wayfaring, when he was confronted by a highwayman who bellowed, "Your money or your life!" Then the philosopher answered composedly, as philosophers should, "My dear man, your threat brings me no fear. We begin to die the moment we are born. Wherefore what matters a few moments more or less?" "Very true," said the highwayman approvingly. "I'm new to this business and have been annoyed by scruples and prejudices, which I now renounce." He thereupon blew out the philosopher's brain and decamped with his valuables.

This fable shows that the tenets of philosophy are highly dangerous to the vulgar-minded and vicious.



A JUVENILE COMPARISON.

WIDOW JONES (interrogated)—"It means what it says—that I intend to take the law to poachers on my preserves. Why?"

WIDOW'S GRANDSON—"Oh, nuthin', granny, only yer took a club ter me when yer caught me in yer preserves."

II.

Two men being engaged in a game of poker, which is a game of chance, a bystander observed a cunning juggler secrete up his sleeve the last link in a bob-tailed flush and whispered this fact to the farmer who had dealt. "Mention it not; 'tis a trifle," said the farmer, likewise whispering. Then the juggler bet the entirety of his pile and the farmer showed down four aces.

Moral—Most men are magnanimous only when they have a sure thing.

THE CORRECTION.

"When you say that Mr. Brooks dined and wined his visitors," remarked the editor to his reporter, "I suppose you use the term metaphorically, for Mr. Brooks is a strict temperance man."

"I didn't know that," explained the young man. "I'll change the article to say that he dined and watered them."

MIXED.

Jaggles—"Did your doctor recommend the water cure?"

Waggles—"He put me on a milk diet."

NEW ENGLAND PRIDE.

MISS BIGELOW—"One o' them upstart summer boarders got sot on right sma't yisterday. He wanted to hire Jim Bunker to be skipper on his pesky sail-boat."

MISS WILLIS—"And what did Jim tell him?"

MISS BIGELOW—"Told him, 'wa-al hardly—not him'—said he wuz well 'nuff off in his own right enjoyin' a pension from th' gov'ment of six dollars a month."





IT LOOKED PROPITIOUS.

FARMER JONES—"Thar, b' gol! Susan 's allers wanted a dress that's gored, an' now, by gummy! I reckon she'll git it."



THE CRUCIAL MOMENT.

CHIMMIE—"Hurry up, Patsy! Take yer pick uv de straws ter see who goes in an' gits licked first."

WHY DID HE DO IT?

"What did I marry you for?" exclaimed the man in a fervor of passionate disappointment.

"For my money," responded the woman with careless confidence.

He did not look at her; apparently he gave no heed to her reply. His face was flushed and the lines about his handsome mouth were tightly drawn. An ugly gleam shone in his eyes, and he nervously tapped the gilded top of a dressing-case with his fingers. The conflict of contending emotions raged within him, and she might have learned how fiercely the battle went had she watched his face. But she was calmly

indifferent. She stood by the window gazing listlessly into the street, as if the man were not. A gutter-urchin had caught a small girl by the long plait of her hair and was driving her about as he willed, despite her angry protestations. The woman smiled faintly as she looked. The man struck the dressing-case with his clinched hand and strode across the room toward the door. He paused near a pretty figure of Cupid and impatiently stamped his foot.

"Sdeath!" he hissed in a low whisper. "What the dickens did I ever ask her such an easy one for?"

FAITH—Believing that people are better than they are.



1. CUSTOMS OFFICER (to new arrival)—"You'll have to pay duty on all this beer."



2. "Vat?"



3. "Good-morning, sir. You can keep dose embty parrels."

A STARTLING QUERY.

Bridget had left Mrs. Clark's service for some months, and that lady had quite lost sight of her, when one day she went to call on the Gilberts and Bridget opened the door.

"How do you do, Bridget?" said Mrs. Clark in surprise, "I didn't know you were living here."

"Oh, yes, mam. An' how's Mr. Clark an' Miss Bessie an' Mr. Bob?"

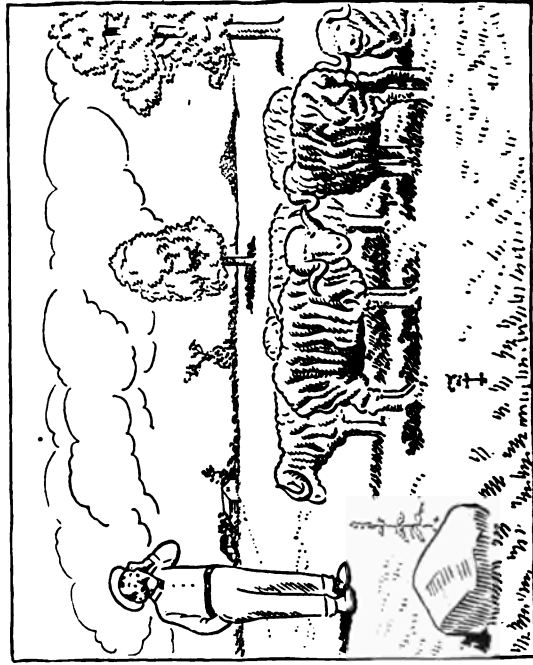
"They are all quite well, thank you, Bridget."

"An' how's Mrs. Brown, next door to ye, mam?"

"Mrs. Brown!" said Mrs. Clark, dropping her voice. "She died last Thursday."

"So mother was tellin' me," replied Bridget, unabashed.

THERE is no middle ground with a true, sensitive woman; she gives all or nothing.



An amateur farmer writes to an agricultural paper to know how to shear thoroughbred merino sheep.



EIGHTEEN CARROT FINE.

A POPULAR ANTIDOTE.

"Mike," said Mrs. Flannigan, looking from the paper in her hand to her husband, who had just signed the temperance pledge, "shure an' a great docter sez that alcohol do be a shure cure for carbolic-acid pizen, an' if so be yez haven't anny alcohol, thin twict as much whisky will do jist as well."

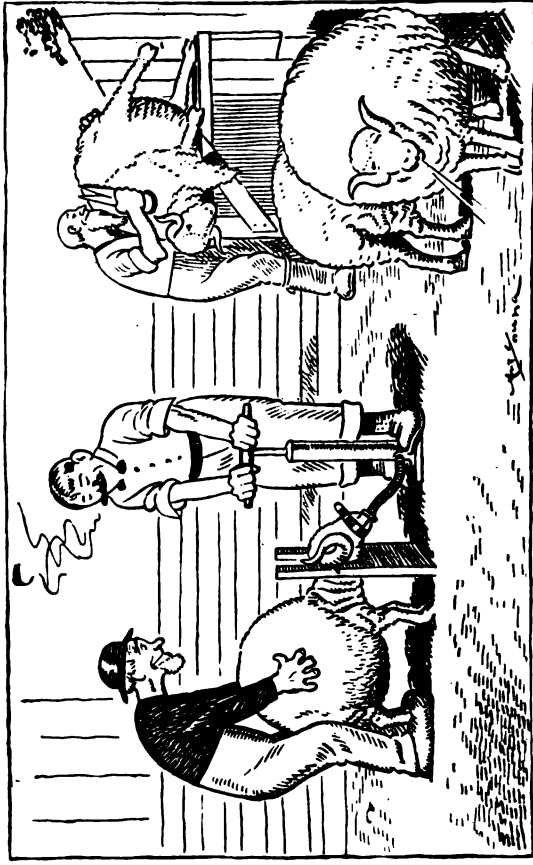
"Be quick, thin, Norah, me dear, an' lay by a good store o' the stuff. Shure I'm thot desp'r't there's no tellin' whin I'll be nadin' the rimidy."

SEASONABLE VEHICLES.

"I always like to ride in seasonable vehicles," said Miss Frocks.

"I wonder what you mean by seasonable vehicles," asked Miss Kittish.

"Well, in the vernal months, of course, spring-wagons are the proper thing; but in the fall I prefer to use autumn-mobiles."



FOR THAT PUNCTURED CONDITION.

There may be other ways, but why not try blowing them up.

REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

SECRECY is what love best thrives upon.

Men admire perfection but do not love it.

No woman ever became wholly bad without the aid of some man.

In the art of love-making a coquette appeals only to the vanity of men.

In love woman is braver than man, but her friendship is far less daring.

A man who has once been a woman's lover can never become her friend.

There never was but one courtship in which deceit did not enter—that of Adam and Eve.

A wife, to be happy, should always remain somewhat of a mystery to her husband.



• RUNNING TO SEED."



A FINISHED MUSICIAN.

A woman does not love a man who always flatters, and she hates the one who never does.

When a man grows old and his vices leave him he tells people he is through sowing his wild oats.

If one woman particularly dislikes another she usually refers to her as that "charming Miss So-and-So."



WHEN A FELLOW WISHES HE HAD NEVER BEEN BORN.

While attending a gathering of people where he is anxious to make a good impression, he tries to tell a funny story, and, after taxing the patience of the company a long while, finally *forgets the point*.



"BEHIND THE TIMES."

AUTUMN SCHEMES.

Now politicians are imbued
With schemes to get the
vote out,
The while the impecunious
dude
Schemes hard to get his
coat out.

PRECEDENT.

As the general manager for a Dundee cattle company's great ranch in southwest Texas was registering at a Corpus Christi hotel the clerk remarked that he thought the name should be spelled with a double d.

"Wa-al, my young friend, so lang as the Almichty is satisfied with one d till his name one d will be good enough for John Tod."



"THE REEL THING."

WANTED CHANGE.

The fair attendant at the stamp window of the Corpus Christi post-office wearily sighed. Then a smile wreathed her lips; the sort of smile that reminds you of a humming-bird hovering nigh honeysuckle.

"I'm to be reported again," she said; "yonder short man with the vandyke beard has a grievance."

"What have you done now?"

"Well, he says he mailed a letter to a city address and had put a two-cent stamp on it. He is going to complain of me to the president because I won't give him a one-cent stamp in change."



Ah! one little trick!

HIS AMERICAN ACCENT

Mr. MacFarland is a Scotch gentleman of indubitable pedigree and social standing, who came to this country from Edinburgh a little over a year ago. He admires our customs and manners, and even our mode of speech he does not despise. In speaking to a friend the other day he said, "Ye'r a fine lot, ve Americans, and Ah feel at hame amang ye; na doot A'll soon be an American mesel. Why, lad, Ah have insensibly acquired even ye'r manner o' speech. But o' this Ah must tak' care, or when I gang hame me mither 'll gi' me the deevil for me American accent."



Just like this!



Voila!



Ouch! Sacre bleu! Ouch!



A THOUSAND TIMES OBLIGED.

RATTLING RALPH—"Whoop! I got an idea how to reach dat lady's heart. I'll first tell her dat I'm a thousand times obliged to her!"
STACKED CHIPPS—"Oh, Ralph, that is too much. Supposin' she refuses?"
RATTLING RALPH—"Even if she does, after I mark de front gate wit 'kind lady,' dere'll be a thousand other hoboes call dere!"

THE POWER OF THE TRUSTS.

Satan stepped into the furnace-room, gazed into the bottomless pit for a few moments, and walked over to the thermometer.

"Here!" he thundered when he had noted the figures, "shovel in some more coal, or some of the gentlemen down there will be having influenza!"

"We can't, your majesty," responded Azrael, the head fireman; "there is none."

"No coal?" stormed his majesty.

"No, sire; not since the coal-trust gentlemen arrived. They've organized a combine, and we can't get a lump."

"Oho!" laughed his majesty; "they're at their old tricks, are they?"

Well, just dump in a few barrels of oil. That'll make a cheerful fire."

"The oil-trust magnates have also arrived, your majesty," explained the faithful Azrael.



HIS SPECIALTY.

"Will your little brother sing a song for a penny?"

"Naw; but he'll t'row a fit fer a nickel."

The brow of Satan grew black.

"Chuck in a lot of hams and shoulders and send an imp up to sit on the safety-valve," he commanded sternly; for he had had experience on a Mississippi-river steamboat and knew his business.

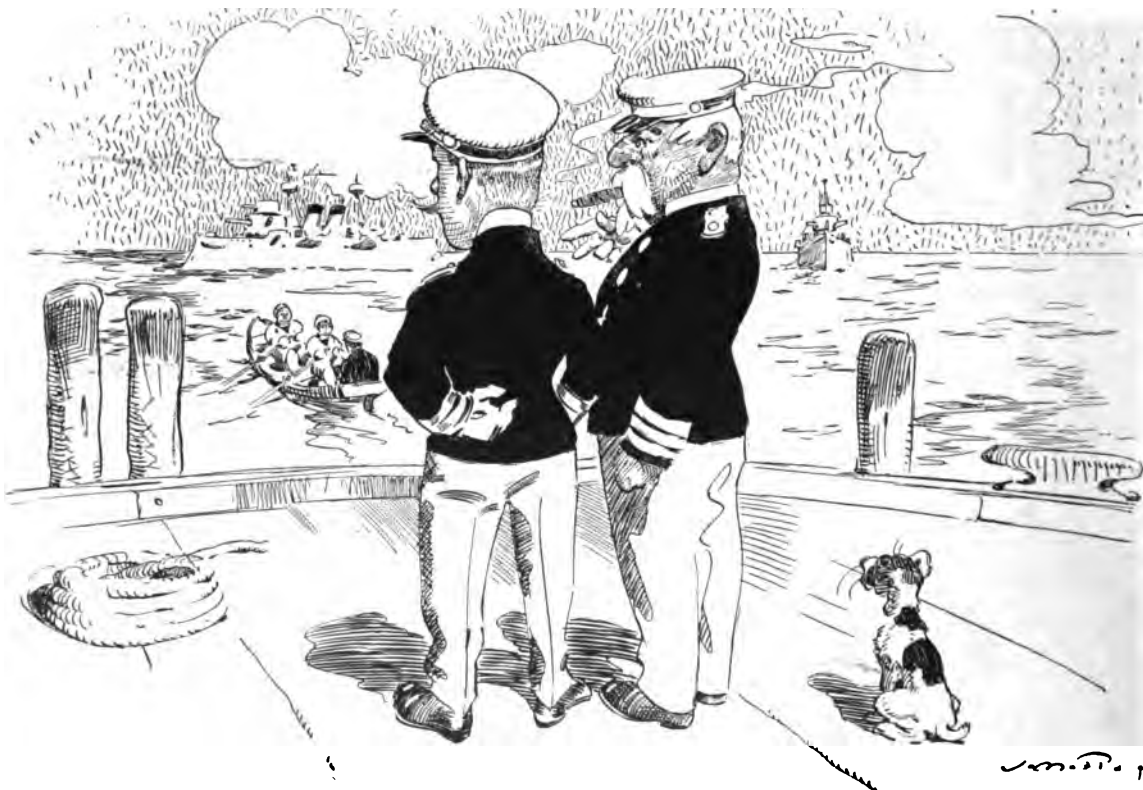
Azrael trembled, but he could not tell a lie. "The pork-packers' combine has been with us for several days, your majesty," he said briefly.

Satan gave Cerberus a kick in the ribs which almost stopped that animal's vitality and started for the door. "Well," he exclaimed, "these trusts beat hell, and no mistake!"

And Azrael, bowed by the weight of com-

bination, leaned upon his shovel and gazed on the ground.

NIVER lick a felly thot's bigger 'n you, me b'y.



WHAT IT IS COMING TO.

FIRST NAVAL OFFICER—"What's Lieutenant Turrets at work on these days?"

SECOND DITTO—"He's designing a destroyer of the destroyer of torpedo-boat destroyers."



EXPENSE NO OBJECT.

MRS. O'TOOLE—"Terry, phwat th' divil hov yez there?"

MR. O'TOOLE—"Shure, didn't me brother Larry tell me Oi'd be nadin' a couple av dommynos fer us fer th' mashkyraid-ball to-noight? Th' felly in th' shtore wuddin't sell me two, so Oi got th' whole box, me darlint."

A SURE THING.

Warwick—"That man Brainey is a genius. He has a fortune in his grasp this time, sure."

Wickwire—"What's he been doing?"

Warwick—"Why, he's invented a kind of armor-plate that no projectile now in use can pierce, and at the same time he has invented a projectile that will pierce it. You see, he has anticipated matters, and now he's trying to sell both inventions to the government."

A COMPLETE DEFEAT.



NUMBER TWELVE (*five a. m.*)—"We must end that fellow's snoring in thirteen."

NUMBER FOURTEEN—"Aye, that we must. Such snoring should be punished by death."

A PISCINE SIMILE.

"There isn't much elbow-room here," observed the first sardine. "We're packed like I don't know what."

"'Tis all right about the elbow-room," replied the second sardine; "yet still do I know what we are packed like—we are packed like so many flat-dwellers on an evening 'L' train."

CYNIC—One who sneers at himself while seeming to sneer at humanity.



NUMBER TWELVE (*six-thirty a. m.*)—"We shall wait till morn and slay him."

NUMBER FOURTEEN—"Aye, slay as we would a dog."



NUMBER THIRTEEN (*seven a. m., cheerfully*)—"Ah! good-morning, gentlemen. Sleep pleasantly last night?"

AUTUMN.

Autumn days hev got around,
Leaves are gold an' red ;
Apples gathered frum the trees,
Punkins in the shed.
Cider drippin' frum the cheese
Sweet an' red an' clear ;
Nuts spread o'er the garret
floor—

Autumn days are here.

Autumn days hev got around,
Jack Frost takes a-hold ;
Fires a-blazin' on the hearth,
Evenin's growin' cold.
Quiltin' time an' huskin' bees,
Farmin' tools at rest ;
Apples, popcorns, cider,
games—

Autumn nights are best.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Tom—"I know we are
in Philadelphia by the
baby?"

Lucy—"How can you
tell by the baby, pray?"

Tom—"Why, because
he's slow asleep."

THE persimmon is only a
success when it strikes a
frost.



"WHEN REUBEN COMES TO TOWN."

Mrs. Hodrake—"Lan' sakes! umbrella-stands an' a man ter watch 'em! These car-companies is allers introdoocin' new improvements."

TOO EARLY.

Mrs. Hornblower—"There is General Leadenhail over there, one of our most distinguished soldiers."

Mrs. Daisycutter—"Indeed? What battle has he been in?"

Mrs. Hornblower—"Oh, not any yet. He has only just been appointed brigadier-general."

LOOKED THAT WAY.

Jaggles—"Do you really think he committed suicide?"

Waggles—"Well, he ate mushrooms he gathered himself."

DUBIOUS.

Quericus—"Is he out of danger?"

Cynicus—"Oh, no. The doctors are still treating him."



UNCLE JOSH NECKER—"It does beat all what a lot of fellers they be sellin' rubber goods down to the city. Couldn't walk a block 'thout hearin' them shout 'Rubber!' at me."

THE MYSTERY OF THE ASHES.



RS. BROWN is a somewhat garrulous English lady who lives at Mrs. Lodgewell's boarding-house, which is not a hundred miles from New York. Born within hearing of the sound of Bow Bells, she is as h-less a creature as ever emanated from that proverbially h-less district.

On the first evening of Miss Muser's arrival at Mrs. Lodgewell's she was startled at receiving from Mrs. Brown the following astonishing confidences. They were seated at dinner and Miss Muser had politely proffered the lady the Worcestershire sauce, which she rejected, saying,

"No, thank you; I don't like it except in 'ashes!'"

"Ah!" ejaculated Miss Muser, "ashes?"

"Yes; and, speaking of 'ashes, I 'ad such an experience in my last boarding-'ouse and was worn quite



TAKING A TRAMP IN THE COUNTRY.

to a shadow when I came 'ere. They gave us nothing but 'ashes to eat! There was 'ash for breakfast, 'ash for luncheon, 'ash for dinner. Always 'ashes! Wasn't it dreadful?"

Miss Muser, with a look of horror, pronounced it positively criminal. "But you did not eat it, did you?"

"'Ow could I 'elp it? There was nothing else."

For a moment there lingered before the eyes of Miss Muser's bewildered mind a fleeting vision of Mrs. Brown, like the fabled



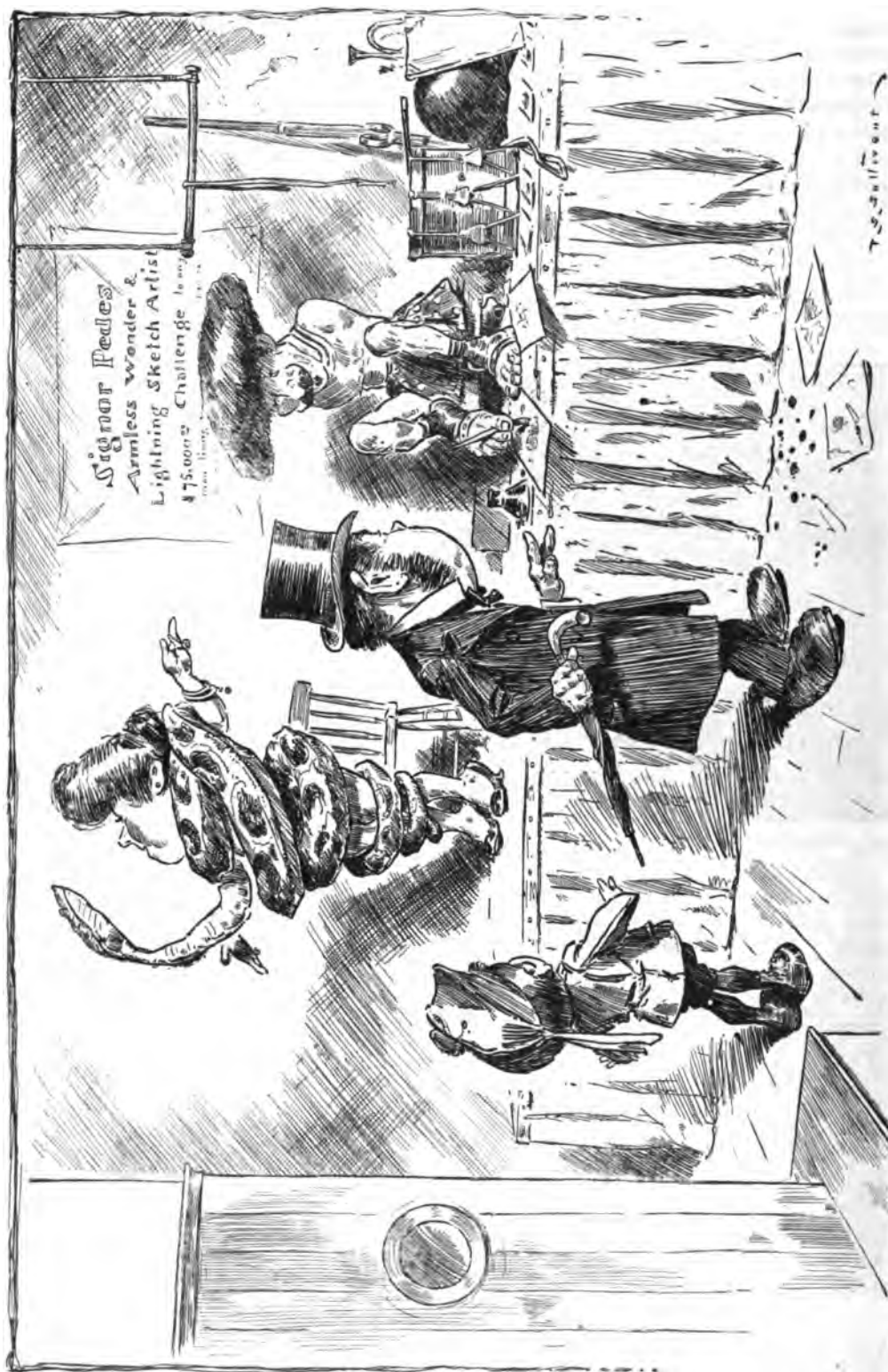
A HOWLING BARGAIN.

phoenix, arising from her "ashes." Subsequently she discovered that but for the inadequacy of the lady's h's the "ashes" in question would not have constituted a more remarkable article of diet than that which may be found with great frequency on the bill-of-fare of every second-rate boarding-house.



UNCLE HIRAM'S SCHEME FOR EXERCISE.

UNCLE HI—"No use whatsoever of a dog's gittin' out of huntin' condition durin' the close season."



TOE-TALLY TRUE.

CASEY (at the dime-museum)—"Shure, an' you're the handiest mon wid your feet I ever seen."

THE ATHLETIC WORM.

(A fable.)

An early worm that was taking a stroll one morning at sunrise observed a bird perched on a bough. The bird was moving its neck from side to side, as though looking for something. Then it saw the little worm and recollected that its doctor prescribed a fresh one every morning before breakfast. It made a pounce for its prey, but the worm, which was of the garter variety, caught its tail in its mouth and, laughing heartily, rolled off backward in the manner of a hoop.

Moral. Many of the old adages are untrue, and nowadays early worms know a thing or two.

A WOMAN is never jealous of a man's attentions to other women so long as he openly shows his preference for her.



SHE WOULDN'T TAKE THE RISK.

INSURANCE AGENT—"I called to see if I couldn't insure your husband's life."

MRS. O'FLANNIGAN—"Shure, it wuddint be wort' th' whoile; he wurrucks in a powdher-mill, an' is loiable t' be blowed up at anny minnit!"

AN IRISH BULL.

"Oi dinnew phwy it is," observed Shaughnessy, referring to the loyalty of his countrymen in fighting England's battles; "in toimes of pace an Oirishman is always lukkin' fer throuble, but give him plenty of foightin' to do an' he's as quiet as a lamb."

JUST FOR VARIETY.

Mrs. Isaacstein—"I see you haf a leedle whistle fastened to efery leedle poy's suit."

Dealer—"Yes."

Mrs. Isaacstein—"Vhell, I shust wants to know uf you hafn't von for leedle Isaac mit a leedle cash-register on it?"

ANSWERING IN THE AFFIRMATIVE.

"Does your baby cry much?"

"Well, the neighbors always ask when they call whether or not he feels better than he did last night."

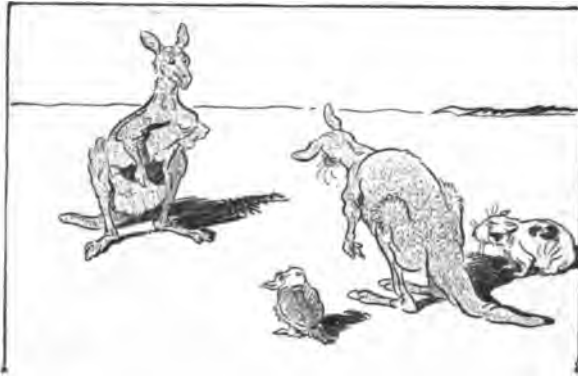


BUFFALO NOT THE ONLY ONE.

HEAD MEAT-GETTER—"Good luck this morning, oh, king! Here's a yankee explorer I've captured."

KING CHOO UP UP—"Chuck him in de fryin'-pan wid plenty ob grease. Heah's where Lululand has a pan American!"

THE VANISHING KANGAROO.



1.

THE BOY'S FUTURE.

Smith—"What will you make of your son?"

Brown—"A doctor."

Smith—"Does he lean toward medicine?"

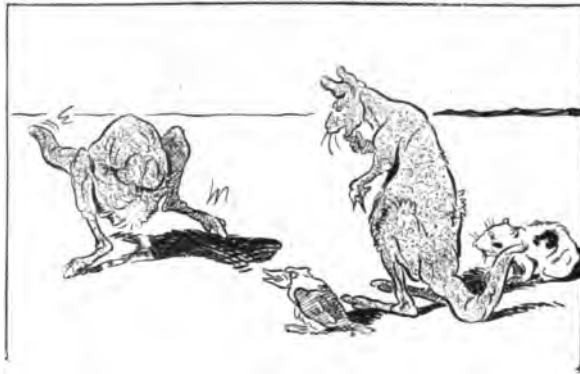
Brown—"Not particularly."

Smith—"Then why are you going to start him at that?"

Brown—"Because it gives him two chances of a livelihood."

Smith—"I do not understand you. How does it give him two chances?"

Brown—"Why, simply in this way: If he fails as a doctor he can still make money at writing novels for the big magazines."



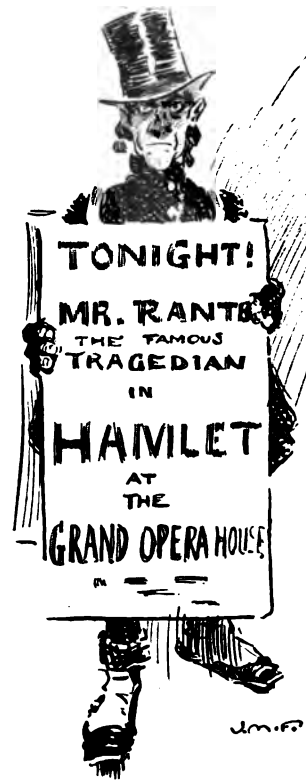
2.

SINGULAR IDEA.

"I have been reading about bald eagles, papa," said Benny Bloomer.

"Yes, Benny; and now I suppose you know all about them."

"No; but I'd like to know if the bald eagles are the married ones."



A HAM SANDWICH

DEFINITIONS.

Poker—A certain uncertainty.

Nuisance—Some one else's fad.

Questions—Temptations to untruth.

Inspiration—What fools wait for.

Laughter—The best gift of the gods.



3.

DISCOVERED THEIR REASON.

"Now, in America," remarked the tourist, "women frequently buy hats costing fifty dollars."

"Yes," replied the sultan of Sulu; "I understand that in America the men generally object very strongly to having more than one wife."



REUBEN'S CONCLUSIONS.

Naught to do but smoke and play Checkers all the livelong day.
Makes me think that winter, white,
Beats the summer out of sight.



4



THUGS (both together).—"He's mine, I tell yer; I saw him first."

INTELLECTUAL ROLLING STOCK.

Each man has got his train of thought, And so 'tis fixed by fate. The Philadelphian's, you will find, Is principally freight. The Wall Street man a Fiver has, And then we see instead, The chappies' train of thought, no doubt, Must be the Limited.

HALF AND HALF.

Small boy (summering in the country).—"Oh, papa, did you know they didn't pump the milk out of a well?" *Father* (recalling the blue milk of the city).—"Um—er—er—I guess I only about half knew it, my son."

THERE WAS A "BUT."

"Does Mr. Jones live here?" asked Mr. Barlow, who was seeking a former acquaintance. The question was answered by a colored woman who came to the door: "He do, but he's dead now."

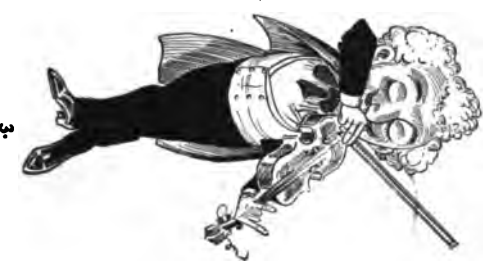
A HUNGARIAN BREAKDOWN.



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



A SWINDLE.

UNCLE CYRUS—"Say, this glass-eye hain't no good. I want my money back." OPTICIAN—"No good?" UNCLE CYRUS—"Hain't wuth a tinker's darn. Can't see a bit better with the blame thing than I kin without."



SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE VILLAGE STORE.

JOEL PEASELY (*sitting at extreme left of picture*)—"Hear 'bout the joke on Ham Tuffin?"

HENRY WIGGINS—"Nope. Whut scrape 's Hiram got into naow?"

JOEL PEASELY—"Gosh! this is the wust yet. Ham went down tew the city to buy holiday-presents (so he said), an' of co'rs'e c'uldn't resist gittin' full of lick'er, an' then he got skeered to cum home; so he ups an' telegraphits to his wife thet he'd missed the four-o'clock train."

HENRY WIGGINS—"Well, where's the p'int tew the joke?"

JOEL PEASELY—"The p'int? W'y, his wife got the telegram 'bout three o'clock—jest an hour 'fore his train started."



A SOLEMN MOMENT.

HERE was crape on the door.

A casket containing the mortal remains of the star boarder occupied the shaded and silent precincts of the front parlor. The air was heavy with the odor of flowers about the room, and the watchers moved noiselessly on tiptoe and spoke in whispers.

Everything had been done as if the late star boarder had looked his last upon earth in the midst of his own home and family. Republics may be ungrateful, but all boarding-houses are not.

In the dining-room four or five had gathered at the table for luncheon, and a hushed silence pervaded the sorrowing company. The clatter of



AFTER THE AUTO EXPLOSION.

JONES—"Hello, there, Bubbles! Since when did you become a lineman?"

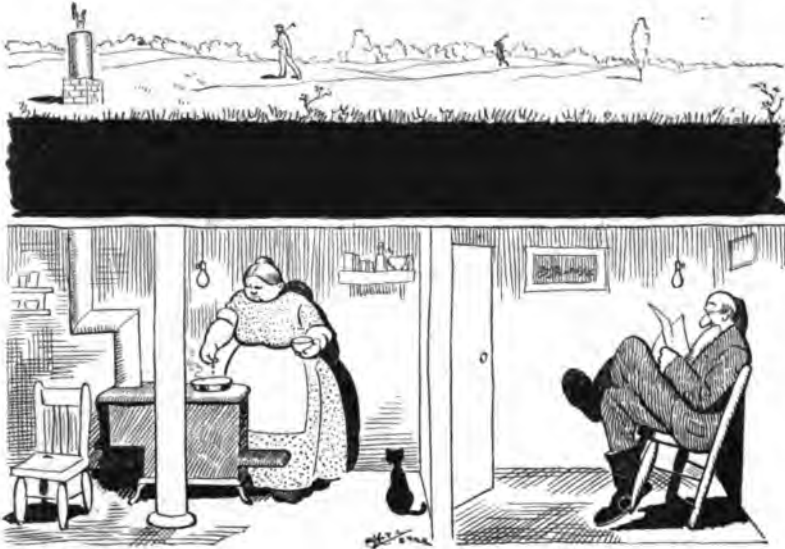
BUBBLES (*disgustedly*)—Lineman! You darned jay, don't you know an automobilist when you see one?"

POINTS OF VIEW.

Different people look at marriage according to their occupations in life. A sailor wants to be spliced, a carpenter joined, a coachman hitched, a vesselman mated, a brakeman coupled up, and a locksmith united in wed-lock.

A PISCATORIAL REGRET.

As the blackfish wriggled and gasped on the hot sea-sand little Willie remarked, "I'll bet he is sorry that he isn't a sunfish just now."



AS A LAST RESORT.

If the golfers insist on buying up every foot of land for links, perhaps the farmers can live under ground.

knives and forks was still, and the clashing of dishes was unheard.

The landlady, clothed in sombre garments, came out of the parlor and took her place at the head of the table.

"All flesh is grass," she sighed as she touched her eyes with her handkerchief.

The spinster saleslady across the table softly sobbed.

The hall-room boarder, with a squeaky voice, lifted his eyes to the landlady's face and quickly looked down into his plate.

"If it is," he said, with tears in his voice, "I would hate like thunder to have to mow a meadow of that beefsteak we had for breakfast this morning."

Then, indeed, was the moment solemn.



BAD FOR THE CHICKENS.

HER FATHER—"Will you be able to probide foh mah daughter an' gib her de little luxuries ob life she's bin useter habin'?"

SAM SNATCHEM—"Will I? Say, pop, jest look at dat reach!"

AT HER TONGUE'S END.

Norma—"I suppose you are getting to be quite a literary woman—belonging to three clubs?"

Enelyn—"Oh, yes; I have all the noted authors at my tongue's end. I'm to write a paper for next week on 'Charlotte Brontë'—you know that is Jane Eyre's masterpiece."

AN ODISIOUS COMPARISON.

Madge—"Isn't Miss Autumn aging rapidly?"

Marjorie—"Yes, indeed. She will soon have as many wrinkles as her French bulldog."



SOON REMEDIED.

Siddons—"The other day I went out walking with my best girl, and after we got a block from the house I discovered I had come off without my hat."

Spiggins—"What did you do?"
Siddons—"Oh, I lost my head and then I did not need it, you know."

TOO SWIFT FOR THEM.

"Eloped in an automobile, did they?"

"Yes; but it was no use. The old man had a flying-machine."

GETS STUCK JUST THE SAME.

The summer days are over,
The mosquito's hum is still.

Now the coal man is the hummer
Who will stick you with his bill.

NOTHING IN COMPARISON.

Mrs. Newcomb (all worn out, to lady caller)—"Tis so delightful to have a rest!"

Caller—"I s'pose you've finished canning for winter use, made your year's pickles, got through with the fall cleaning, made up a stock of bedding, and"—

Mrs. Newcomb (interrupting)—"No; I'm just home from my summer vacation!"

CAUSE FOR JOY.

First tramp—"I got an awful stone bruise on my heel yesterday."

Second tramp—"You ought to be thankful that it's not a soap-stone bruise."

AT THE HATTER'S.



"Ah! my new hat looks so nice I shall have to get a nice hair-cut to go with it."

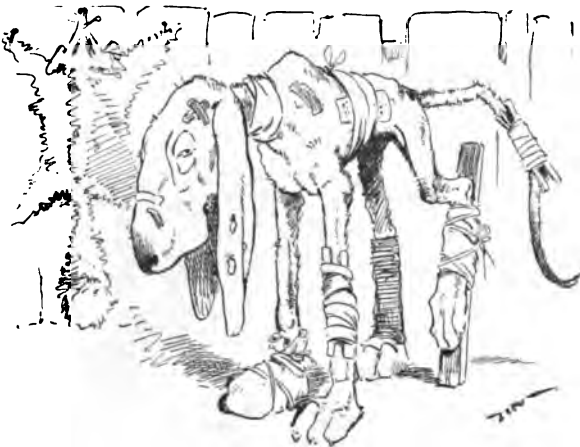


— Oh, gracious! now I'll have to get a new hat."



REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

O HUSBAND ever lived who was at all times the apple of his wife's eye.
Many men are courteous to all women save their wives.
A woman always suspects a man who tells her everything.
Confidentially, all business women would rather be married.
Matrimony is death to the ambition of nine women out of ten.
A husband's first deception leaves an ineffaceable scar on a wife's heart.
Other women's husbands make life bearable for many wives.



AN EXPRESSION FREQUENTLY
HEARD AMONG HUNTERS.
"He's a well-broke fox-hound."

RARE DISCRIMINATION.

"The story is all right," said the editor, "but why did you not bring a portrait of the criminal, Mr. Faber?"

"His face was unfit for publication, sir," replied the reporter, who was a man of rare discrimination.

HIS BENEFICENT WAY.

City nephew—"What do you think of Doctor Pillsbury as a physician?"

Farmer Hayroob—"Safest doctor anywhere in this part of the country—nearly always off fishin when he's wanted."

TOMMY'S QUERY.

Mamma—"You must have your hair shingled, Tommy."

Tommy—"And then will my head look like the roof of a house?"

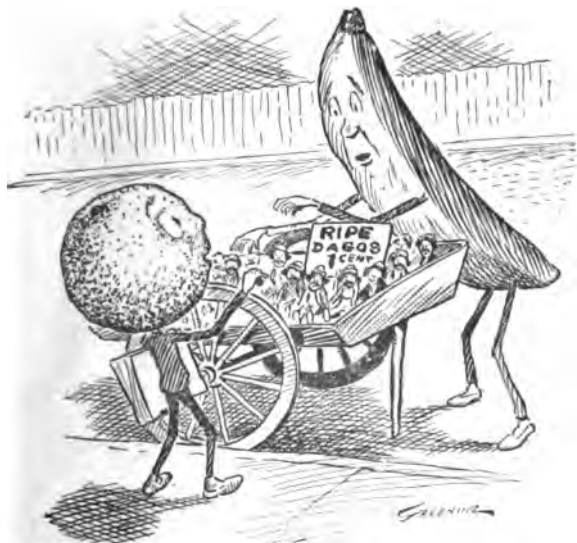


A FORCED ACCEPTANCE.

MR. ALDERMANN—"Young Hikoller just asked me for Mary's hand and I told him to take her and be happy."

MRS. ALDERMANN—"Oh, John, how could you?"

MR. ALDERMANN—"Confound it, I had to! To-morrow is election, and if I'd kicked him out of the house I'd have lost his vote."



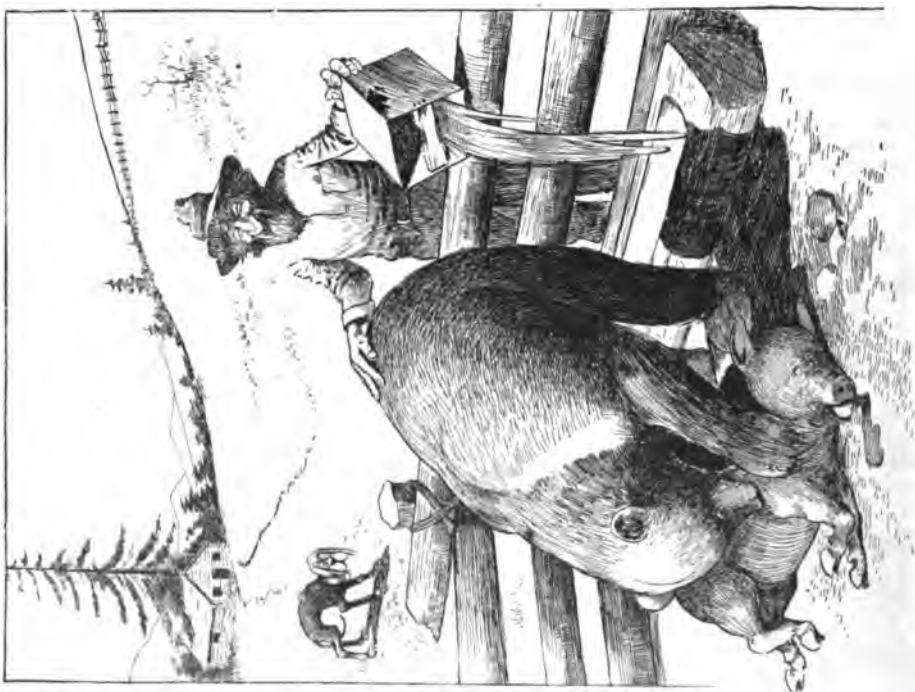
IN TOPSY-TURVY LAND.

ORANGE—"Hey! got any two-for-a-cent dagoes?"

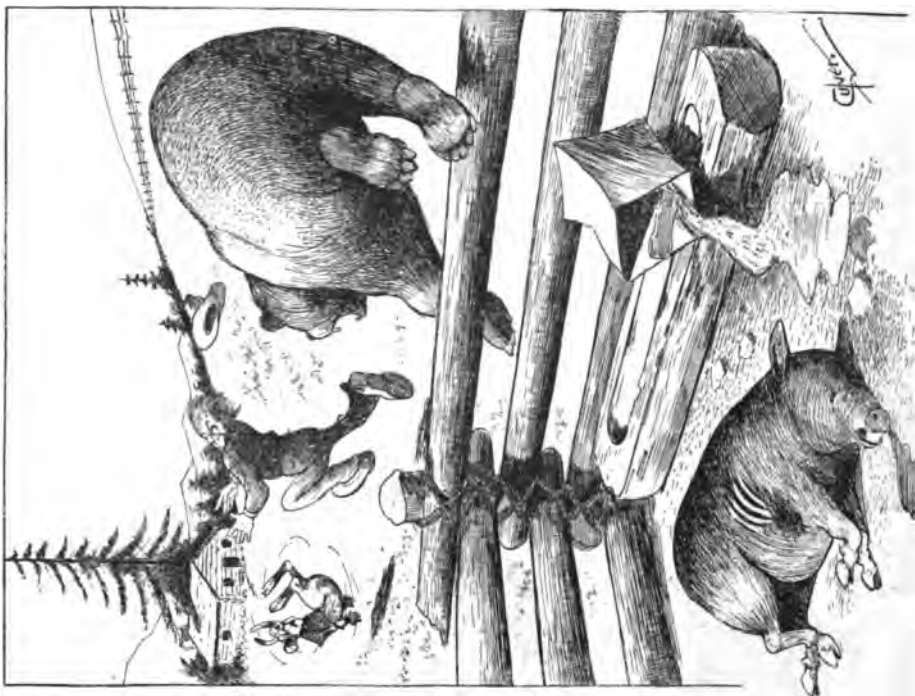


GOO-GOO EYES.

MICKEY (*sighing*)—"Oh-h-h, if Maggie O'Hoolihan wud only look at me like dat!"



NEAR-SIGHTED RANCHER—"Well, I'll be derned if that thar hog hain't grewed a foot since yisterday! Jest shows a feller what this here Californy——



—— climate 'll do."

AWAY TO THE WESTWARD.

THE FIRST SPECTACLES.

"You ought to wear glasses," said Mrs. Bangerly to her husband, who insists that the reason he cannot read as well now as he formerly could is owing entirely to the fact that the type in the newspapers is not so good as it used to be.

"I don't see why," he contended.

"Simply because you need them. A man of your age, Mr. Bangerly, ever since the beginning, has needed glasses to read with, if for no other reason."

"You haven't any proof of it," argued Mr. Bangerly, who is given to "jolly" his wife. "Noah was pretty old and he didn't wear glasses."

"He had them just the same," she said.



LIGHT HOUSE KEEPING.

"You can't prove that, either," he said, rather more triumphantly than before.

"Why can't I?" she retorted. "The Bible says he took a pair of everything on earth into the ark with him, and of course that would include a pair of glasses, wouldn't it?"

"Um—er," hemmed and hawed Mr. Bangerly, and moved over where the light was stronger.

THE PROBABLE PLACE.

Mary—"Where did the Blowers spend the summer?"

Jane—"It is hard to tell. Mr. Blower says they went to Newport, Mrs. Blower says they were at Narragansett, while Clara says they were at Bar Harbor; so I judge they spent the summer on Staten island."



SUPERSTITIOUS.

FIRST BOWLER—"I wonder if that has anything to do with it?"

SECOND BOWLER—"What do you refer to?"

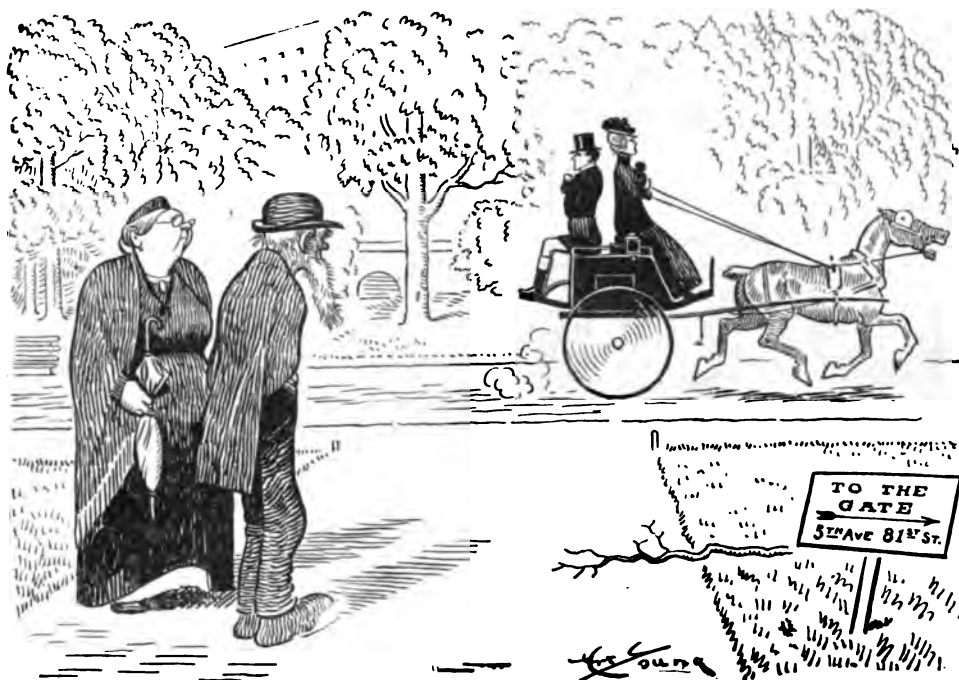
FIRST BOWLER—"Why, I had sausage for supper and since I have begun bowling I have got three poodles."



TONSorial JOcULARITY.

PATRON—"I'm the new customer."

BARBER—"Yes? Glad to 'scrape up' acquaintance with you."



UNCLE JOSHUA JONES—"Now, jus' look at that! Bin quarrelin', an' both on 'em too proud to make up."

DAYS OF GRACE.

"Your days are finished," said Time to Summer in the fullness of her joys. "You may see it written on the first leaf that falls."

A chill shot through the sunshine. A leaf fluttered and fell, yellow and curled. Summer paled.

"My days have been too short!" she cried. "And do not think they have all been joyous. Have you not felt my throes in the hands of my destiny, and heard me sobbing in the night?"

"Has it, then, been decreed that there should be no tears or pains?" droned Time. "Show me such a sign. And say why your days should all be joyous."

"I do not rebel or complain," replied Summer. "And I must joy, even in my pain. Only grant me a little of the fire of the sun and a space yet for loving."

Did it matter to Time? A wave of caloric here, a molecule changed about there—a space yet for loving! He gave her the mornings, which were as silver, and the noon-times, which were gold-

en. And the creatures of Summer rejoiced in their day of grace. The creeping things uncurled again and the grasshoppers danced their brief hour in the sun, while a butterfly sought for its mate. Ephemera began new generations, housed in a floating sunbeam. Garden-plants put forth adventitious buds, and dragon-flies, poised on dead grasses, lent reality to the show. Only at night the cricket made its ominous complaint, and the seed-cups hung portentous and full.

If Time had restrained Autumn, one day he relaxed indifferently.

The next day the foliage was ashen gray or ablaze with hectic glory. And everywhere a spirit seemed to be moving through the rustling leaves.

Did a ghost pass?

Summer!

And the cricket complained.

LOVE ceases with the first symptom of indifference.



IN TRAINING.

REVEREND OMAMA—"Hey! What are you doing?"

CAPTAIN BANGS—"Why, I'm gettin' dis new quarter-back inter condition. I'm de professional trainer uv de Doyer street football team."

THE FAT MAN AND THE CHAIR—A PANTOMIME IN SIX ACTS.



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.

Stylized signature



INEXPLAINABLE ACCURACY.

CHOLLY POORSHOT (*enthusiastically*)—"Hi! hi! guide, did you see me tumble that bird? Whew! That's my third successive kill."
GUIDE—"Yes, b' gosh! you *are* havin' an off day."

A RAG-TIME CAMEO.

The squirrel 's gayly
skipping
Akimbo on the rail ;
The gunner 's fairly
ripping
The feathers off the
quail.

The housewife 's pir-
ouetting,
At rapture's goal
awake,
While tuning up and
setting
The griddle for the
cake.

And while the rabbit
nag-time
Is making full of
song,
The cider-mill in rag-
time
Is gurgling right
along.

TRUS' no one an'
put berry little con-
ference in yo'rse'f.



THE TRAMP'S EXCUSE.

MRS. WELLMONT—"Ain't you ashamed to be begging for a living?"
WEARY WILLIE—"Not a bit, mum; I wuz educated fer de ministry."

IMPOSSIBLE.

At the literary
club.

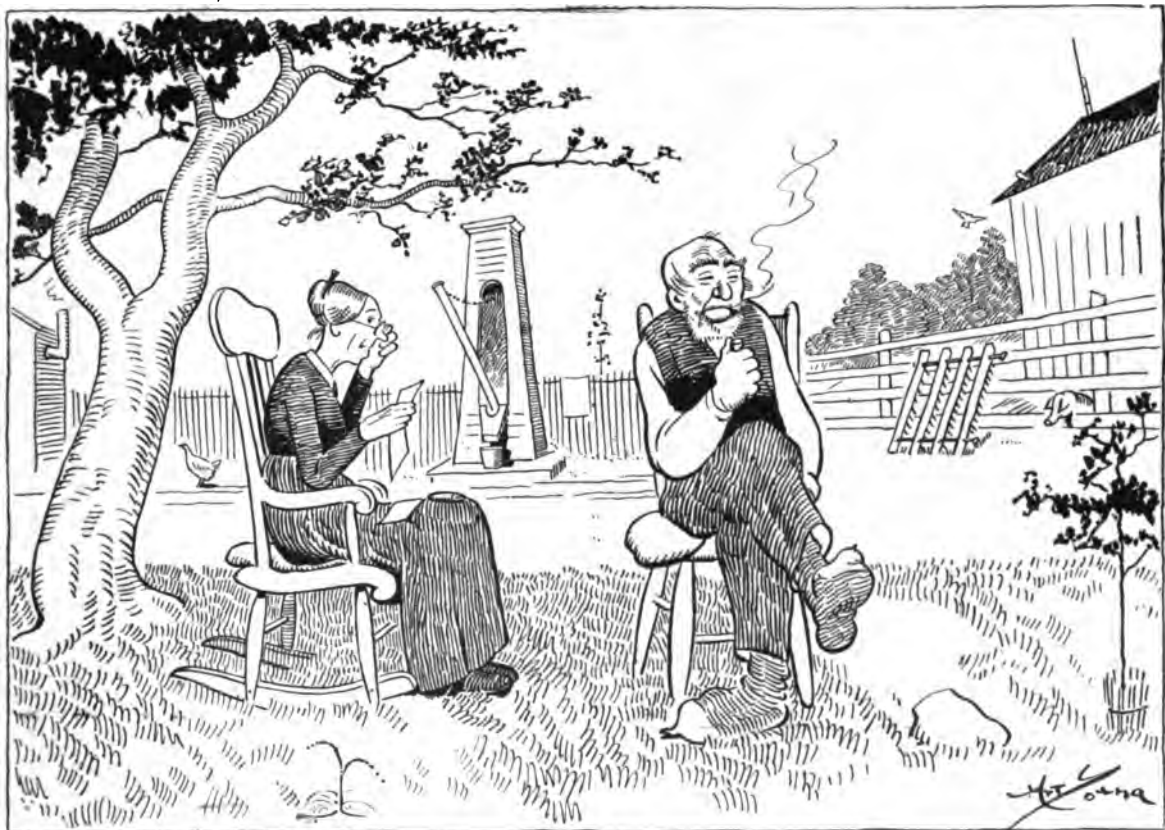
First member—
"Don't you think we
should read a book
that will do us good?"

Second member—
"But how can we?
We must be up to
date, you know, and
there hasn't been
anything published
for years that will
do us any good."

IN A NUTSHELL.

Mrs. Cobwigger—
"I see the women
are agitating for a
law of 'No seat, no
fare.'"

Cobwigger—"As
a pretty woman is
never allowed to
stand, it seems to be
rather a question of
'No fair, no seat.'"



A DRAG AS HE KNEW IT.

MRS. PUNKINTON—"Emmy writes thet her rich New York feller takes her out to his country place ev'ry evenin' an' gives her a ride on his drag."

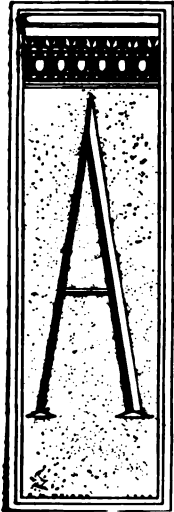
AMOS PUNKINTON—"Gosh! it beats all what girls will do when they git citified. You wouldn't ketch Emmy ridin' on no drag here to hum."



DRASTIC MEASURES.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER—"Now, Reuben, if your father had a hundred sheep, and ninety and nine were safe in the fold, and one was missing upon the bleak hillside, what would he do?"

REUBEN—"He'd say, 'Towser, go find that dod-blasted, geramighty sheep an' chaw th' tail off'n it!'"



AN AUTUMN NOTE.

AMONG the stacks of corn
The pumpkin richly glows;
The bullock winds his horn,
The cider sweetly flows.

The squirrel skims the rail.
The burnished chestnut falls,
And down the dreamy dale
The bob-white blithely calls.

And so uneasy lies
The head, though round or flat,
That as the red leaf flies
Wears summer's big straw-hat.

HOW IT IMPRESSED HER.

"Dacious!" exclaimed Margie as her mother proceeded in the dressing of the cabbage, "what a lot of undershirts zat sing wears."



A TIN TYPE.

TO HIS SORROW

Biggs—"Do you know anything about liquid air?"

Boggs—"Yes; I bought some stock in the company, and I discovered that it's the same thing as hot air."

AN UNRELIABLE GUIDE.

Freddy—"Ma, according to my appetite, it must be near dinner time."

Mamma—"Yes, but your appetite is usually fast."



A HINT TO GOLFERS.

NIBLICK—"What the deuce is that horrible odor around here?"

SCHMITTER—"Dot vos mine pet scheme. I put limburger cheese on der balls und den I don't lost em, ain't it?"



A BARGAIN ADVERTISEMENT.

"Big run on socks."



CASHED IN.

MR. BODWIG—"Well, if there isn't Ike Johnson, and still wearing his old check suit!"

THE GHOST—"Yes; I passed in my checks."



"What time be it?"

UNAPPRECIATED TESTIMONY.

"Brethren and sisters," began a shifty-eyed man, rising in the midst of the salvation-army meeting, "I want to testify to-night to the blessed work that religion has done for me."

"Say on, brother!" cried the captain encouragingly; "say on."

"I am a cable-car gripman," continued the first speaker, "and, as most of you understand, my business is one in which patience and temper are often tried almost beyond endurance; and, as you also know, it is customary for men in my position to return an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth at the slightest provocation. But since I have received the sustaining consolation of the faith I have striven to be a meeker and better man."

"Hallelujah!" exclaimed a lassie triumphantly.

"Only yesterday," proceeded the speaker modestly, "I had an experience which tried me to the utmost, but gave me a glorious victory in the end. We were jolting along a crowded street, three minutes behind schedule time, when a well-dressed young man signaled me to stop. Between his lips was an unlighted cigar and in his fingers a match. When I had brought things to a standstill he carefully scratched a match on the side of the car and slowly lighted his cigar. When the weed was drawing freely he stepped back, thanked me with a polite nod, and waved me to go ahead. Had this

occurred only a few weeks ago, before I began attending these meetings, I should have assailed that young man with an outburst of profanity that would have made his hair curl; but yesterday"—

"You resisted the temptation?" interrupted several eager voices.

"Yes, brethren and sisters; I pulled the lever and went onward without a word, counting one hundred to myself, and"—

"Stop right there, young man!" broke in the salvation-army captain sternly. "You seem to have forgotten that we were men and women of the world before becoming soldiers of the cross, and that some of us were liars ourselves. There is a great deal of difference between a Christian and a confounded fool, my friend. Sit down!"

THE OLD LOVE.

Beneath these trees we wandered long years ago. Your form was slender and you were dressed in white and gold. You gleamed in the pale moonlight. I think I see you now. The little bits of gold on your gown, which glittered in the beams, seemed to make you more angelic in my eyes. Suddenly my parents came out into the garden. I lurked with you behind this rose-bush. I was a mere boy, but you filled my heart with joy—that is, at first, but you were fickle. Before I parted with you you had filled me with regret. Alas! you came from my father's tobacco pouch. You were a cigarette.



"There ye are, b' gum!"

AUTUMN FASHION NOTES.

RAINS are still run after by suburbans.

Gilt-edged stocks are preferred.

Divorce suits for court wear are being aired abroad.

Knobby effects in black and blue are displayed by cyclists.

Cheques, the larger the better, are constantly in demand.

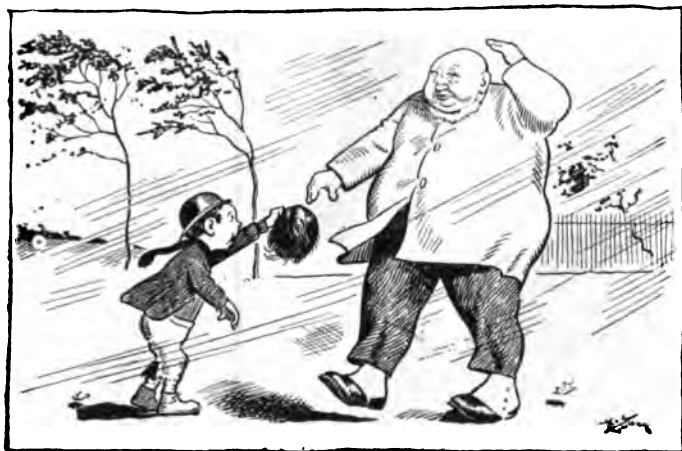
Chestnut will be popular for street wear after the fall openings.

Many foreign importations, no matter how severely cut, are disposed to cling as closely as ever.

The summer resort bow, so much sought after during the season, will shortly be superseded by the clerical tie.



GOING TO "L" FAST.



A HAIR RESTORER.



Bridget tries on her mistress's new ball-dress without losing any time in her housework.



FOOT-BALL HAIR.

BARBER—"Oil, sah?"

CAPTAIN RUSHER—"Yes."

BARBER—" 'Scuse me, sah, but boss says it'll cost you two dollars and a half extra."



LOOKED BAD FOR SI.

FARMER GREENE—"Si Slocum's tellin' folks thet you've owed him twenty dollars fer thirty years!"

FARMER BROWN—"You tell Si Slocum thet liars should have better memories—I borrowed thet twenty in '76! How kin you make thirty years out o' that?"

Blood Poison Cured Free

The Remedy Is Sent Absolutely Free to Every Man or Woman Sending Name and Address.

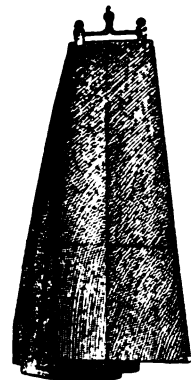
A celebrated Indiana physician has discovered most wonderful cure for Syphilis or Blood Poison ever known. It quickly cures all such indications as mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, mer-colored spots, chancres, ulcerations on the face, and in hundreds of cases where the hair and eyebrows had fallen out and the whole skin was a mass of boils, pimples and ulcers, this wonderful medicine has completely changed the whole body to a clean, perfect condition of physical health.



The illustrations above plainly show what this Grand Discovery will do.

William McGrath, 48 Guilford Street, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I am a well man to-day where a year ago I was a total wreck. Several doctors had tried to cure me of syphilis. I was rid of my sores and my skin became smooth and natural in two weeks, and after completing the treatment there was not a sore or pimple on my body, and to-day I am absolutely well. I give you permission to use my name, and I will answer all inquiries from suffering men." Every railroad running into Fort Wayne brings scores of sufferers seeking this new and marvelous cure, and to enable those who cannot travel to disce what a truly marvelous work the doctor is accomplishing, they will send free to every sufferer a trial package of the remedy, so that everyone can cure themselves in the privacy of their own home. This is the only known treatment that cures this most terrible of all diseases. Address: State Medical Institute, 3408 Elektron Building, Fort Wayne, Ind. Do not hesitate to write at once, and the free trial package will be sent sealed plain package.

Klipper's Skirt Hanger



With it the weight of the skirt is equally divided on the band, preventing all SAGGING and BAGGING, so RUINOUS to the GARMENT - - - -

25¢ each

\$1 Set of Five.

Mailed on receipt of price. Write for Agents' terms.

KLIPPER MFG. CO.,

74 Sixth Avenue, NEW YORK CITY.

REFLECTING.

When pe'ble sit an' pondar 'bout dese dre'ry days o' fall
I take my tho'ts back yondar to the picture on de wall,
Wher' I cast 'way dull 'ours, lookin', dreamin' at dat face
Dat always looks like summer, wid its joys an' all its grace.

COMPULSORY ECONOMY.

Benedict—"Brace up, old man, and get married. It's the only way to really live. You won't pay nearly so much for the necessities of life as you do now."

Bachelor—"That is what I am afraid of."

A MERCENARY BEAUTY.

Dolly—"Would you marry a tittle?"

Madge—"I wouldn't mind one of those Coal Barons."

Millions of Mothers.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

DO A RUSHING BUSINESS.

Faggles—"Are those five-cent stores very popular?"

Waggles—"The beer saloons are."

DIFFERENT.

Deacon—"Somebody rung in a counterfeit dollar on the collection-plate."

Minister—"Well, never mind. We really didn't lose anything."

Deacon—"But we did. He got away with ninety-nine cents good money in exchange."

GREAT SPORT—PERFECT HEALTH. EXERCISE



IN YOUR ROOM WITH A

"NEW" Punching Bag NOISELESS

Can be mounted on Window, Door Frame, or Wall. Requires space 6x8 inches. Weight, 7½ lbs. Price, complete, delivered, Professional "New" Bag, \$6.95.

(The New Bag, \$5.95.) If not carried by dealer, order direct of

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The Sohmer Piano is recognized by the music-loving public as one of the best in the world. Visit the warehouses, Sohmer Building, 170 Fifth Avenue, before buying elsewhere.

FREE TO LADIES: Monthly Regulator VITA CO., Sta. B, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ladies; Gentlemen, send date of birth and your description. I will send you free a photo of your future wealthy bride or groom. Globe, 161 Michigan St., Chicago.

OPIUM, WHISKEY and other drug habits absolutely cured by my original and only successful home treatment. Resident sanatorium if preferred. It will cost you nothing to investigate. Book on these diseases sent free. **B. M. Woolley, M. D., Box 213, Atlanta, Ga.**

FRUGALITY.

Johnny—"Say, pa, why are poets born and not made?"

Father—"Because it's much cheaper, my son."

\$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. **ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 901, Detroit, Mich.**

MOTHERS Your children cured of ZEMETO CO., R. 17, 1026-12th St., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

THE KILLED.

Slows—"Was the footman on his automobile killed?"

Skids—"No, but several foot men on the road were."

BLOOD POISON

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary (Syphilitic) Blood Poison permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for the same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide, potassium, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, sore throat, pimples, copper colored spots, ulcers on any part of the body, hair or eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON that we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs and 100-page book sent sealed. No branch offices. Use full address as follows: **COOK REMEDY COMPANY, 1430 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.**

SIGNS OF FALL.

The "Mountain rest" is closing up.
Likewise the "Ocean view";
The folks are coming back to town,
The lovers say adieu.
Janice and Dick return to school,
Ma scans her calling-list;
And pa starts in again to earn
What helps us to exist.

The chappie with the blond mustache
Who splurged without regard
Will soon be selling ribbon at
A dollar five a yard.
The girl he thinks an heiress, and
Has done his best to win,
Will soon be taking orders where
The dishes add their din.

The celebrated players from
Their country homes return—
That is, they break connections with
Some "Uncle Tom" concern.
The Woodbees now from Rocky farm
Return with forty trunks,
And fib about the sport they've had
At Lake Kermunkamunks.

The farmer and proprietor
Count up their gold with joy;
The iceman and expressman with
Their bags of bullion toy.
And all these little changes make
The supposition clear
That summer days have flown at last
And autumn days are here.

Coat, to the white-duck trousers, on the
freshly painted seat—"Now you are up
against it."

OIL—SMELTER—MINES

Dividend-Paying Mining, Oil and Smelter Stocks,
Listed and Unlisted, Our Specialty.

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JERSEY CITY, N. J.

LADIES who desire a Monthly Regulator that
cannot fail will please address, with
stamp, DR. STEVENS, BUFFALO, N. Y.

CLEAR CASE.

Jaggles—"They say his wife got a
divorce from him on the ground of non-
support."

Waggles—"No wonder. He fed her on
nothing but health foods."

PERFECT SYSTEM.

Northern visitor—"Isn't there danger
that you might lynch the wrong man?"

Georgian—"Not the least, sah. We
have a written list of eligibles, and every-
thing is in alphabetical ordah, sah."

Cures Weak Men Free.

Send Name and Address To-day---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous for Life.

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.



HEALTH, STRENGTH AND VIGOR FOR MEN.

How any man may quickly cure himself after years
of suffering from sexual weakness, lost vitality, night
losses, varicocele, etc., and enlarge small, weak organs
to full size and vigor. Simply send your name and ad-
dress to Dr. Knapp Medical Co., 79c Hull Bldg.,
Detroit, Mich., and they will gladly send the free
receipt with full directions so any man may easily cure
himself at home. This is certainly a most generous
offer, and the following extracts, taken from their daily
mail, show what men think of their generosity:

"Dear Sirs:—Please accept my sincere thanks for
yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a
thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary.

It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous
as when a boy, and you cannot realize how happy I am."

"Dear Sirs:—Your method worked beautifully.
Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and
vigor have completely returned, and enlargement is
entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sirs:—Yours was received and I had no
trouble in making use of the receipt as directed, and
can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am
greatly improved in size, strength and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in
plain, sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the ask-
ing, and they want every man to have it.

Why Be Fat

When There Is a New Home Treatment That Quickly Reduces Weight to Normal Without Diet or Medicine and is Absolutely Safe?

TRIAL PACKAGE FREE BY MAIL.

Don't be too fat; don't puff and blow; don't endanger your life with a lot of excess fat; and furthermore, don't ruin your stomach with a lot of useless drugs and patent medicines. Send your



name and address to Prof. F. J. Kellogg, 901 W. Main St. Battle Creek, Mich., and he will send you free a trial package of his remarkable treatment that will reduce your weight to normal. Do not be afraid of evil consequences, the treatment is perfectly safe, is natural and scientific and gives such a degree of comfort as to astonish those who have wanted and perspired under the weight of excess fat. It takes off the big stomach, gives the heart freedom, enables the lungs to expand naturally and you will feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful home treatment.

Send your name and address for a free trial package sent securely sealed in a plain wrapper, with full directions how to use it, books and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured.

Send for the free trial package to-day. It will lighten the rest of your life.

ONE GIRL'S REGRET.

Madge—"The golf season will soon be over."

Marjorie—"Oh, pshaw! Then we'll have to go to church again on Sundays."

OPIUM and Liquor Habit Cured without inconvenience or detention from business. Write **THE DR. J. L. STARRS CO., Dept. I.S. Lebanon, Ohio.**

ADIES! A friend in need is a friend indeed. If you want a regulator that never fails, address **THE WOMAN'S MEDICAL HOME, Buffalo, N. Y.**

Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful **MARVEL Whirling Spray**. The new Vaginal Syringe. Infection and Suction. Best-Satisfaction—Most Convenient. It Cleanses Instantly.

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the **MARVEL**, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—asked. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. **MARVEL CO., Room 2 Times Bldg., New York.**

A THOUGHTLESS MAN.

Mr. Skoopedmann—"Let me take you across the square for a walk. It's such a glorious ni"—

Miss Pheensay—"Oh, no, please; I'd—rather not."

Mr. Skoopedmann—"Well, suppose we go up town to a roof-garden or somewhere?"

Miss Pheensay—"Not to-night—next time you come, perhaps."

Mr. Skoopedmann—"Funny! You've said that to me the last three times I have asked you to go out."

Miss Pheensay—"Well, I've been hoping it would be next time."

Mr. Skoopedmann—"And why isn't it?"

Miss Pheensay—"You'll hate me if I tell you the truth; I know you will."

Mr. Skoopedmann—"The truth?"

Miss Pheensay—"Oh, yes—the mean and contemptible reason why I don't want to be seen in the street with you—at present."

Mr. Skoopedmann (with rising spirit)—"Alicia! I beg you will tell me at once!"

Miss Pheensay—"Oh, Arthur dear! hate me—but you have worn that straw hat exactly two weeks too long."

LIKE A BEEVE.

Colby—"I wonder why the Chinaman keeps his pigtail on in summer?"

Bowly—"To switch flies off with."



WM BARKER CO. TROY, N.Y.
LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS
ARE THE BEST BUY THEM.

MORPHINE

and all forms of drug habit cured while you sleep by Dr. Swaine's Antidote. Painless.

rapid, safe; no failures; no relapses; cure guaranteed; fully explained in booklet "N." Write or call. **THREE DAY SANITARIUM, 1146 Third Ave., Detroit, Mich.**



ALBERT VERNON.

Century," in which he fully describes the science of Psychratism. Write for it to-day. It costs you nothing. He wishes all to profit by his experience and knowledge, and will be glad to start you in the study of this, the grandest of all sciences, by sending you the book free and postpaid upon receipt of your name. This is a valuable book, not a mere advertising pamphlet, and contains much information and the rudimentary lessons in this interesting and elevating science. **Vernon Academy of Mental Sciences and Sanatorium, 336 East Ave., Rochester, N.Y.**



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BOSTON GARTER

THE STANDARD FOR GENTLEMEN

ALWAYS EASY

The Name "BOSTON GARTER" is stamped on every loop—

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

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GOSSIP.

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You are not competent to combat the influences of the world without it. With a knowledge of the principles of this grand science failure has been changed to success; the sick have been made well. It is a marvelous force available in the every-day affairs of life between man and man in business, in sickness and health. Psychratism is simply the power of putting another to sleep nor a name to mystify. Psychratism is a science and appeals to man's intellect and reason. It enlightens; makes truth of mystery and is the X-Ray of Self-Development and personal influence, enabling one to see and understand all that has been attributed to supernatural agency, hypnotism and occult influences during the past ages.

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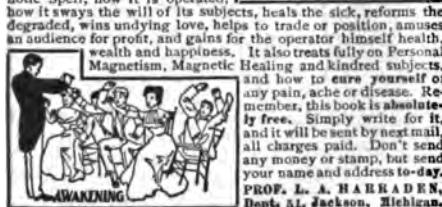
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It takes but a few hours to learn. The study is both easy and fascinating. Hypnotism is an endless source of fun and wonder. If you know how to hypnotize you can perform the most marvelous feats imaginable. You can do a thousand amazing things that other people cannot do. You can surprise all your friends and make yourself famous. You can place any one you wish under this strange and magic spell. You can compel them to think, act and feel just as you wish. If you want to make money you can do it by giving entertainments, curing diseases or teaching the art to others. These are three sure and easy ways to win a fortune. Why be poor?

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INDIGENOUS.

Cobwigger—"How does that Boston girl address you?"

Merritt—"She uses synonyms."

STUDIES IN UNNATURAL HISTORY. THE PODUNK JAY.

'Tis very strange, and yet upon my word
This silly fellow thinks he is a bird!
He lives on hayseed—everywhere he's found,
But in the country he does most abound.
And at the approach of winter (more's the pity),
A flock of jays will migrate to the city.

HOW IT IMPRESSES HIM.

"Do you know what all these explanations and edicts from China make me think?" asked Perkasio of Gazzam.

"What do they make you think?"

"They make me think that General Chin Chin is in command over there."

ON THE DAY OF ARRIVAL.

Smith—"I don't see anything very rocky about this coast."

Brown—"Wait until you sample the beds."



There is but one way to tell the reason of baldness and falling hair, and that is by a microscopic examination of the hair itself. The particular disease with which your scalp is afflicted must be known before it can be intelligently treated. The use of dandruff cures and hair tonics, without knowing the specific cause of your disease, is like taking medicine without knowing what you are trying to cure. Send three fallen hairs from your combings to Prof. J. H. Austin, the celebrated Bacteriologist, who will send you absolutely free a diagnosis of your case, a booklet on care of the hair and scalp, and a sample box of the remedy which he will prepare specially for you. Enclose 2c postage and write to-day.

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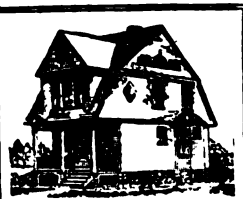
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THE ONLY WAY.

MANAGER (*at rehearsal*)—"See here! You've got to shudder more naturally than that when the ghost comes in."
HAMLET—"Well, I've asked you repeatedly to give my mother-in-law the job of ghost, and you won't do it."



WASTED SENTIMENT.

HE (*who has wandered*)—"Ah, my friend, many a brave heart lies here beneath this soil."
 THE WORKMAN—"Ah, go on! What'cher talkin' about? This ain't no graveyard. I'm a marble-cutter, and we sell them things."

VERY MUCH SO.

"I may not know much about politics," remarked the turkey, "but"—he hastily resumed his dumb-bell practice—

"With me, expansion is a dead issue."

A WISE MAN.

Townley—"Halloa, Smithson! Back from your vacation? You have been away only a week."

Smithson—"I have only a fortnight; and I need the other week to rest up in before I go back to work."



HIS FIRST GOLFER.

OFFICER O'BRIEN (*Just imported from County Clare*)—"Where's yure license?"

GOLFITE—"But, my dear sir, I have no license."

OFFICER O'BRIEN—"Thin you're under arrest. Vez can't peddle umbrellas in this burg widout a license."



NOT AN ALL-ROUND IMPLEMENT.
PEDDLER—"Let me sell you one of these nice light-wire potato-mashers."
Mrs. O'GRADY—"Potaty-masher? Whoy, if Oi'd t'row dat at Moike he'd niver notice it more than if it wor a floy."



NOT SO BAD.

RS. UPTODATE MALA-PROP, telling a sad story of the sufferings of a crippled friend, finished the recital of woe by saying,

"The poor man can't walk a step, and has to sit in an infidel chair all the time."

"What a pity—and so bad for his immortal soul!" replied her sympathetic but mischievous listener.

"Oh, no!" promptly contradicted Mrs. Mala-

prop; "it's his spine that's afflicted."



The Reverend Johnson proves a little Christian science.



WANTED TO TALK BUSINESS.

"How much do I owe you, doctor?"

"Eighty-nine dollars and nineteen cents, but if you have a relapse I'll give you a discount."

NEVER TOUCHED HER.

"And you say that you were there when the earthquake happened?" said Miss Tommey to Miss Templeton.

"Yes."

"How did it feel?"

"Oh, I didn't notice it at all. You see, my Paris gown had just got home and I had discovered that there was a wrinkle down the back."

ZEAL—A quality sure to make its possessor disliked.

Youth—The happy time you spend wishing that you were grown up.



THE AWFUL SIGNIFICANCE.

WEARY WILLIE—"I dreamed last night dat I died and went ter heaven! W'ot do yer s'pose dat means?"

FRAYED FAGIN—"Dat you're going ter live and git married! Dreams allers goes be contraries."

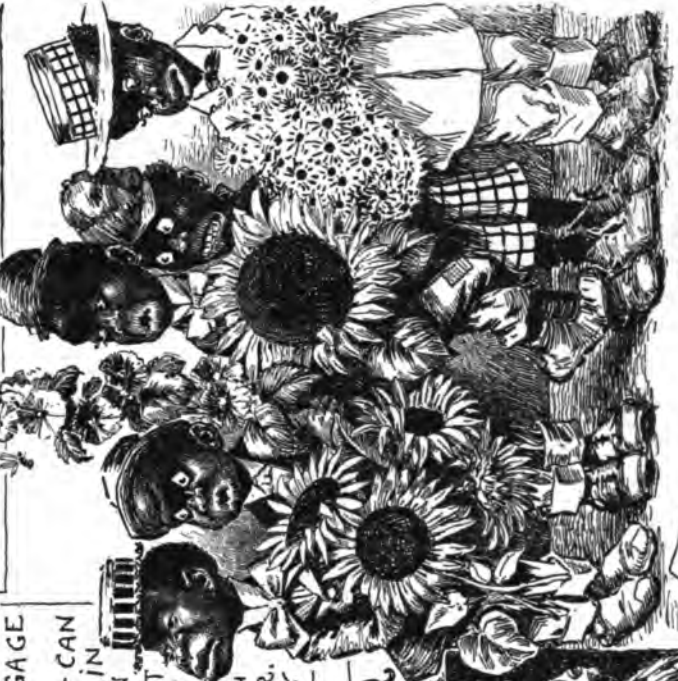


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MELONCHOLY JOY
DESDÉMONA**
ONE CONSECUTIVE NIGHT
SUPPORTED BY HER FOLKS
AND THE POSSUMVILLE
DRAMATIC CLUB

MISS JOY WILL ENGAGE
IN A
CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN-CAN
WITH O'HELLO IN
THE PILLOW SCENE AND
IT'S TO TO 1 SHE WON'T
GET KILLED. THE LAST
ACT WILL WIND UP
WITH A CIRCUS-WICH
IS DIFFERENT FROM MR.
SHAKESPEAR'S PLAY

STAGE DOOR

NOTICE
IF THERE IS ANY MONEY TAKEN IN AT THE
BOX OFFICE IT WILL BE RAFFLED OFF AT
THE CLOTHES OF THE PERFORMANCE
COME AND TAKE A CHANCE BUT DON'T
TAKE ANYTHING ELSE - THERE WILL BE
A LOT OF CHEAP WHITE TRASH GIVING
A MINSTREL SHOW ON MONDAY NIGHT
WE HOPE NO BODY WONT GO TO IT



R. F. Outcault

THE LATEST SONG
WAY DOWN
YONDER
IN DE
KLONDYKE
JOHN GOLDEN

SHAKESPEARE IN POSSUMVILLE

CHORUS OF JOHNNIES (at the stage-door of the opera-house)—"Dar goes dat chicken-breasted coon wif de star actress—jes' case she know his daddy got a interest in a watermellyun patch."

A QUESTION OF LOCALITY.

The affable eastern drummer, passing through the alkali district of Arizona, hailed a native driving by with, "Howdy, stranger?"

"Oh, I'm cistern, podner."

"You're what?"

"I'm cistern—I'm healthy."

"You mean you're well."

"No, I don't nuther; this is the dryest place on earth, and I don't use no well."

LOOKS FUNNY.

Mrs. Dorcas—"Women are allowed to vote in some of the states."

Dorcas—"I know it, my dear, and those are the very states that have the fewest women."



A SOUL-SAVING SUBSTITUTE.

"I've a great scheme," said good Deacon Tee.
"I like to play golf, don't you see?"

But it's naughty to swear,
So when I fan the air
The boy pokes the parrot for me."

CAUSE TO BE THANKFUL.

Freddie—"Say, pa, what have I to be thankful for, anyhow?"

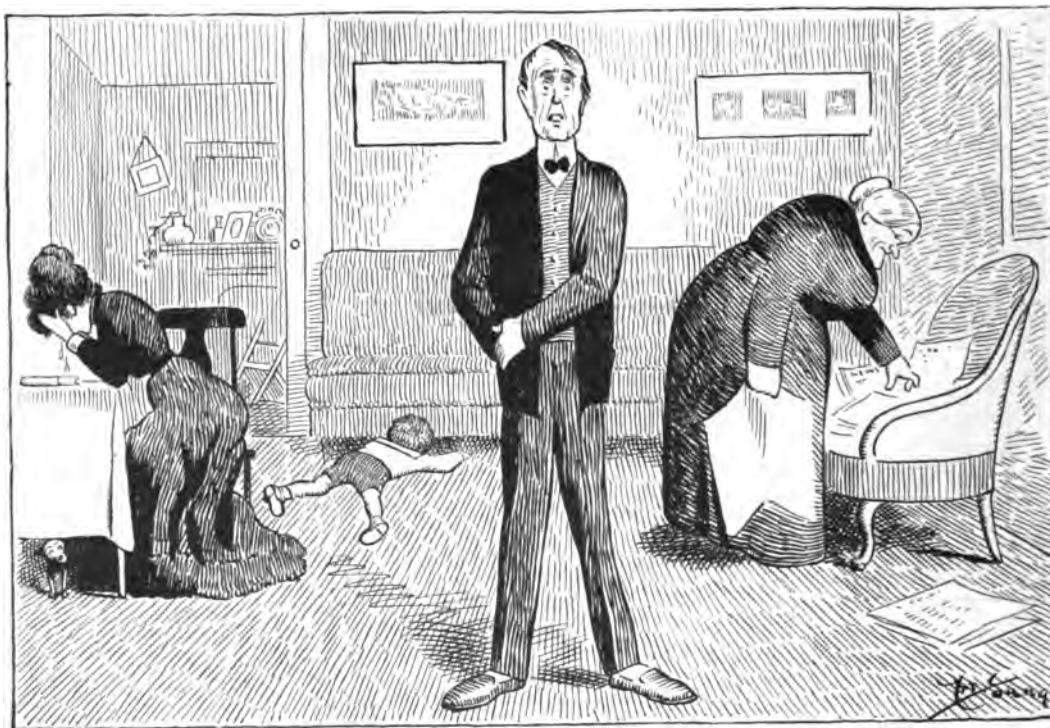
Cobwigger—"After that dinner you've just eaten you should be thankful if you don't have dyspepsia for the rest of your life."

HIS THOUGHTFUL IDEA.

"Isn't it odd that whenever Mr. Dinsmore makes a present it always consists of gloves?" said Miss Goldthorpe.

"He wants his presents to be always on hand," replied Miss Wilberforce.

VENGEANCE—
Stabbing yourself to scratch some one else.



WHEN A MAN WISHES HE HAD NEVER BEEN BORN:

After tearing through the house looking for his pipe, getting the whole family to search for it, accusing his wife of never keeping things where they belong, and then finding it right where he put it himself—in his pocket.



KNIVES AND FORKS FOR THE USE OF GENTLEMEN OF ROTUND PROPORTIONS.

FIRST STEPS.

First chorus-girl—"What do you suppose persuaded Sadie to marry that young brewer? He hasn't much money."

Second chorus-girl—"Well, maybe not. But you know one has to begin at the bottom of the ladder."

NOT AN UNUSUAL CASE.

From his college graduated,
A. b., a. m., ll. b.,
Then within a lawyer's office
Long he studied; so you see
Now he is a working-lawyer,
Salaried and self-reliant,
Sitting in the outer office
Making believe he is a client.



THOUGHTS OF AN IDLERESS.

Of course it is preferable for a woman to be beautiful rather than intellectual; for there are many stupid men, but few blind ones.

To condense the material for a long article into an epigram requires courage—or the certainty that the article would have been rejected.

When your fairy godmothers have given you a sense of humor, a love of books and a keen imagination you may snap your fingers at the bad fairies who come after.

He is wise that saves up for a rainy day, for even if there be a protracted drought it is well to have capital with which to buy water.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

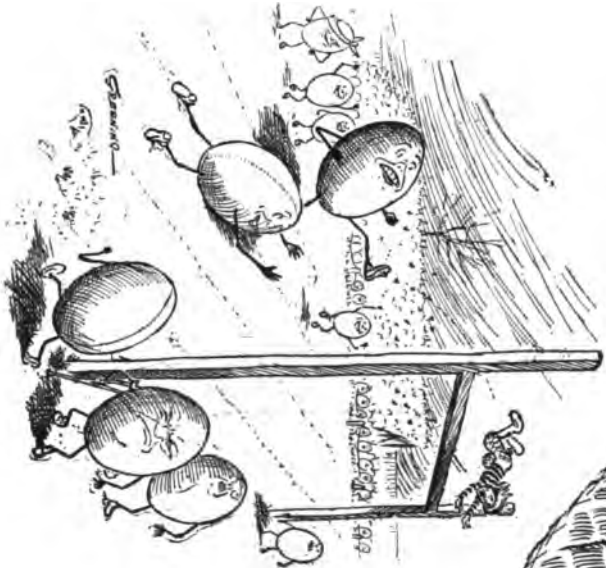
THE LOW COMEDIAN—"You needn't give yourself such airs—you're not such a much."
TOTTIE TITTOES—"Oh, I don't know. I haven't seen any five-cent cigars named after you."

GAMBLING WITH DEATH.

"I see," remarked Statisticus, "that there are six thousand varieties of mushrooms, of which only three hundred are edible."
"Which means," replied Sporticus, "that every time you eat a mushroom you go up against a twenty-to-one shot."

A GOOD DEFINITION.

"What is the meaning of the word insurgent, Tommy?" asked Miss Tome.
"An insurgent," answered Tommy, who had some recent history in his mind, "is a chap who lets his friends do all the fighting."



IN TOPSY-TURVY LAND.

FOOTBALL—"How's that for a neat goal?"



IN TOPSY-TURVY LAND.

THE SAYS—"Jimmy! but dis is de toughest burglar I wus ever up against."

SELF-MASTERY.]

He held the world in the hollow of his hand; but one day it shook ever so little.

Perhaps his hand trembled, or his level glance for an instant wavered, or a heart-beat quickened.

Life suddenly lost its focus. Horizons melted in a glowing mist; outlines faded and objects lost their impress.

From a spring-time unto spring again he strove to bring logic and order from indecision and unrest. Then horizons straightened. The sky arched clear and blue to the heaven. With startling lucidity and intenseness demarcations reasserted themselves.

The world moved on again and he held a heart in the hollow of his hand.

COMPULSORY SERVICE.

"Mamma," said Bennie thoughtfully, "did God have any reason for making the porcupine a slave to carry toothpicks for the other animals?"



THE WAY THEY USUALLY TURN OUT.

MAN WITH A SCHEME—"Say, old man, I'll let you in on the 'ground floor' for five thousand."

THE OTHER FELLOW—"No, you won't. I've gone to sleep on two or three 'ground-floor' propositions already, and when I awoke was usually up seventeen stories high and no elevator."

Jaggles—"What makes you think she hasn't been a new woman very long?"

Waggles—"She is president of only two clubs."

SHE FIXED IT.

Physician—"You put this end of the breathing-tube in your mouth and the air is drawn in through the large hole in the other end. When your breath is expelled it pushes a little valve against the large hole and the breath is forced through this tiny aperture in the top. That keeps the air in your lungs much longer than when you breathe without it. Use it for a minute or so several times a day, and I hope it will strengthen your heart."

Patient (three days later, joyfully)—"Oh, doctor, I've fixed this tube splendidly! It made me feel queer to use it at first, that little hole was so small. So I made it larger with my knife and now I can breathe through it as easily as I can without it."

The candidate—"Madam, I enter your house with clean hands."

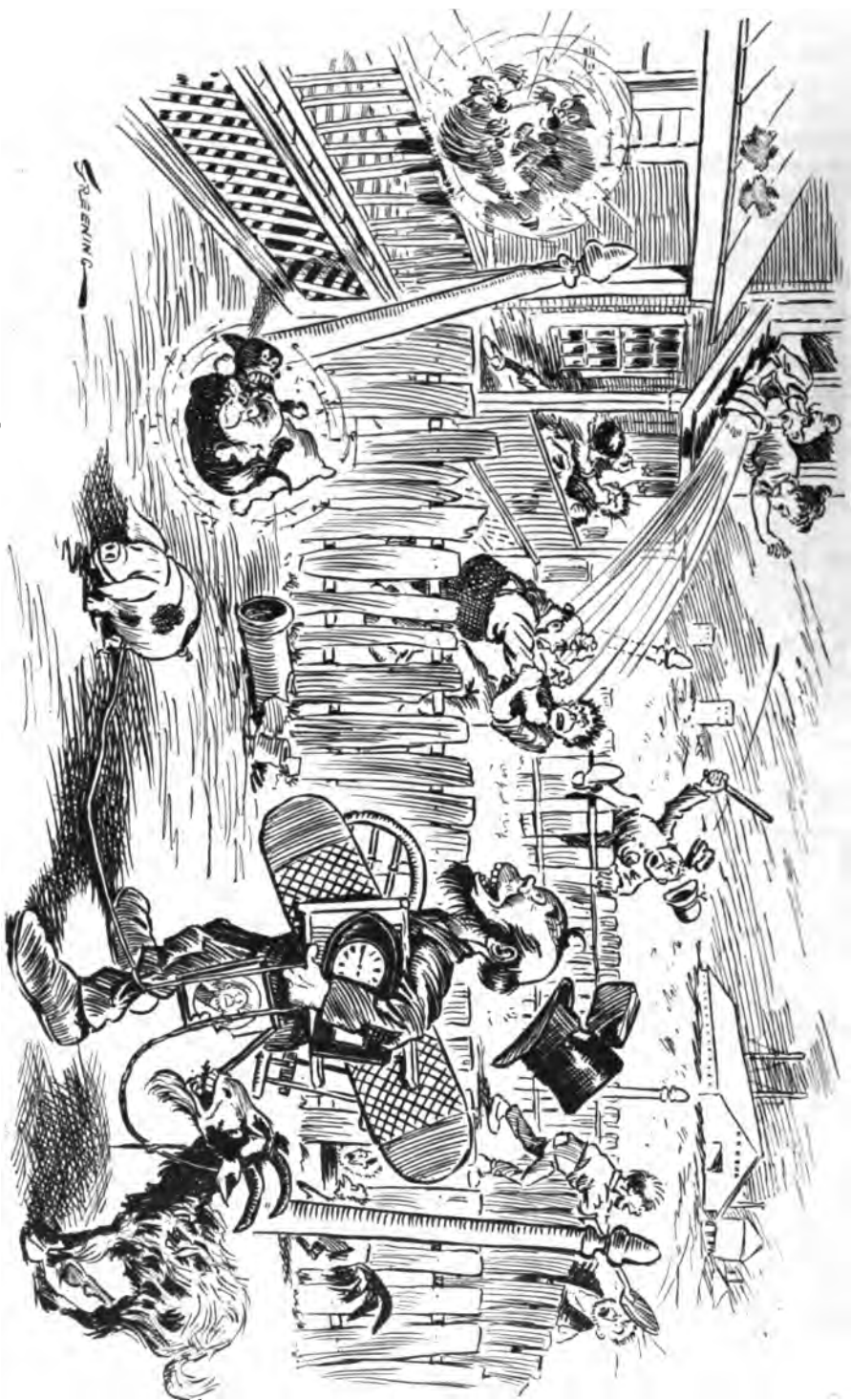
The housewife—"Did you wipe your feet?"



HARD TELLING.

CASSIDY—"How many children hov you, Clancy?"

CLANCY—"Oi don't know! Oi hovn't been home fer a wake."



JUST THE KIND HE LIKED.

Mike (*just moving in*)—"Shure, the lan'lord wor'n't a loir phin he said that Oi'd foind this a pleasant neighborhood."

A HARD TASK.

"I AM afraid it will be a long time before our missionaries can get the heathen Chinese properly Christianized," said the old codger, wagging his head in mock lugubriosity. "I was reading, just last night, that a Chinese doctor never takes a fee from a poverty-stricken patient. They have a proverb in that country that 'when the twin enemies, disease and poverty, invade a home he who accepts money from its inmates is a robber.'"

NECESSITY furnishes the bud.



UNPAID.

FIRST ROBBER (*who has just held up Dubber, the artist*)—"Did you get any bills?"

SECOND ROBBER—"Nothin' but!"

TURKEY SONG.

My wings were to fly with.
That know not a quill;
My legs were to run with.
But now they are still;
My wish-bone is broken
And broken to stay—
My heart in the gravy
Is beating away.

With stuffing I'm bursting.
But not into song,
Though happy I am as
The dinner is long
To see the sweet smile that
Makes Bobby so gay—
My heart in the gravy
Is beating away

My end is most happy,
And yet do I wish
That I like the phoenix
Could rise on the dish.
A banquet forever
And not for a day—
My heart in the gravy
Is beating away.



OUGHT TO BE.

THE BETTER HALF—"It am jist extraordinary how much moh clean de wimmin are dan de men folks!"

THE WORST HALF—"Nuffin' 'straordinary 'bout dat. I~ wimmin spends most ob deir time a-washin'."



Sling yourself and fling yourself
And never make a break;
And just as certain as you're born
You're going to land the cake.

Throw yourself and show yourself
How easy 'tis to take
All sorts of fancy figures when
You're walking for the cake.

Whirl yourself and hurl yourself
And give yourself a shake,
And slip and slide and glance and
glide,
And then you've got the cake



HER CONSISTENCY.

Mr. Smith (just home)—“Maria, you know Jones well. He ”——

Maria (interrupting)—“Now, Smith! I don't want to hear anything about that disreputable man. He is the bane of my existence. Every night it is Jones did this or did that. Don't mention his name to me.” A long silence. Mrs. Smith fidgets about, and with the consistency of woman asks, “What has that wretch done again? How I pity his wife!”

Mr. Smith—“He died suddenly this morning.”

Maria—“You don't say. What did he die of? Poor fellow! When is the funeral? How fortunate I just got a new black dress. Of course, being such an intimate friend, we must go.”

Maria (to bereaved widow at the funeral)—“Yes, dear Mrs. Jones, I can fully understand your loss. We know what a good fellow he was. He was such a good friend of ours. Only time will help alleviate your sorrow.”

WELL COACHED.

GLADYS—“Beatrice is engaged to a foot-ball player.”

ETHEL—“Yes. She says he ‘punted’ himself right into her heart.”

GLADYS—“Ah—he must have required a deal of ‘coaching’ to make such a punt as that.”

AN AMPLE SUFFICIENCY.

“I have endured the concert of the powers with praiseworthy fortitude,” said the dowager empress of China, with a Lydia E. Pinkham look of resignation on her face, “but now that it has become a concert of the pow-wowers I cannot in justice to myself ask for an encore.”

A NECESSARY REQUISITE.

Dorothy had never seen any pumpkin-pie until her first visit to the country, and to her grandmother's asking her if she'd have a piece the little girl replied, “No, I thank you. I never eat pie without a roof on it.”



WHEN A MAN WISHES HE HAD NEVER BEEN BORN :

After he has gallantly carried two heavy valises eight or ten blocks for a woman, and then, on arrival at the station, is told that she would have asked her son Willie to carry them, but Willie is so delicate she just couldn't bear to do it. (“Delicate” Willie can be seen coming down the path.)

THE LIMITATIONS OF WISDOM.

"The moon," said Benny Wise, gravely addressing his younger sister, "is a lantern that God hangs out so's folks can see at night."

"But why," asked the little girl, "doesn't He hang it out every night?"

"Why, 'cause—'cause"—drawing himself up with dignity and preparing to leave the room—"He doesn't have to, I s'pose. Huh!"

VIEWPOINTS.

Cora—"The foot-ball players must be thankful that the games are over for the season."

Merritt—"Yes, indeed. It must be a great relief for them to feel that at last they can get their hair cut."

ACCOUNTED FOR.

Girls who 'gainst men mean things have said

Have never in love's sunshine basked;

The girl who says she'll never wed Is she who never has been asked.

THEN IT GROWS MONOTONOUS.

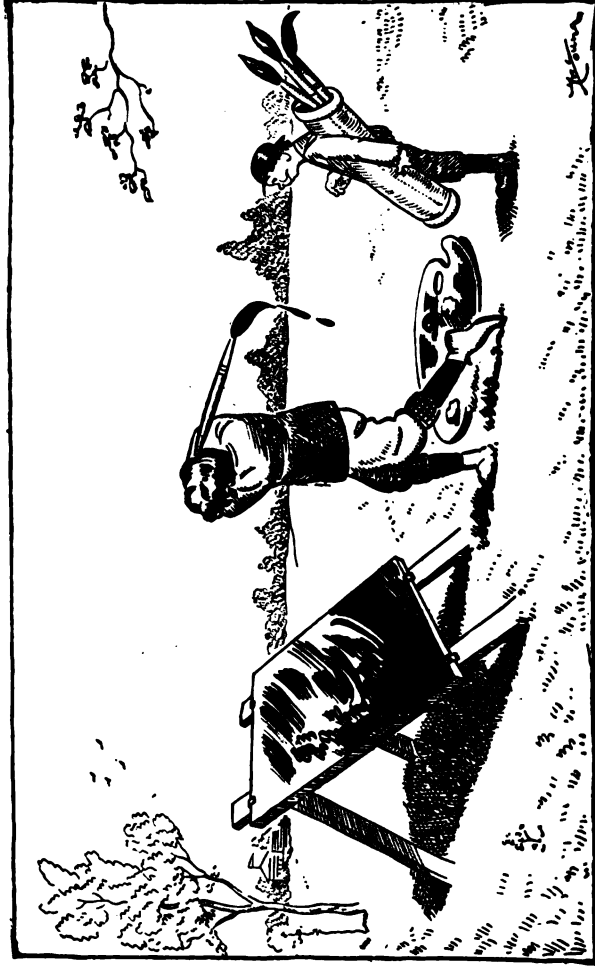
Friend—"This free-and-easy bohemian style of living must be very pleasant."

Artist—"It is—when you are not compelled to live that way."

ITS STATUS.

Mrs. Hoon—"What is the size of China's standing army?"

Mr. Hoon—"China has no standing army; it is continually on the run."



Dauber, the artist, went crazy over golf. Now he paints his pictures in the above strenuous manner.



WESTERN WILL—"Hey, Buck, you've been owing me for that bronco long enough, and now you've got to 'pony up.'"



ACUTE SETTLEMENT.

But Buck let the bronco "pony up."



RECOVERING FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE ROW.

MRS. MURPHY—"What's the matter wid yer man, Mrs. Johnson? I hain't laid eyes on him fer tin' days."

MRS. JOHNSON—"We done had a scrap, an' he's laid up fer a couple of weeks."

MRS. MURPHY—"Thot great big ox? Shure, I wouldn't t'ink youse cud lay him up."

MRS. JOHNSON—"Oh, 'twan't me did it; it war de judge."

WHY IT'S TURNED DOWN.

Mabel—"Why is the lamp superfluous in love-making?"

Alice—"I suppose it's because love is blind."

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Smith—"Isn't that Bryan orator a regular monkey?"

Jones—"Yes, and also a regular harangue-outang."



A DOUBLE TURN.

1.
Showing how Herr Lauterspiel's saxophone
is at once a means of sustenance—



2.

—and comfort.

NOTICE
(WE LEARNED HOW TO SPELL IT)

DE ACTORS HAS
BIN MAKIN MONEY
BY WEEDIN DE GARDENS
AN DOIN CHORES AN
DEY SAVED DERE
MONEY AN BOUGHT
SOME NEW COSTUME
AN BLEW DEY-SELF
TER SOME NEW
S'ENERY DE
WE HOPES DE
AUDIENCE WILL
APPRECIATE
DE
CHANGE

SMELLING
SALTS

R.P. Outcault

"Antony and Cleopatra," by the Possumville dramatic club.—Death of Mark Antony.



AN OBJECT-LESSON.

MR. JONES—"I'm going to bring young Yabsley home to supper to-night."

MRS. JONES—"Why, we haven't a thing to eat in the house, the cook is intoxicated, baby has the colic, and mother is coming!"

MR. JONES—"Yes; that's why I am going to bring him home! The young fool is thinking of getting married."

HARD TO COUNT.

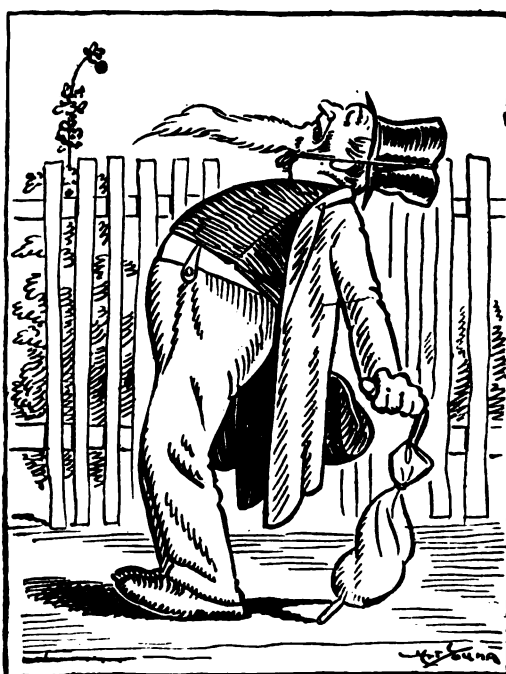
Warwick—"I understand they made very determined efforts in Chicago to capture the hold-up men all through the first half of June."

Wickwire—"Yes. Oh, yes. In census returns every little helps."

CAUSE OR EFFECT—WHICH?

Thompson—"Populism seems to be dying out in the west."

Wilson—"Yes; the good crops and good prices of last year have enabled the farmers to begin shaving once more."



FORWARD AND BACK.

Digging potatoes and other hard work caused Uncle Ivy to "hump over jest awful," as the town-folks said.

But two months in the city, looking up at high buildings, made a different man of him.

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

The Little Zion congregation was not rich in this world's goods. The church was a small wooden building, heated by stoves and lighted by kerosene-lamps placed in brackets along the walls. But a time came when the members of the flock began to see the need of improvements. The younger members in particular objected to the scanty illumination. The Baptist church across the way had a beautiful chandelier, and why should not Little Zion have one too. So the young people appealed to the pastor, and he brought the matter before the congregation at the next business meeting.

"I have been requested," he said, "to speak to the congregation about the purchase of a chandelier for our house of worship. I am sure it will only be necessary to mention this, as you can all readily see that a handsome chandelier would be both useful and ornamental. Now who will start a subscription for this purpose?"



HARD LINES.

"Just my luck! This sort of thing always happens just when I'm invited to a party!" —*Punch.*

After waiting in vain for some one to volunteer, the pastor turned to Deacon Silas Barlow, more familiarly known as Uncle Si.

"Deacon Barlow," he said, "you are the richest man in the congregation. I am sure you will not refuse to give five dollars for such a praiseworthy object."

Uncle Si hesitated a moment, and then pulled out a huge leather wallet and extracted a five-dollar bill from its interior. "I hain't got no objection," he remarked, "to givin' five dollars to 'ards gittin' a chandelier, but what I want to know is who's goin' to play the dum thing."

AN EXPLODED THEORY.

Jaggles—"It is remarkable that a minister could go and get evidence against those gamblers."

Waggles—"It is, indeed, for gamblers are supposed to know a good thing when they see it."



ROBBING HIMSELF.

REGGY—"Bessie, it was awfully rude of your papa to kick me out last night. I'm just going to give him a piece of my mind."

BESSIE—"Oh, goodness gracious, don't! You can't spare it."



A LIBERAL PATRON.

COLONEL CHERRY (of *Blue Centre*)—"A machine's kin sing like that deserves more'n a penny."

HER RACE DISCOVERED.

"I was so much interested in the lecturer's account of caste in India," said Mrs. Darley on her return. "You'd be surprised at the absurdities the caste feeling is responsible for, and the tragedies, too."

"Indeed?" replied Mr. Darley.

"For instance," Mrs. Darley went on, "the pariahs are not allowed to drink water from the same wells that the high-caste people get their water from; and if by accident a pariah does drink such water the well is thereby defiled, and the process of purification is a long and expensive one."

"Well, well!"

"Yes; and the lecturer told us something else, too. He is a high-caste man himself, but his people treat him as an outcast because he associates with Europeans and Americans. His cousin, the rajah of Jupperlee, who is somewhat enlightened, although he has sixteen wives—that is, the rajah has, not the lecturer—allows him to visit



THERE ARE OTHERS.

"Have you tried any of our Excelsior breakfast food?"

"Yes. It tastes like it."

"Like what?"

"Excelsior."

him and even to eat at his table; but what do you think?"

"What do I think?"

"Yes; what do you think happens then?"

"I don't think; I can't guess."

"Well, after each meal every cup and saucer and plate that the poor man has used is smashed because it is defiled and may not be used by one of the faithful."

"All the china is smashed, eh?"

"Yes."

"I've made a discovery!"

"What is it?"

"Our cook must be a high-caste Hindu."

THE DIFFERENCE.

Smith—"The dog's tail can't wag the dog, can it?"

Brown—"No; but the landed fish cannot wag his tail without wagging the entire fish."

COQUETRY is a mask that betrays more than it conceals.



TO COUNTERACT IT.

UNCLE SI—"Yes; but all of these suits is too blamed loud for a deacon in the church?"

SILBERSTEIN—"Ah, but, mein frent, ve gifs a soft-pedal attachment free mit efery suit."



JUDGE'S FASHION HINTS.

To make the latest style veil, take a plain veil and apply corn-plasters.

TRIFLING NOTIONS.

Grief is simply joy in the third person.

It is the listener, not the teller, who makes or mars a story.

A man does not usually think twice before he marries, but it often happens that he marries twice before he thinks.

The flight of time is largely a matter of temperament. Any practical person may prove this to another person by attempting to disprove it.

Mighty is the sovereignty of mind over matter. At a low estimate seven-tenths of the world's mental emotion springs from a sore toe or its equivalent.

BOSTON DICTION.

Teacher (of English)—“Michael, when I have finished you may repeat what I have read in your own words. ‘See the cow. Isn’t she a pretty cow? Can the cow run? Yes, the cow can run. Can she run as fast as the horse? No, she cannot run as fast as the horse.’”

Future mayor (of Boston)—“Git



IN TOPSY-TURVY LAND.

MR. APPLE—“Oh, I’m a wise guy. When I pack a barrel of farmers for market I always put the big ones on top.”

on to de cow. Ain’t she a beaut? Kin de cow git a gait on her? Sure. Kin de cow hustle it wid de horse? Nit—de cow ain’t in it wid de horse.”

HE DIDN’T TELL.

“What will there be for dessert, mamma?” asked little Percy.

There was to be a “company” dinner, and Percy was inquisitive as to the details.

“There will be nuts, but you must not tell during the meal.”

Percy said he wouldn’t.

When dinner was about half over he called out to the guest of honor,

“You don’t know what there is for dessert. I’m not allowed to tell, but it’s something to crack and pick good things out of.”



A REMARKABLE CHEST EXPANSION.

AN ACROBATIC ROMANCE.



1.

How the four Bounderello brothers took in a fire situation—



2.

—and chivalrously made use of their acrobatic gifts—



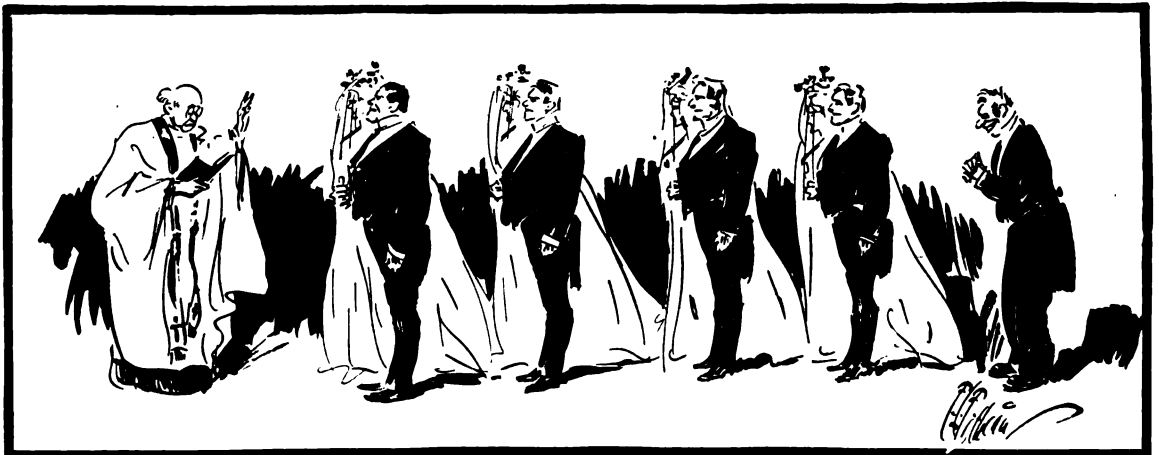
3.

—by making a living ladder for four endangered maidens on the top floor to descend by—

OF ONE OPINION.

The turkey 's eating the chestnuts
Right under the chestnut-tree !
He's certain they are the best nuts,
And with him we quite agree.

For when Thanksgiving makes vernal
Our dreams till we're rapture-mute,
'Twill be chestnuts that his internal
Machinery constitute



4.

— who afterward became their happy brides at the first quadruple wedding on record.

THE BUM WITH THE BOMB.



THE times is hard, and
no mistake,
When anarchy its salt
can't make.
'Cos every one 's agin
it.
This business of the
dynamite bomb
Is just at present like
my stom-
Ach—nothin' in it.



1. "How could I be more happy?"



SLIGHTLY MIXED.

MAKER (of the tennis court)—"Does it look pretty flat, 'Rastus?"
'RASTUS—"Flat! It do dat. Why, it couldn't look mo' flat ef it had bin
layed out wif a speeritual level."



2. "Ach, mine gootness! Make loose from
arount mein neck."



3. "I didn't know mein pipe vas so strong as
to make rings like iron alretty."



AT A BUFFALO HOTEL.

GRANGER—"I am looking for the ante-room."
BELL-BY—"All right, boss. What is your limit?"

THE KIND OF "DAY."

A fog was on in London and the streets of the great city wore the gloomy, dispiriting aspect that prevails on such occasions. At a certain cabstand on — street the cabbies lounged in damp and silent discontent, while their horses stood, noses down and tails drooping.

"Dang the weather!" suddenly and savagely



IN OLD BEN FRANKLIN'S DAY.

"Confound that Franklin boy and his lightning-and-key electrical discovery! There can be no storm come up without having every key in the neighborhood missing."

burst out a red-faced, burly cabby. "Hit's a beastly day! The kind that makes a feller feel like going 'ome, walloping 'is wife and spitting at hisself in the looking-glass."

A grunt of assent from the other cabbies; a quiver of like appreciation among the horses, and silence again.

THE widow looks out for number one even when looking out for number two.

HOW A SHORT POODLE BECAME A LONG DACHSHUND.



1.

SCHNEIDER—"Look out fer der dawg, Heiney. I am goin' ter make a 'strike'!"



2.

"Donnerwetter! I am ketched mit der feet!"



3.

Bang!



4.

HEINEY—"Popper, look! Fritzey iss a diferent dawg from vat he vas yet!"

REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

A poor man who marries a rich girl takes a long chance. If she confides her fortune to his keeping and he increases it *he* is unbearable; if he decreases it *she* is. If she merely supports him in indolence she tires of him. A woman invariably tires of an indolent man. If she does not support him he tires of her and hails the divorce-agent.

An impossible vacuum in the place where a chin should have been often belies a magnificent forehead and fine eyes. The eyes may glow with ambitious desire, but mouth and chin are cowardly, hesitating and ruinously weak. Hence a chinless man is invariably a failure unless he inherits money. In that case he is only a misfit.

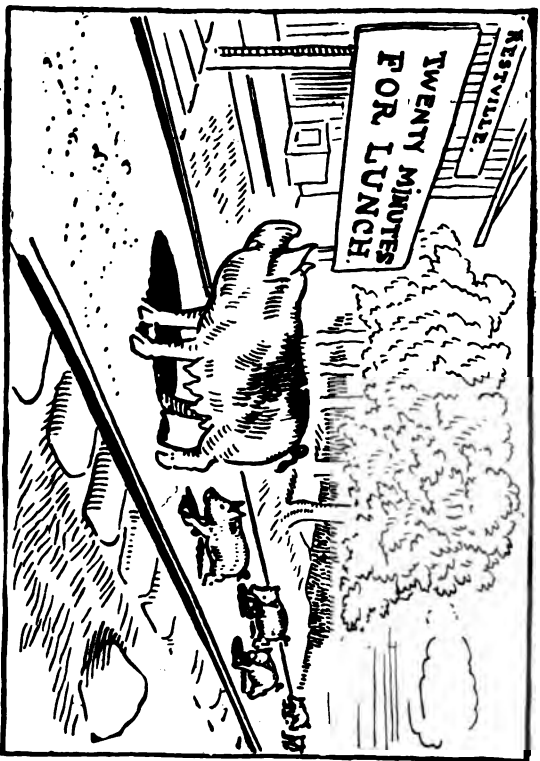
If divorce-courts were absolutely abolished the number of men who take the matrimonial step would decrease



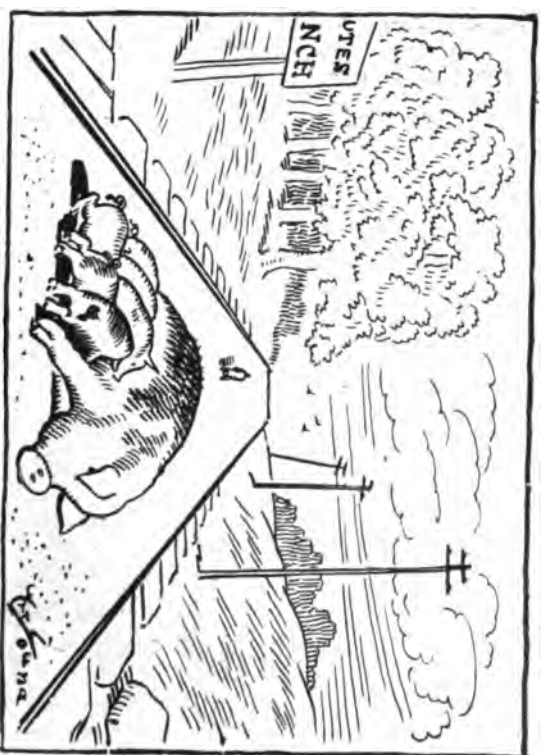
ALL UP.

SAM—"Would youse like ter hab yo'r piller an' chair brought up, Mistah Skeezicks?"
MR. SKEEZICKS (*in agony*)—"Never mind, Sam. As long as they have jnot come up yet, let 'em stay down. I must have *something* on my stomach, you know."

THE CALL FOR DINNER.



"My goodness! it isn't ten minutes since breakfast. I hope the children won't see that 'sign.'"



But they did.

wonderfully. Sentiment is not part and parcel of a man's life, as it is of that of a woman. To a girl, "Wilt thou take this man," etc., is the overture to a happy future, right up to the golden gates; but while she sees only sunshine and rose-bowers, the man has other visions, with perhaps the accompaniment of judge and jury. To her it is a *wedding*, a marriage; to him an event.

COMMENTS.

Grace—"Isn't Miss Stickgirl a pretty invalid?"

Alice—"Yes, she looks very well when ill."

A POSSIBLE EXPLANATION.

That married men the unmarried outlive—
Could there be a conclusion wronger?
But I can admit, and a reason give,
That to them life seems much longer.



THE SMART SET.

"How am yo'r bloomin' bride segastiatin' dis mawnin', sah?"
 "She am feelin' quite preposterous, sah. In fact, she am de only toad in de puddle."

EXPOSED.

There had been a high time at the fashionable summer resort for some weeks, and the hero of it was a man of fascinating appearance and all the usual qualities to be found in the hero of modern fiction. When he smiled all the women were at his feet, and not simply because he was the only good-looking man in the place.

The gossips were already beginning to whisper and to predict an engagement between him and the belle of the town. They were constantly together, and the story of her heart could be read in her eyes.

But the end came at last. One day they were sitting together in a secluded corner, when he pulled his handkerchief from his pocket and something fell to the floor. The adoring girl immediately grabbed it, saying that she would keep it as a souvenir of him, but when she looked at it their romance was ended. There was no need to be a Sherlock Holmes to know that he was a family man, and, what was even worse, that his home was probably in Brooklyn. The souvenir that she had picked up was a safety-pin.

ACCOMPLISHED HIS WISH.

To be a big gun
 Was what he desired,
 So first he got loaded
 And then he was fired.

ANYTHING FOR A RIDE.

Some fresh-air children were staying in a large farm-house on the outskirts of a pretty town. One of the little girls had a bad toothache. It was found necessary to drive into town with her and have the tooth removed. Next morning two more of the children announced that their teeth ached. They were taken in for treatment. Coming back the older boy was overheard to say, "Ain't this bully? I told Jim to come, but he was skeered. Didn't hurt much."

Tears sprang to the eyes of Mrs. A. as she realized, with a gasp, that for the sake of the ride into town the boys had sacrificed their teeth. An omnibus was provided to take the children driving every day after that, and there

was not another case of toothache.

BUILDING ON SAND.

Freddie—"What is circumstantial evidence?"

Cobwigger—"As a general thing it's the theory of an expert, which is proved to be entirely wrong when the truth comes out."



IN THE SWIM.

"Dat feller wid de four-in-han' run me off de bridge an' make me 'take water,' an' dat's som'thin' I neber do if I can help it."



GENEROUS.

Mrs. COHEN—"Vat are you going to gif Iselle Ikey for his birthday?"
COHEN—"I'm going to let him have his tooth pulled."

THANKSGIVING DAY.

E GALLANT captains who in war
Well earned the nation's thanks,
Make way to let another now
Within your victor ranks.

'Tis true he never faced the foe
To fight them on the main,
Nor did he hear the mausers sing
On Cuba's tropic plain.

Yet tens of thousands know his name
And hail it with acclaim,
For he is captain of the team
That won the foot-ball game.

THEIR PECULIARITY.

Mrs. Dorcas—"You may say what you like
about the rational dress, but you never saw a pair
of bloomers that bagged at the knees."

Dorcas—"Why, my dear, they bag all over."



UNFAIR TO NATURE.

"Our friend Butely, over there, says nature intended him
for a poet."
"Pshaw! Nature never had such bad intentions as that."

SHE KNEW BOYS.

Sunday-school teacher—"Marjorie, what gifts did the wise
men bring?"

Marjorie (aged seven)—"Oh, something iron, I suppose.
Boys do break things so."

MACBETH'S WIFE'S CHRISTIAN NAME.

Miss Blank, who wished to become a candidate for the posi-
tion of teacher in the public schools, went up for examination
recently. Among other things, she was called upon to read a
passage from "Macbeth," which closes with the words that
Macbeth speaks to Lady Macbeth: "I prithee come with me."

"And what," asked the examiner, "do you understand
'prithree' to mean?"

"I understand it to be a corruption of 'pray thee,'" replied
the would-be teacher, surprised at so trivial a question.

"I am glad," said the examiner. "The lady who came
just before you assured me that it was the Christian name of
Macbeth's wife."

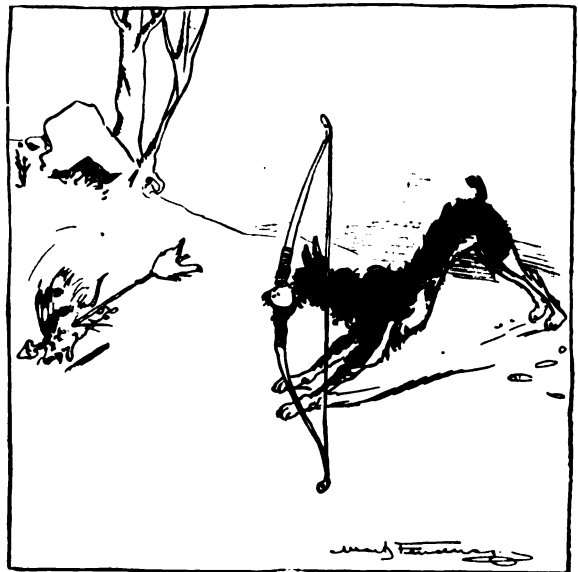
THE SAGACIOUS CUR; OR, HOW THE HEDGE- HOG WAS PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.



1.



2.



3.



THE DIPLOMATIC MONK.
THE TAMMANY TIGER—"Say! W'ot are yer politics?"
THE MONKEY—"Why, my dear friend, they're the same as yours."

ONE THANKSGIVING.

Mrs. Golightly always makes her husband go to church on Thanksgiving day, because she says he has so much to make him thankful that he of all men must appear so. This year the church was hot and the sermon, besides being interminably long and dull, contained some home-thrusts at his pet vices that made him wince. It was imprudent of his wife to nudge him.

Our hero came home sore in mind and cramped in body to find that his young son had been raiding the pantry to the undoing of the feast-day's dessert and his own small stomach. The father was accordingly put through various appropriate paces. He was sent for the family physician and, as he wasn't in, for another; to a drug-store back and forth; then up stairs and down stairs, fetching and carrying, before the over-dose of mince-pie had finished its painful course and the shades of



A SUMMER RESORT CHILL.

CLARENCE CLUMSY—"May I have the next dance?"
MISS FROST—"Why, certainly; I don't want it."

letting it burn on the bottom. And besides, the marketman never sent us such a small turkey before."

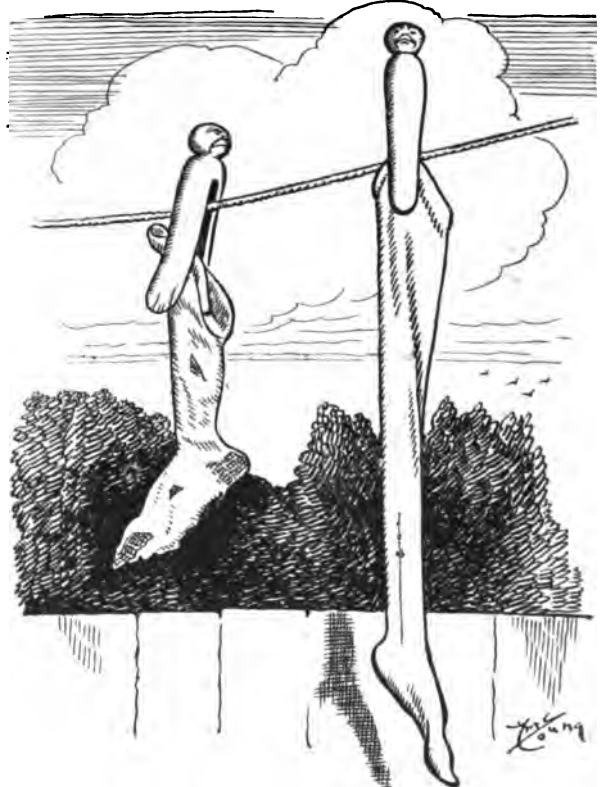
night set in. He had an engagement for the afternoon with a lot of jolly club friends but his wife said it would be unfeeling to go off while Johnny was suffering so.

He dressed himself at dinner time in a new evening suit that had just come home from the tailor's. It had cost considerably more than he had expected, and suited him no better than a costume ever does a man the first time he wears it. Of course this was the night of nights for his patent-leather ties to pinch his toes. Then his wife said that when she had asked his cousin George's family she supposed the young men sons would be out of town. "But here they all are. The father and mother and their four children. Six strong. Think of it, dear! and I find Johnny ate nearly all the mince-pie and cook has spoiled about half of the plum-pudding,



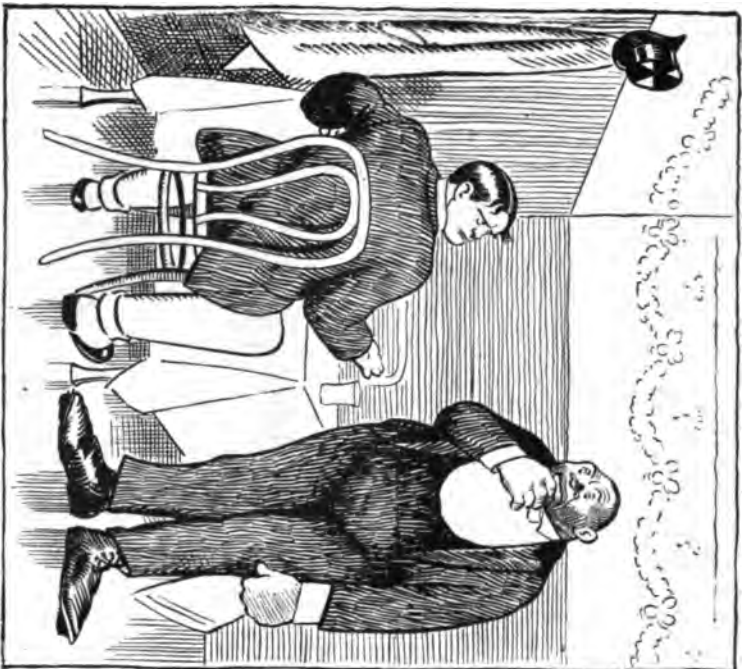
THE WAY PA FELT.

"A man and his wife are one, aren't they, pa?"
"They are equivalent to one, my child. She is one and he is nothing."



PLEBEIAN CLOTHES-PIN—"Aw, ye needn't feel so proud just because yer holdin' a silk stockin'."

OH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE!



COLLEGE YOUNG MAN (*impressing upon the waiter his particular needs*) — "Never serve water to me in a glass that has stood on the table over night, or has had a napkin in it. Do you hear?"



The same college young man on the gridiron, sucking a sponge that every player on the field has had a pull at.



FROM OUR COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT.
Miss Gay did her own washing.



THE FIRST LYRE.

A LIVELY PLACE.

"Eh-yah!" remarked the man with the prominent chin and foxy eyes. "Yer bet yer life it's day all day in Klondike. Them people up there ain't no snails, if anybody asks you. The procession kicks off the cover at a mighty early hour, and it don't take it long to pass a given point either. The band plays quicksteps all the time. Klondike ain't no lecture-field. It's 'How-dy-do? good-bye!'—come in, pay the price, stuffed and gone, room for more. Everything goes but claim-jumping. The only limit is the blue sky.

"Nobody grows up or gets old there; they are born full-grown and buried with their boots

on. When a man goes out in the summer to make a night of it, it only takes him an hour. The wheel whirls and you are rich or busted—drop out and make room for the next man. Turn your back and your claim is jumped; then it belongs to whichever one of you shoots the quickest. The penniless prospector goes out to-day and comes back to-

morrow a plutocrat, or goes off into the wilderness inside of a bear.

"No'ody has time to quarrel there. If the other man is to blame, shoot him; if you are to blame, shoot him. It's all in a day, anyhow; and, as I was saying, it's day all day—a Klondike."

COMMENDABLE CAUTION.

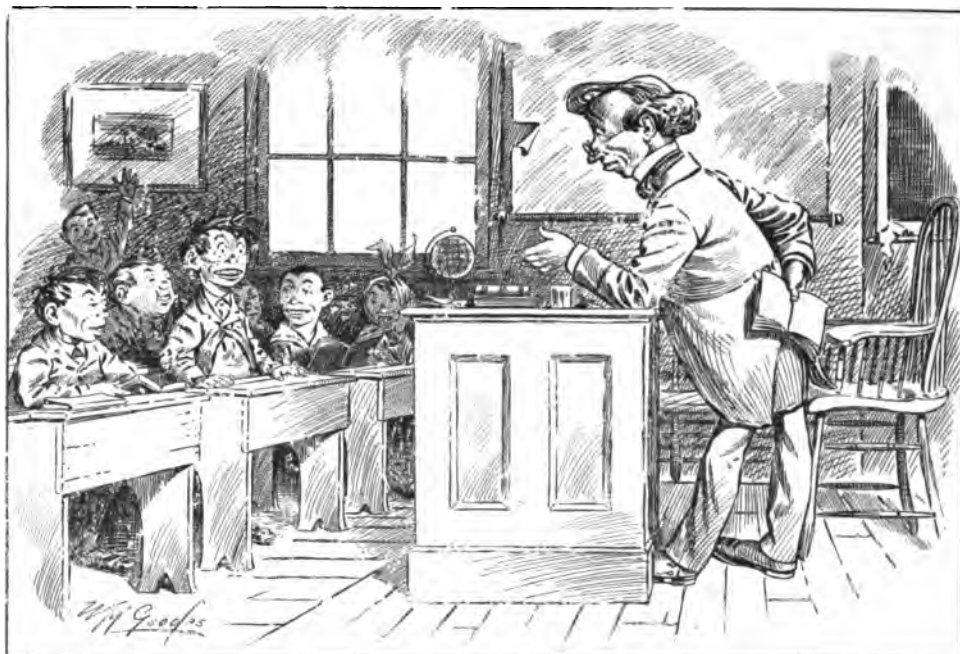
Foster—"Curious affair about that New York man that is going to start out to discover the north pole."

Felton—"How so?"

Foster—"Why, he delayed starting until the relief expedition was already on the way."



A SUB-MARINE.



ESSENTIAL.

TEACHER—"Now, children, suppose this class-room were suddenly enveloped in flames, and escape cut off, what would be the best thing to do to prevent loss of life?" TOMMY TATTERS—"Keep cool."

Catarrh, Foul Breath.

If You Continually K'hawk and Spit and There Is a Constant Dripping From the Nose Into the Throat, If You Have Foul, Sickening Breath, That Is Catarrh.

Large Trial Package Free—Quickly Cures.

Any person having catarrh always has a bad breath. The sense of smell and taste are nearly always totally destroyed in time so that the person who has catarrh does not realize how loathsome their disease is. They continue their K'hawking-K'hawking and spitting and



FRANK M. JONES, Sweet Home, Ark.
Cured of Catarrh after years of suffering.

spitting about promiscuously until they are shunned by everyone, and the sight of them is enough to make a well person sick. This is not an exaggerated picture. James Atkinson, of Helena, Mont., says: "Twelve years ago I contracted what seemed to be a cold in the head. It soon proved to be a horrible form of catarrh. I tried cough cures, catarrh snuff, inhalers and all sorts of remedies, and one celebrated specialist treated me over a year without any relief. I gave up in despair. The dropping of mucus into my throat and the coughing and hawking in the morning, with awful pain in my ears, grew constantly worse and my breath was something awful. I dare say I used so catarrh remedies before I tried Gauss' Combined Catarrh Treatment. In a week I could breathe easily and naturally and I felt better than for years. To-day I am entirely cured of the loathsome disease and I owe my good health to Mr. Gauss and his wonderful combined treatment."

It gives wonderful relief, especially in those chronic cases where the mucus drops down the throat and lungs, sickening the stomach, and leads to many diseases, including Consumption.

Catarrh is a deep-seated disease, and local applications, inhalations, sprays, ointments or salves will do no good. A trial package that will convince you, free. Send name and address at once to C. E. Gauss, 550 Main St., Marshall, Mich.



"YOUR FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE!"
But your face looks like an Egyptian Obelisk—carved all over with aged lines and wrinkles—deciphered viz., "Skin Tighteners," "Rollers," "Sheet Wrinklers," Lotions, Massage, Cosmetics, etc. Monumental Testimony to Violethized Beauty!! Wipe out this "Ancient History" with an "AMERICAN BEAUTY" Mask. It will give you a skin soft and fine as white velvet. Results guaranteed. Booklet 4 cents.
THE VIRGIN RUBBER CO., Dept. "R" New York.

Cancer
CURED BY NEW METHOD without the severe pain and torture of the knife or other methods. A home treatment that has completely cured cases so desperate that noted surgeons refused to operate, declaring them fatal and hopeless. Send name and address if you are a sufferer or if you know of any one who is, and we will send all necessary information and hundreds of convincing testimonials absolutely free. Address: DR. CUREY CANCER CURE CO., Box 789, Lebanon, O.

MIGHT AND MANE.

The girls take exciting delfight in the sight
When in foot-ball the boys show their mane
and their might;
And to lionize surely they cannot refrain
As they gaze at their hair and "remember the mane."

STILL AT IT.

Hallnew—"Do you see that fellow driving that truck? At one time he was a rich bookmaker, and now look at him. It is too bad racing had such a hold on him."

O'Bart—"Yes; but I see he is still following the horses."

IT WAS GREAT.

"An' did O'Brien have a good wake?" asked Rafferty of Mulligan.

"Did he?" replied Mulligan. "Shure, an' if he'd been aloive to injoy it he'd a' thought he was havin' the toime of his life."

THANKSGIVING.

Full well the turkey understands
Now in the neck he's sure to catch it;
For, Georgie-like, the farmer stands
And does it with his little hatchet.

PLENTY OF TIME.

Messenger-boy (to workman on new East river bridge)—"Say, boss, is this bridge done yet?"

Workman—"No; it won't be done for a year yet."

Messenger-boy—"Well, lots o' time. Guess I'll wait."

A CINCH GAME.

Mrs. Waggles—"I met the doctor to-day and told him about your malaria. He said you were to take some whiskey every time you had the chills."

Waggles—"All right, my dear. I'll shake for the drinks."

POWER OF WEALTH.

Freddie—"What's a kleptomaniac, dad?"

Cobwigger—"A person who has money enough to pay for what he steals."

ETERNAL HOPE.

Oh! when I was little and thwarted,
"Just wait till I'm grow'd up," I said;
Then later, "Just wait till I'm married,"
And now, "Just wait till I'm dead."

In the bright lexicon of the four hundred all aristocratic flesh is blue grass.

Consumption Now Curable

By the Famous Doctor Yonkerman's Marvellous Discovery—State Officials and Great Medical Men Pronounce it the Only Cure for Consumption, Throat and Lung Troubles.

A Free Trial Package Will Be Sent by Mail to All Who Write.

Consumption can at last be cured. Marvelous as it may seem after the many failures, a sure, pos-



DR. DERK P. YONKERMAN.

sitive and certain cure for the deadly consumption has at last been discovered. Cases given up to die and sent back from California hopeless and helpless, are now alive and well through this wonderful cure for consumption.

Free trial packages of the remedy and letters from grateful people—former consumptives rescued from the very jaws of death—are sent free to all who write to Dr. Derk P. Yonkerman, 845 Shakespeare Building, Kalamazoo, Mich. Don't delay—there is not an hour to lose when you have consumption, throat or lung trouble. Send to-day for Free package.

A BURNT SACRIFICE.

From cooking college she'd graduated.
That dinner was ready they smelt the aroma;
Which finished, her husband was not elated:
Poor fellow! he thought she had broiled the diploma.

HIS PATRIOTISM.

Mackenzie—"Give me a Scotch-whiskey cocktail."

Bar-tender—"We have only American 'Scotch.'"

Mackenzie—"All right. Leave out the Maraschino cherry and put in a thistle instead."

THE SUBURBANITE.

To strive to rise is cause for gratulation,
And yet 'tis rough for you
In weather bad to live above your station—
A muddy mile or two.

ANOTHER WAY.

Miss Vassar—"Do you chew gum?"
Miss Wellesley—"Yes, I eschew it."

New Life to Weak Men.

OLD MEN MADE YOUNG AGAIN — WEAK MEN FIND OLD-TIME STRENGTH AND POWER OF YOUTH.

TRIAL PACKAGE MAILED FREE.

To the men who have tried every known remedy to revive their waning power or lost manhood, and have given up in despair, the following message comes as a most blessed promise. This new dis-



Chief of Staff, State Medical Institute.

covery restores all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness, resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele or emaciation of parts. It gives the warmth, strength and development just where it is needed, and cures at once all the ills and troubles that come of years of misuse of the functions, for it has been an absolute success in all cases. A simple request to the State Medical Institute, 1943 Elektron Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind., will bring you one of these free trial packages, in a plain wrapper without any marks to identify its contents or where it comes from. The Institute has had so many inquiries from men who are unable to leave home or their business to be treated, that it has perfected this splendid home treatment and sends it in free trial packages to all parts of the world to show just how easy and simple it is to be cured at home of any sexual weakness when this marvelous new sexual discovery is employed. The Institute makes no restrictions, and any man who writes will receive by mail a free trial of this wonderful remedy absolutely free. Those who write need have no fear of any publicity, as the State Medical Institute is an old-established institution, incorporated by the State for 50 years.

MAGIC DIP NEEDLE for LOCATING GOLD and Silver Ore, Lead or Hidden Treasures. Book and testimonials free. P. & M. AGENCY, PALMYRA, PA.

OPIUM, WHISKEY and other drug habits absolutely cured by my original and only successful home treatment. Resident sanatorium if preferred. It will cost you nothing to investigate. Book on these diseases sent free.

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\$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. **ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO.,** Box 301, Detroit, Mich.

HIS LINGUAL ABILITY.

Count le Fraug—"Pardong zee libertee; mam'zelle, bote I vish to interrogate viz you zee trifle."

Miss Beautigirl—"Certainly, count. What is it about which you wish to speak?"

Count le Fraug—"Eet ees of zis. Last night I beg ze excusement of a young lady and say, 'I do not vish to cockroach on her time'; and she vat you call 'sniggle' right in my countenance. How did zat arrive?"

Miss Beautigirl—"Why, dear me, count; you should have said encroach instead of cockroach."

Count le Fraug—"Zen zat ees eet? Hencroach, eh? Bote, viz all due respect for zee lady, I do not t'ink she should laugh at me if I mistake zee sex of zee verb. I am many times compliment zat I spick zee language like zee nateeve."

She ought to run a magazine,
This loveliest of creatures,
For none of her competitors
Has such attractive features.

Millions of Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE MUSICAL POODLE.

There was once a French musical poodle
Who could sing but one song—Yankee Doodle,
"I would sing all my days
The sublime Marseillaise
Ef I could, but I can't, boo-hoo-hoodle!"

GREAT SPORT—PERFECT HEALTH. EXERCISE



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WITH
A

"NEW" Punching Bag (NOISELESS)

Can be mounted on Window, Door Frame, or Wall. Requires space 6x8 inches. Weight, 7½ lbs.

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25¢

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OPA SPECIALTY CO., Dept. E, CHICAGO



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or fine beard grown on the smoothest face or Hair on bald heads in 8 weeks by our **LUCKY 1818 HAIR GROWER** or money refunded. Strengthens weak hair, cures dandruff, thickens the eyebrows. The original and only harmless article of the kind. \$1 treatment for 25c., 3 for 50c. Avoid imitations. **TREMONT MFG. CO., 88 Sta. A., Boston, Mass.**

The Sohmer Piano is recognized by the music-loving public as one of the best in the world. Visit the warerooms, Sohmer Building, 170 Fifth Avenue, before buying elsewhere.

Lives of great men now remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footballs on the sands of time.

"Just see that angle-worm wriggling toward that robin."

"He must be an obtuse angle worm."



Lovely Complexion FREE.

A Trial Box Mailed FREE which will give any lady a beautiful complexion. It is not a face powder, cream, cosmetic or bleach, but is absolutely pure and you can use it privately at home. It permanently removes most patches, redness, crow's feet, pimples, black heads, fleshworms, rallowings, freckles, tan, sunburn, and all complexion disorders. Address, **MADAME M. RIBAUULT, 4497 Elsa Bldg., Cincinnati, O.**

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Morning, Noon and Night Fast Trains to the West---via New York Central.

THANKSGIVING TIME.

She stood before the foot-lights' glare
With jewels flashing on her hair,
And roses in the fall and flow
Of laces on her breast of snow.
She sang of love, but felt again
A sharp regret, a homesick pain,
For withered woodlands white with rime
Thanksgiving time.

The lights were out, the music still;
She shivered, for the air was chill.
"Is my old lover there," she said;
"Or is he wed, or is he dead?"
For hearts, world-weary, once a year
Will dream again of faces dear,
And turn to home from every clime
Thanksgiving time.

"All night upon the fallen leaves
The frost its fairy fabric weaves;
The rows of yellow pumpkins shine
Like golden coaches drawn in line;
The cedar wears a purple gem,
The sumac-bush a diadem;
The brook repeats its silver rhyme
Thanksgiving time."

So over many a league of foam /
And mile of land she journeyed home
And, treading in familiar ways,
Forgot the world and all its praise.
She put her rainbow silks away
For gingham blue and homespun gray,
And bells rang out a wedding-chime
Thanksgiving time.

PERFECTLY AT HOME.

Mr. Newcomb (just back from Paris, on being asked if anything at the exposition reminded him of home)—"Bless me! didn't you know my wife had the house refurnished two months before I sailed? When going through the exhibition buildings the 'hands-off' and 'not-to-touch' cautions put me immediately at ease."

Cures Goitre.



A well known Cincinnati physician has discovered a remedy that cures Goitre, or Thick Neck. And to prove this he sends a free trial package so that patients may try and know positively that Goitre can be cured. Send your name and address to Dr. John P. Haig, 3892 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio; tell him your age, the size and location of your goitre and how long you have had it, and he will be glad to send you, free, a large trial package of his home cure, postage paid.

AS TO MARRYING OPPOSITES.

Sterlingworth—"I think people should marry their opposites; don't you?"

Throckmorton—"Of course I do. A self-made man should wed a tailor-made woman."

GETTING GOOD.

Madge—"Why do you think she has known a change of heart since she joined the church?"

Marjorie—"She has let out the hem around the bottom of her bicycle-skirt."

Cures Weak Men Free.

Send Name and Address To-day---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous for Life.

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.



HEALTH, STRENGTH AND VIGOR FOR MEN.

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from sexual weakness, lost vitality, night losses, varicocele, etc., and enlarge small, weak organs to full size and vigor. Simply send your name and address to Dr. Knapp Medical Co., 796 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and they will gladly send the free receipt with full directions so any man may easily cure himself at home. This is certainly a most generous offer, and the following extracts, taken from their daily mail, show what men think of their generosity:

"Dear Sirs:—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary.

It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy, and you cannot realize how happy I am."

"Dear Sirs:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned, and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sirs:—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed, and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain, sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking, and they want every man to have it.

Drunkards Cured Secretly.

Any Lady Can Do It at Home—Costs Nothing to Try.

A new tasteless discovery which can be given in tea, coffee or food. Heartily endorsed by W. C. T. U. and



OUR PAPA DON'T DRINK ANY MORE.

all temperance workers. It does the work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 375 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, O., and he will mail a trial package of Golden Specific free to show how easy it is to cure drunkards with this remedy."

NO RANGE ADVERTISED EQUALS THIS.

Full Weight, Blue Polished Steel Range sent on

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Our "Grand Union," as illustrated, the finest range in existence. Made of best blue polished steel, full size, full weight, full lined. Large square oven with spring drop door; 25 inch fire box for coal or wood. Highly ornamented, triple nickel plated. Complete with porcelain lined reservoir and high closet. Dealer's price. Our \$65 direct price \$17.95 \$31.75, others low as Perfect operation. Guaranteed for five years. Saves cost in one year. BURNS LESS—COSTS LESS—LIVES LONGEST. No money in advance—Send for our Catalogue.

CASH BUYER'S UNION, Dept L 38 Chicago

THE RHODE ISLAND WAY.

Rhode Islander—"The air is so moist down here that I can't light matches on sand-paper."

Visitor—"Then how do you light them?"

Rhode Islander—"I have to keep a candle burning all day to light them in."

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LADIES who desire a Monthly Regulator that cannot fail will please address, with stamp, DR. STEVENS, BUFFALO, N. Y.

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

When winter comes he saves his clothes,
He always makes it pay
To put some camphor-balls around—
To keep the moths away.

His friend, however, au contraire,
If asked, would likely say
Three balls of gilt for him suffice—
They keep the wolf away.

THE NEAREST TO IT YET.

Blair—"There goes Smith's widow. See how bad she looks? Poor Smith has been dead two months now and his widow does nothing else but weep from morning till night! That's what I call devotion!"

Syre—"Devotion? Why, man, that's what I would call perpetual emotion."

BONA FIDE.

"But I thought that Cohenstein was really selling out to quit business," said Tenspot.

"Yes, he was," replied Gilfoyle; "but he found it so profitable that he resolved to have a series of closing-out sales."

THE WATCH-DOG.

This useful animal we keep
To guard our treasure while we sleep.
A pointer, not a setter, yet
He's of no use unless he's set.
Gaze on his open, honest face;
There's no deception in his case.
He is attached to us, 'tis plain,
Though often by a slender chain.
[Dog formed of a watch.]

PROOF OF IT.

Dr. Reaper—"I tell you, those automobiles are great. I can make twice as many calls as I formerly could."

Castleton—"Well, I always thought those machines were bound to increase the death-rate."

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The most practical Books for self-instruction.

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The Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 35c. Mailed on receipt of price.

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Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black?

THEN USE

Buckingham's Dye

50 cts. of druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

FREE BOOK, WEAK MEN

My illustrated nature book on losses, varicocele, impotency, lame back, free, sealed, by mail. Much valuable advice and describes the new DR. SANDEN HERCULEX ELECTRIC BELT. Worn nights. No drugs. Currents soothing. Used by women also for rheumatic pains, etc. 5,000 cures 1901. Established 30 years. Advice free.

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and all forms of drug habit cured while you sleep by Dr. Swaine's Antidote. Painless, rapid, safe; no failures; no relapse; cure guaranteed; fully explained in booklet "N." Write or call.

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Blood Poison Cured Free

The Remedy Is Sent Absolutely Free to Every Man or Woman Sending Name and Address.

A celebrated Indiana physician has discovered the most wonderful cure for Syphilis or Blood Poison ever known. It quickly cures all such indications as mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, copper-colored spots, chancres, ulcerations on the body, and in hundreds of cases where the hair and eyebrows had fallen out and the whole skin was a mass of boils, pimples and ulcers, this wonderful specific has completely changed the whole body into a clean, perfect condition of physical health.



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William McGrath, 48 Guilford Street, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I am a well man to-day where a year ago I was a total wreck. Several doctors had failed to cure me of syphilis. I was rid of my sores and my skin became smooth and natural in two weeks, and after completing the treatment there was not a sore or pimple on my body, and to-day I am absolutely well. I give you permission to use my name, and I will answer all inquiries from suffering men."

Every railroad running into Fort Wayne brings scores of sufferers seeking this new and marvelous cure, and to enable those who cannot travel to realize what a truly marvelous work the doctor is accomplishing, they will send free to every sufferer a free trial package of the remedy, so that everyone can cure themselves in the privacy of their own home. This is the only known treatment that cures this most terrible of all diseases. Address the State Medical Institute, 3408 Elektor Building, Fort Wayne, Ind. Do not hesitate to write at once, and the free trial package will be sent sealed in plain package.

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When a Young Man's Virtuous, illustrated, with 10 other stories, 10c.; Scenes from Sapho, 10c.; Chickens Come Home to Roost, 60c.; Devameron of Boeravio, 50c. Above books will be sent prepaid on receipt of price or all of them for \$1.00. Address Backeye News Co., Dept. E, Mt. Vernon, O.

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Every Woman is interested and should know about the wonderful **MARVEL Whirling Spray**. The new Vaginal Syringe. Injection and Suction. Best—Safe—Most Convenient. It cleanses instantly.

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MOTHERS Your children cured of Bed Wetting. Box Free. ZEMETO CO., R. 187, 100-12th St., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

Extreme selfishness often takes the form of ingratitude.

Vanity is a greater foe to virtue than love.

It is almost impossible to make a vain man jealous.

When love is not increasing it is sure to be decreasing.

A woman will forgive desertion rather than deception.

Ideal husbands are products of the imagination of foolish women.

It is woman's intuition that makes her a valuable helpmeet to man.

It is the remembrance of courtship that makes marriage a tragedy.

It is most unfortunate that virtue is so tedious and vice so otherwise.

MENTAL MIXED PICKLES.

Diamonds are good stepping-stones to matrimony.

It doesn't matter how much you know about the world if the world doesn't know you.

Some of the counts whom American heiresses buy are not bargains but merely remnants.

The women at a literary club meeting enjoy it much better if each one has the latest pattern of Battenburg lace to work on.

Some men hate to see women standing in a crowded car, therefore they never look up from their papers.

Hypnotism

BE A HYPNOTIST AND MAKE FUN AND MONEY
It takes but a few hours to learn. The study is both easy and fascinating. Hypnotism is an endless source of fun and wonder. If you know how to hypnotize you can perform the most marvelous feats imaginable. You can do a thousand amazing things that other people cannot do. You can surprise all your friends and make yourself famous. You can place any one you wish under this strange and magic spell. You can compel them to think, act and feel just as you wish. If you want to make money you can do it by giving entertainments, curing diseases or teaching the art to others. These are three sure and easy ways to win a fortune. Why be poor?

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EXPRESS CHARGES PAID BY US.

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FREE With each four quart order we will send free one gold-tipped whiskey glass and one corkscrew. If you wish to send an order to a friend, as a Christmas present, we will enclose with the shipment an elegant souvenir card, with both your names neatly printed thereon. Write our nearest office NOW.

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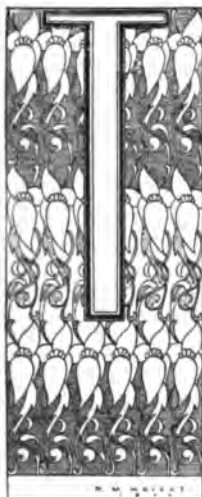
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BOY—"Hello, ole turk! We're gwine ter celebrate up ter de house to-morrer, an' I expects ter see yo up dah."
TURKEY—"Oh, go on. You can't stuff me."

WINTER ETCHINGS.



THE snow is dancing flake on flake
Around the empty nest;
The rabbit stew is wide awake
And, deckled-edged, the buckwheat cake
Doth all our dreams infest.

The airy pop-corn ball is ripe,
To glad the little boy
That from the tiger sucks the stripe,
And now we smoke the corn-cob pipe
In everlasting joy.

WILLING TO DODGE IT.

"I've got a notion to knock you into the middle of next week," growled the belligerent person.

"Go ahead," said the other man. "I've got a date with the dentist for next Saturday."

NATIONAL.

Cleverton—"So now we have two hatchets of national fame."

Listenwell—"Whose?"

Cleverton—"Carrie's and George's."



MADE HIM HOT.

THE COFFEE-POT—"That chap Stove-plate is aggravating. He makes me so hot I simply boil over."



SUSPICIOUS.

"You, Santa Claus—oh, you, in there! You fairly make me tremble To think that you and papa dear So very much resemble."

SUBURBAN SARCASM.

Prospective tenant—"What is the lowest price you will take for your house furnished for the winter?"

Landlord—"One hundred a month."

Prospective tenant—"Make it fifty and I'll take it."

Landlord—"Never mind about taking it; I'll just wrap it up and send it around to you."

2



HIS OFFER.

MRS. FARMER—"What will you do if I give you a meal?"

FRAYED FAGIN—"I'll send so many other hoboes here, mum, dat dey'll tread down a nice path fer yer from here to de front gate, mum."



HOW IT HAPPENED.

Mrs. NEWLYWED. "Poor man! You say you once had a charming home and a lovely wife. How did you come to adopt such a life as this?"



Here's my little winter girl.
She's a peach and she's a pearl
And the sweet, illusive thing
That makes all my winter spring.
For when at her side I stray
I can only dream of May,
Which, I trust, will hurry up
With its bird and butter-cup
And the happy day when I
Shall annex her on the fly.
In the meantime round I'll wing
For the scads to buy the ring.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM IN DIVISION.

Johnny—"Pa, what is the 'servant-girl problem'?"

Mr. Grinkam—"Finding how much money is due her at the end of the second day."

THE EDITOR'S STAIRWAY.

The poet quaffs of sorrow's cup,
His smile turns to a frown;
He counts ten steps when going up
And one when coming down.

RATHER UNUSUAL.

Bowers—"Here's an account of a strange happening—a child almost choked to death by a pin."

Sowers—"What is there strange about it?"

Bowers—"Because it was a safety-pin."

TOUSLED.

Cobwigger—"I don't see how you got all those things in without paying duty. Weren't they new?"

Merritt—"They didn't look so after the customs inspector got through with them."



AT THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

THE BUZZ-SAW—"I wish they would feed me soft pine only! The last piece of oak was so tough I've gone and broken a lot of my teeth."

SOBBY'S EXPLANATION.

Bobby—"I know why the flies don't come in through the wire screen, mamma."

Mamma—"Why?"

Bobby—"Because they think it's a big spider's web."



INGRATITUDE.

THE STORK—"I'm getting discouraged. This makes the twelfth baby I've taken to O'Hooligan's flat and they haven't tipped me once."

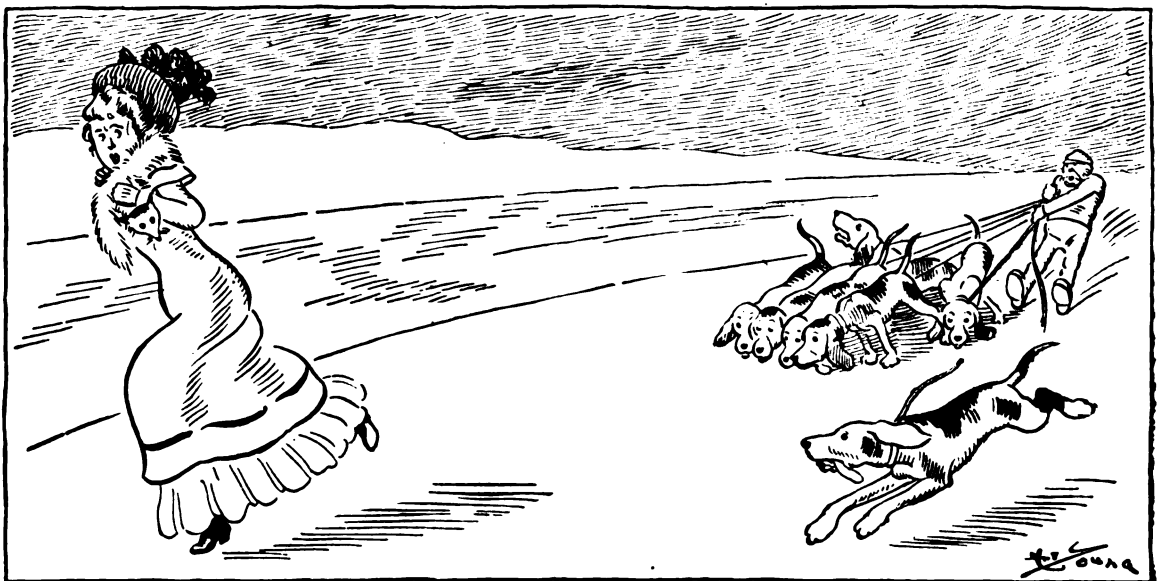
A PRIME NECESSITY.

"Oh, fly with me," implored the youth,

"From parents' stern duress!"

"I will with pleasure," said the maid,

"If you the wind possess."



HOT ON THE TRAIL.

Miss Suburb would have enjoyed her morning walk if a pack of fox-hounds hadn't caught sight of her new fox box.



1.

THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

(Of all true friendship, silence is the best;
The critic will not follow love's behest.
Then choose the critic never for thy friend,
Or soon or late such comradeship shall end.

THE VERY REASON.

Little Harry—"Why haven't we ever had a lady president, papa?"

Papa—"Because, Harry, a man-made law makes it imperative that the president be more than thirty-six years old."



AN OBJECT LESSON.

"Look at this, young ladies and gentlemen," said the professor, who had his class out for work in the open air.

"This is a truly remarkable discovery. Here is a human foot distinctly printed in the enduring rock. Look at it. No doubt it has been there since the neoplastic era. At a very conservative estimate, I should say that this imprint was made ten thousand years ago."

The class crowded around the block by the roadside which bore the interesting impression, and all were somewhat awed by the footprint left by the prehistoric man. Not so a resident of the neighborhood, who burst into loud guffaws.

"What are you laughing at?" said the professor.

"I'm laughing about that footprint."

"What about it, sir?"

"Why, that's a chunk of artificial pavement made of cement, and that mark

is where my oldest boy Jim stepped into it last summer before it was dry—that's all."

ACCOUNTED FOR.

Piccolo—"I wonder what a make de beara so terrible sleepa feela. Ah! I remember now—this is ah only five mila froma Philadelphia."

A woman who trusts a man is like a child carrying water in a sieve.



2.

OLD SNOWBALL.

No wonder with stealthy step he goes
At midnight when all is still.
Thanksgiving's here and well he knows
The hen-house under the hill.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Hall-boy—"I know that bald-headed man is English."

Bell-boy—"How do you know?"

Hall-boy—"Because he always takes an umbrella when he goes for his shower bath."

5



4.

3. OVER LAND AND SEA; OR, HOW THE ESQUIMAUX GOT HOME WITHOUT A PADDLE.

HER GAME.

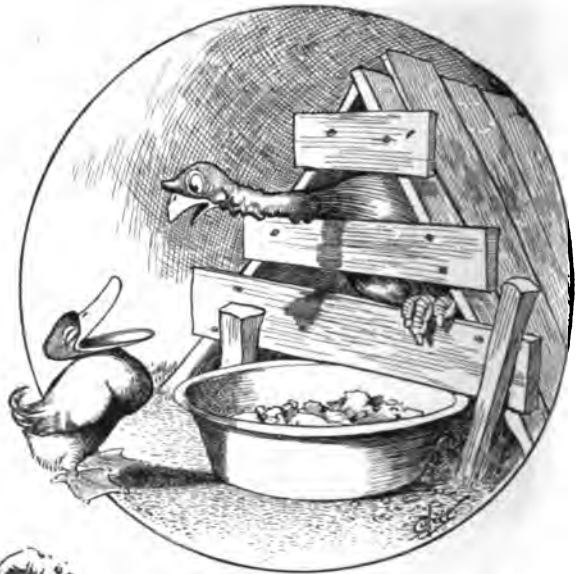


HE plays at foot-ball with my heart,
I'll tell you how it's done:
She's half-back, full-back, centre-rush—
The whole rolled into one.
And yet I cannot make appeal,
I know not what to do;
For list, besides the other things
She is the umpire too.

TWO VIEWS.

"Money makes the mare go," said the merchant as he sat toiling at his downtown office.

"The mare makes the money go," sadly remarked his son, suddenly returning from the races.



DIDN'T WANT TO DIE.

"What's the meaning of that wild look in your eye?"

"S-h-h! I'm trying to work the insanity dodge."



ALMOST A HORSELESS CARRIAGE.

"Hol' on tight, Sammy—hol' on ter Pauline! She's heerd dat dinner-whistle ober dar ter de factory, an' she's gwine ter scoot fer home. If she gits away from de wagon I'll hab ter walk a mile on dese tender leetle feet ob mine. an' I can't stand it."

TOO THIN.

Miss Flypp—"All we girls got something in our stockings Christmas morning except a Boston girl who was staying at our house. She was dreadfully disappointed."

Miss Fosdick—"How did Santa Claus happen to miss her?"

Miss Flypp—"The general opinion is that he mistook her stocking for a section of garden-hose."

STILL LIVELY.

Dorothy (as a snake crosses the path in front of her)—"My! something's lost its tail and it hasn't stopped wiggling yet."



PREPARING HIMSELF.

MR. JONES—"Let me see the worst-looking neckties you have in stock."

CLERK—"Why—er—these here are three for a quarter; these are a dollar a gross; these"—

MR. JONES—"Oh, I don't want to buy. I simply want to know the worst at once. I want to prepare myself for the shock of my wife's Christmas gift. That is all. Thank you."



1. CHARLIE (who has taken to the mental-science theory)—“Let’s see, that lecturer said I should throw out my chest, take long breaths, and say to myself, ‘Force! All is mind! The body is nothing! I will succeed! Nothing can down me!’”

A VAIN WISH.

Green —“I wish holes could be made to stay in water.”

Breen —“Why?”

Green —“Because then they’d take to playing golf at sea, and there’d be some land left for agriculture.”

GONE BEYOND IT.

May —“Belle looks older since she was married.”

Pamela —“Yes; she has taken the limit off her age.”

AT THE ZOO.

Smith —“They say the elephant has a poetry of motion peculiar to himself; but I cannot understand it, can you?”

Jones —“Not at all. It must be the magazine-poetry of motion.”

A HOPELESS CASE.

Attendant —“This patient is perfectly rational except upon one subject.”

Visitor —“And what is that?”

Attendant —“He imagines he has invented a method of playing golf with only one club.”

WE trust we may be pardoned for suggesting that a camera takes well as a Christmas gift.

NO OBJECT.

“I sometimes wish I had as much money as Russell Sage.”

“I don’t. I should hate to have to get along on so little as he does.”

ALL THE REQUISITES.

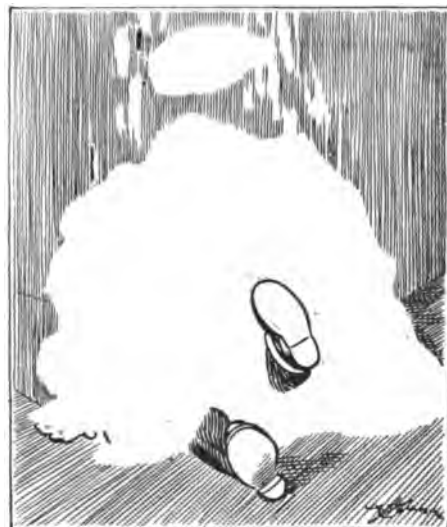
• Old Gold-

bonds —“So you would like to make a matrimonial alliance

with my daughter, eh? Well, sir, let me tell you the man who marries my daughter must be a slap-dash, nervy business man.”

Young Brassey —“That’s me, sir. My motto is business before pleasure always. Let us sit down and come to some satisfactory arrangement as to a yearly allowance for our living expenses. I will go in the parlor and spoon and make love to Ethel after, sir.”

DISILLUSIONMENT regarding Santa Claus is life’s first awakening from the happy sleep of faith.



2. Just then a snow-slide from the roof above descended with such force that Charlie realized the importance of his body and learned that something could down him.



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

HALF-GALLON CHARLIE —“Hol’ on, Bill; just because th’ boys tarred-an’-feathered yer, yer don’t have ter take it out on th’ tenderfoot.”

BILL —“That ain’t why I’m lickin’ ‘im. The blamed coyote offered me a job as a decoy for prairie-chickens.”

STORY OF A DOG AND A DEACON.



1. SWEET-SPIRITED UNCLE HIRAM—"Heylo, Carlo! Well, well, well! How that dog has grown! Glad to see me, Carlo? Well, well—



2. — Dear old Car —!! —!!!



3. — (with *emphatic crescendo*) Gosh dam that confounded, miserable, measly son of a street-bred purp! By the rattlin' hayricks! I'll teach him to be so consarned rough. I'll teach him to be so blamed, blarsted brutish. I'll teach him, by gum, garsh darn him! I'll!—



4. AUNT MILINDY—"Why, Hiram!"



OPEN PLUMING.

TRICKS OF BLACK ART.

"Ya-as, sah," observed Jim Crowhue; "I's about made up mah mind to be a professah ob hypnotism an' a mastah ob de black aht."

"I's powahful grieved to heah you say so," remarked Deacon Johnsing, "kase folkses doan take much stock in hoodoo fellahs. I wouldn' hab nuffin to do wid it, Jeems."

"Ya-as; but, deacon, dey say dat a hypnotist kin jes' chahm a chicken or gobbler so he cain't wink er hollah to sabe his life."

"Yo' doan' tell me?"

"Ya-as, sir; an' yo' kin hypnotize a watahmillion so hit 'll jes' disconnec' f'um de vine an' roll to-wahds yo'."

"Say, Jim Crowhue! do yo' s'pose dey could teach an ole man like me to hypnotize?"

"Go 'long, deacon! I 'lowed yo' didn' take no stock in sich things."

"Look heah, young fellah! An ole man has to hab some means to pertec' hisse'f when white folks' gobblers an' chickens try to bite him, I reckon."

NATURALLY.

City boarder—"Do you Pasteurize your milk?"

Farmer Corntassel—"Well, I reckon so. All the cows run in 'that pastur' yonder."

A CHANGE IN THE PROCEEDING.

"What are you going to buy for your wife's Christmas present?" said Hungerford to Tillinghast.

"I have decided to make a sort of investment for her this year."

"In what way?"

"I intend to get her a bicycle and an accident policy."

HER DEBUT IN UPROAR.

Smith—"I hear your friend, Mme. Sans Père, has made her début as an opera singer. Is she a success?"

Smythe—"Yes; a howling success."

A MODERN MADRIGAL.

"There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow."
Thus of his sweetheart's charm and grace
The poet warbled long ago.

But for the maiden of to-day
Were he to weave a worthy wreath,
Haply he'd thus begin his lay:
"There is a Klondike in her teeth."

9



QUITE EXCLUSIVE.

MR. CHIPMUNK (to Miss Robin)—"This is what I like about winter—one can have a bench all to one's self without any interference from a lot of those silly human beings."

GEOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION.



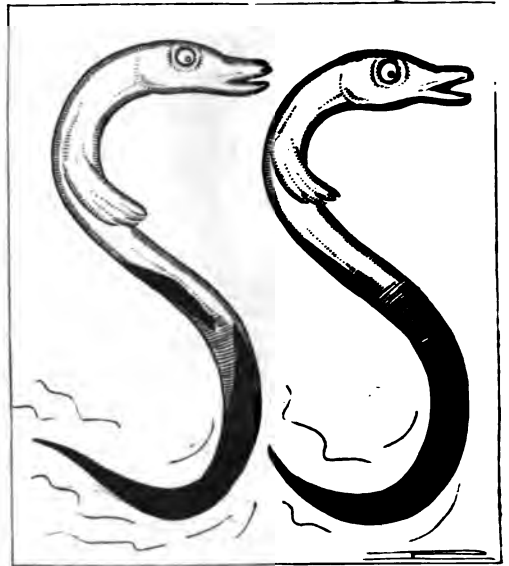
NEWS of such turmoil in China astonishes me," said Mr. McBride. There is something rotten in Denmark."

"Harry, dear," said Mrs. McBride, "your geography is dreadfully at fault. China is not in Denmark."

'T WAS EVER THUS.

Ted—"I've been trying to catch Dolly under the mistletoe, but Miss Autumn seems to be the only one I can find there."

Ned—"It seems to be an instance of the wrong girl in the right place."



A PAIR OF SLIPPERS.

SHE HAD SEEN THEM.

Margaret is a little girl who never admits that she is ignorant. She has always seen everything and knows all about it. The other day she was visiting at a strange house and almost betrayed herself by the strange persistency with which she followed around the maid who was sweeping the floor with a carpet-sweeper. "Don't you know what this is, Margaret? Didn't you ever see one?" asked the maid.

"Oh, yes," said Margaret; "I have seen them many a time, but they always took up grass."



DRAWING ON COPPER.

CABBAGE—The national flower of Germany.



NO FAULT OF THE FAMILY.

"Say, dat kid 's a 'beaut'—he looks like the devil!"

"Well, yer can't blame our fambly—he come from heaven!"

TWIN DEMONS.

The jungle was as dark as the outlook for the striking coal-miners. In the dense obscurity two men met—or, rather, bumped into—each other as they ran in opposite directions along the narrow path.

"Let me pass!" said the short, chuffy one. "You'll regret it if you don't."

"Let me pass, you mean!" retorted the other, a lean, lank man.

"No, I don't, either. I tell you, I am a terror."

"Oh, are you? Well, I am terrorer than you."

"Back, rash one! Do you know who I am?"

"No; I never read these patent medicine advertisements." But do you know who I am?"

"No, and I don't care! My reputation gives me the right of way. My

name creates consternation; my appearance strikes terror to the strongest heart. I hang on a trail with the pertinacity of a bloodhound, and"—

"What are you, any way?"

"Listen! I am a head-hunter—one of the deadliest of the deadly head-hunters in all Borneo."

The lean, hungry-looking man laughed scornfully.



WALL STREET TERM.

"Squeezing the 'shorts.'"

"Bah!" he cried. "Why, I can give you cards and spades, then beat you out! I am a place-hunter from Washington, D. C."

With a shriek of uncontrollable terror the chuffy one sped away. Fast on his fleeing footsteps flew the lean man.

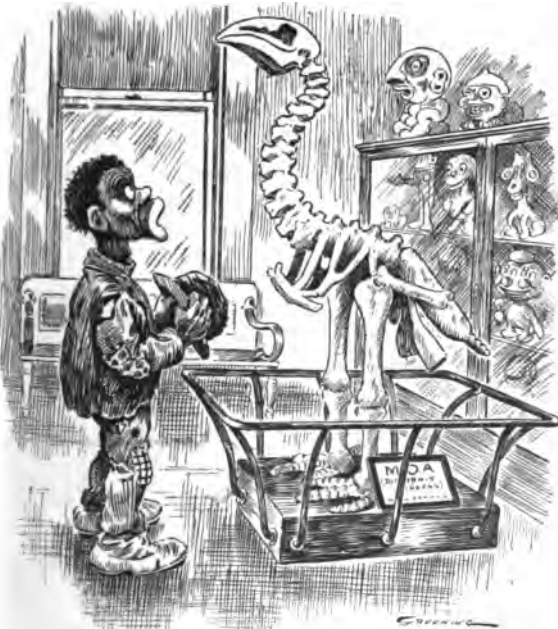
THEIR SEPARATE USES.

"You are putting up the holly for decoration, I suppose, girls?" said Harry Thornton to his cousins, who were ornamenting the parlor for Christmas.

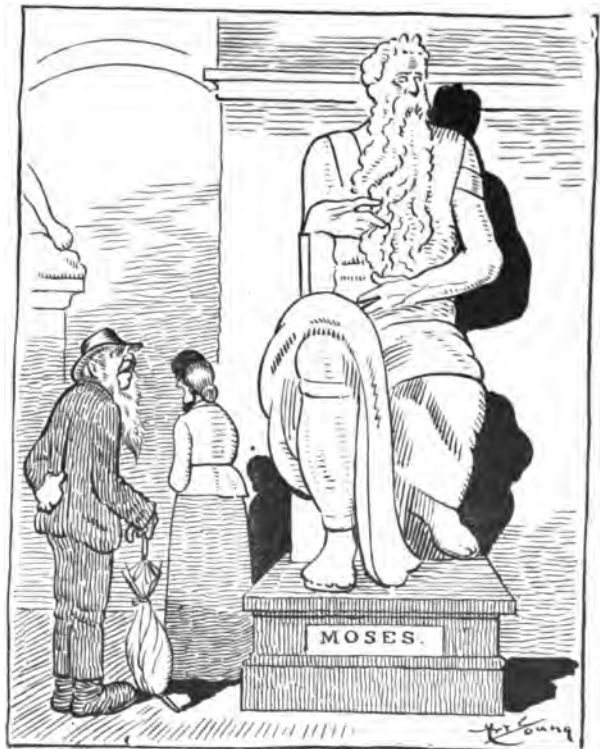
"Of course," said one of the pretty girls. "We are putting up the holly for decoration and the mistletoe for osculation."

DISHEVELED.

Beth was greatly interested in a weeping-willow that her father had planted the night before, on the lawn. "Come, mamma, hurry!" she called as she looked from the sitting-room window, "and see this cunning little tree with its hair all down."



RASTUS—"Mah goodness, what a chicking! Don't I just wish I'd a-libed den!"



AT THE ART GALLERY.

"I swan! Didn't s'pose Moses was sech a big feller."



THE FELLOW BEHIND—"Now you gimme back my orange! I only said you could sack it as far as Second avenue."

WHY THANKFUL?

What are we thankful for? That is a question
That sometimes puzzles e'en a dinner guest:
The rich are thankful for a good digestion,
The poor if they have something to digest.

WOMAN'S REASONING.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"It would be a great saving if Christmas came in January."

Cobwigger—"How do you figure that out?"

Mrs. Cobwigger—"One can buy things so much cheaper in the stores after the holidays."

DISCOURAGEMENT.

"What makes you cry so bitterly, little boy?" asked the kind gentleman.

"De t'ree Sunday-schools I j'ined is goin' ter have der Christmas treats all on de same night," wailed the little boy.
"Boo-hoo!"

CAD—An author who thinks that the favor of a fin-de-siècle publishing house constitutes him a leader of the age.

HIS LOSS.

"Confound the infernal luck!" the able editor of the *Pretyville Plaindealer* was snorting, as a friend entered the office. "Gosh-hang the blankity-blank! demon that stole, borrowed, or made 'way with our electrotype of the late Pydia E. Linkham!"

"Aw, what's the difference?" questioned the visitor. "That worthy lady has been dead several years, and"—

"The difference!" howled the angry scribe. "What in tophet and so-and-so are we going to use for a portrait of the dowager empress of China?"

THE PASSING OF THE HORSE.

Bowker—"They are evidently keeping pace with the spirit of the times

over in Paris just now?"

Jowker—"Why do you think so?"

Bowker—"Why, because they have just introduced a horseless sausage over there."

COLIC—A malady to which diplomatic youngsters are addicted about school-time.



SAVING GRACES.

TURTLE—"It's queer how unpopular that porcupine is."

CRANE—"Yes; because he really has a great many good points."

MR. DRYDOPPEL'S SOLILOQUY.

I used to think a deal of beer
And often drink of it ;
But now the more I think of it
The less I think of it.

ENLIGHTENMENT FOR THE CHILD.

Mr. Johnson was conversing with Mr. Jackson, who had dropped in for an after-supper chat, upon the subject of craps as a means for winning a livelihood in times of depression of the whitewashing business, when young Abraham Lincoln Johnson looked up from the book he was reading and inquired, "Pap, what's a scorpion?"

"A scorpion?" said Mr. Johnson. "Why—why—a scorpion's de fellah dat keeps de score."

"I begs to differ wid you, Mr. Johnson," said Mr. Jackson, who had lost his last quarter on the home team the day before; "de empiah's a scorpion."

A GIRL kissing a married man is like a child playing with electricity, who does not like the shock when it comes, but cannot resist trying it once more.



UNACCOUNTABLE PUNISHMENT.

MRS. WAYBACK—"Such a man as you don't deserve to have a wife."

MR. WAYBACK—"Exactly, M'ria. I've wondered for years what I have ever done to deserve this."

A FAVORED LOCALITY.

I am ill ; but that old doctor,
When consulted, made me smile.
He advised a change of climate ;
But I shall not budge a mile,
For I'm a citizen of Boston,
Where I have it all the while.

STRONG COMPULSION.

"I have compelled my wife to cease strumming on the piano," said Mr. Goldsborough to Mr. Bunting.

"How did you manage it?"

"I insisted upon singing every time she began to play."

A WINNING CONCESSION.

Crawford—"How were they persuaded not to cut down the minister's salary?"

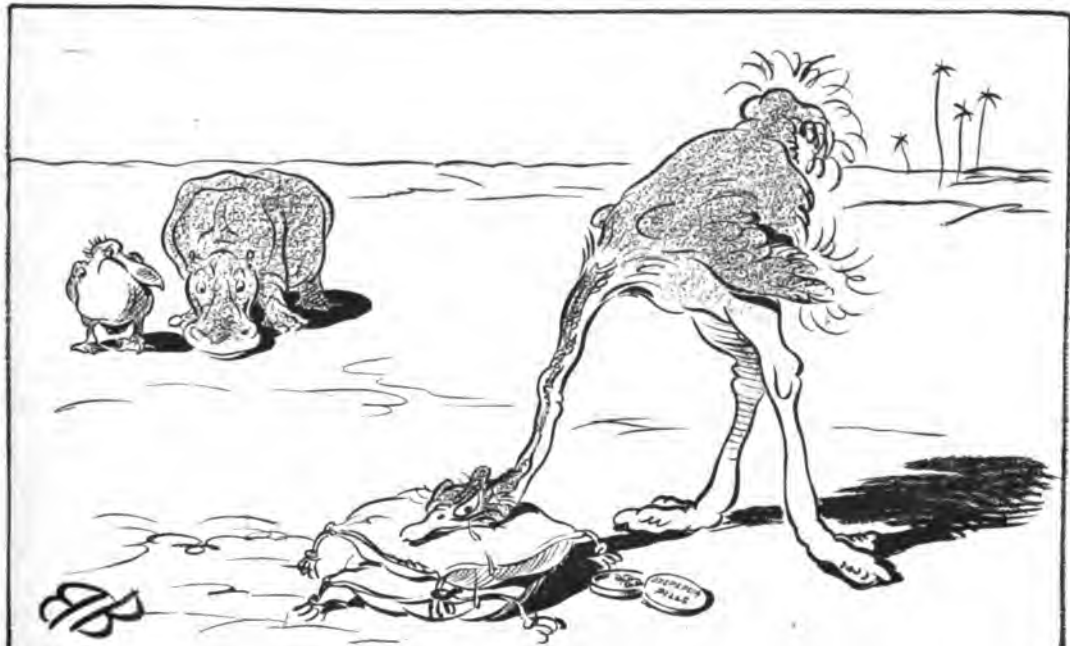
Crabshaw—"He promised to cut down his sermons."

HIS SPECIALTY.

Sally Gay—"Wally Soft-smith is a great flatterer, isn't he?"

Dolly Swift—"Oh, yes ; he always talks as if he were dictating an epitaph for one's tombstone."

ALWAYS get mixed up in the bride's train and add ten dollars to the fee for the clergyman to express your feelings.



AN EXPENSIVE APPETITE.

THE HIPPO—"The ostrich looks sad to-day, doesn't he?"

THE PELICAN—"No wonder. He sat in a dollar-ante game last night and inadvertently ate three stacks of blues."



AGRICULTURAL.

FARMER HAYRICK—"What's that noise?"
MRS. HAYRICK—"It's Jane cultivating her voice."
FARMER HAYRICK—"Cultivating, eh? If I'm any judge, that's harrowing."

AS OTHERS SEE US.

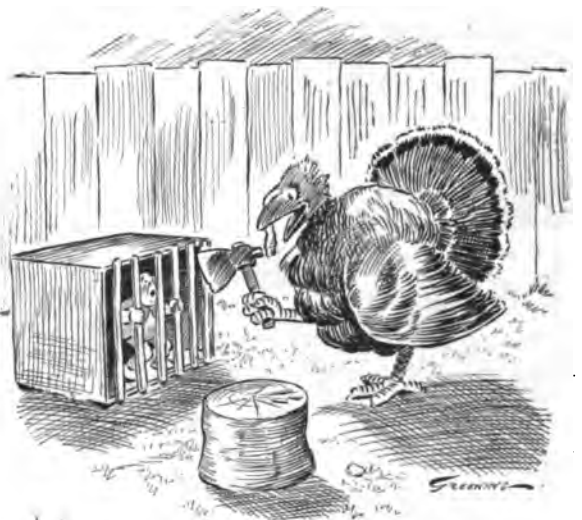


HE ornithorhynchus went over the hill
To view the remains of a pterodactyl.
"A queer bird was Terry,
A funny one, very;"
Said the ornithorhynchus a-scratching his bill.

IN THE SUBURBS.

Smith—"I have just taken the telephone
out of my house."
Jones—"What for?"
Smith—"To keep the tradesmen from
dunning me on it."

It's wonderful how the spirit of Christmas
warms and softens the flint-like heart! Old Millyuns
will give his office-boy another dollar this year.



IN TOSPY-TURVY LAND.

TURKEY—"Well, I guess you're about fat
enough for my Thanksgiving dinner."

SERENE OUTLOOK.

"We are all right for this Christmas," re-
marked the October bride to her dearest girl
friend. "We do not need to buy a single
Christmas gift."

"What has made you so fortunate?"

"We are going to utilize our duplicate
wedding presents as Christmas gifts."

A NEW MOTIVE POWER.

Going up in a Fifth-avenue sky-scraper the
other day I said to the dusky elevator-man,
"Do you know by what power this elevator is
run?"

"Oh, yas, sah," he replied; "it am run by
hypodermic power."



VERY AGGRAVATING.

WIFE—"Oh, doctor! will John pull through?"

DOCTOR—"Can't say, ma'am. The crisis will not arrive for at least a week."

WIFE—"Oh, dear! And that bargain-sale of mourning goods ends to-morrow."

TOO EXPENSIVE.

"I'm going to give my
wife some money and let
her buy her own present
this year."

"I've tried that."

"Wasn't it a good
thing?"

"No; she bought a
dress that had to be made
and trimmed."

BAD FORM.

Cholly—"Dickey was
wun over and killed by
a cable-car, don't you
know."

Willy—"What horrid
bad form! Everybody
knows the proper thing
now is for your auto to
blow up with you."



YES, HE WAS CLOSE.

ZUZUBU CHIEF—"Is he as mean as that?"

PRINCESS ROSALIE—"Mean! Why, when he got engaged it was to the armless woman, so he
wouldn't have to buy an engagement-ring."



1. This is the house the man built.

A RURAL BUSINESS BAROMETER.

Reuben—"No use of talkin', times haint so good as they were a year ago."

Abner—"That's right. The storekeeper down ter the Corners says there's over twice as many whittlings left on his floor each night as there was durin' the correspondin' time of last year."

NO PLACE FOR HER.

"If hivin' 's a place that's so peaceful,"
Said Bridget O'Riley the fair,
"There'll be no perlice to patrol it—
The devil-a-bit Oi'll go there."

GOOD GROUNDS.

Stubbs—"On what grounds did Dunley get his divorce from little Buttercup, the heavy weight?"
Jaggs—"He said he couldn't get used to sleeping in a tent."



4. This is the spade as used by the man who was told by his wife to spade up the lot that lay back of the house the man built.



2. This is the lot that lay back of the house the man built.

TIME TO STOP.

Dorothy (for the first time combing her grandmother's hair, astonished at its coming out so freely)—
"I—I—I guess I'd better stop, grandma; your head is all unraveling."

VAIN REGRETS.

To watch the youngster with his sled
Make merry, knowing care nor pain,
We sigh for years forever fled,
And wish we were a boy again.

HIS SONOROUS CONSCIENCE.

Mrs. Hoon—"It seems to me that good old Deacon Sobersides never deviates in the slightest degree from the strait and narrow way."

Mr. Hoon—"No; I sometimes fancy he has the approval of his own conscience to such an extent that the still small voice within must be as audible to him as a brass band."



5. These are the seeds that were sown by the man who had used the spade as told by his wife to dig up the lot that lay back of the house the man built.



3. This is the wife who told the man to spade up the lot that lay back of the house the man built.

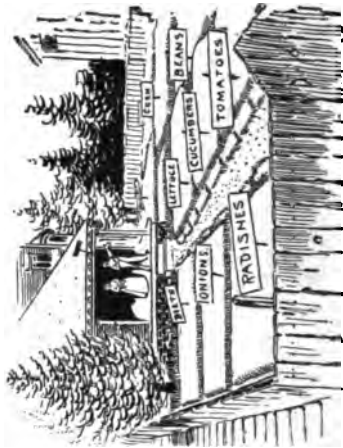
THE AUXILIARY.

"Our relations must cease!" These chilling words hissed through the clinched teeth of Lucretia Borgia.
"Enough!" he muttered hoarsely. "I'll go! but tell me first—where am I to procure the bromide bottle?"

THE BACHELOR.

He feels that the fates are mocking,
And that nothing can console,
When he looks in his Christmas stocking
And finds but the undarned hole.

KNOWLEDGE comes with what we learn; wisdom,
with what we unlearn.



6. This is the garden produced by the man who planted the seeds after using the spade as told by his wife to dig up the lot that lay back of the house the man built.



7. This is the hen who scented the loam which covered the garden produced by the man who planted the seeds after using the spade as told by his wife to dig up the lot which lay back of the house the man built.

HEARING VS. LISTENING.

Ere we were wed, when Mabel spoke a word
I did not need to hark—I always heard.
But things have oddly changed since then. Somehow,
I've learned to listen, without hearing—now.



A GOOD HATCH.

THE HEN—"Now, just look at that! I knew that if I sat on that deer-knob long enough something would hatch out."



8. This is the chaos produced by the hen who scented the garden produced by the man who planted the seeds after using the spade as told by his wife to dig up the lot that lay back of the house the man built.

THE WRONG END.

"You should treat your servants kindly," urged the woman lecturer, who lives at hotels herself and thus avoids a personal collision with facts which might militate against her theories.

"But you are beginning at the wrong end," declared the woman that keeps house.

"What do you mean?"

"You should instruct our servants to treat their employers kindly."

OUR NATIONAL BIRDS.

Now the eagle and the turkey

Are alike in this at least—

They will both be over China

While we hold our thankful feast.

17

DOING QUITE WELL.

Kind pedestrian—"Here's half a dollar, my poor man. Instead of living this way, why don't you learn a trade?"

Panhandler—"I would, sir, if I knew of a better one than this."

CONFUSION between a man's sorrow at being found out and sorrow for what he has done has been one of the scandals of morality.



9. This is the shattered and imbecile thing produced by the chaos produced by the hen who scented the garden produced by the man who planted the seeds after using the spade as told by his wife to dig up the lot that lay back of the house the man built.



JOHNNIE'S IDEA OF HOW A MAN PLAYS BY EAR.

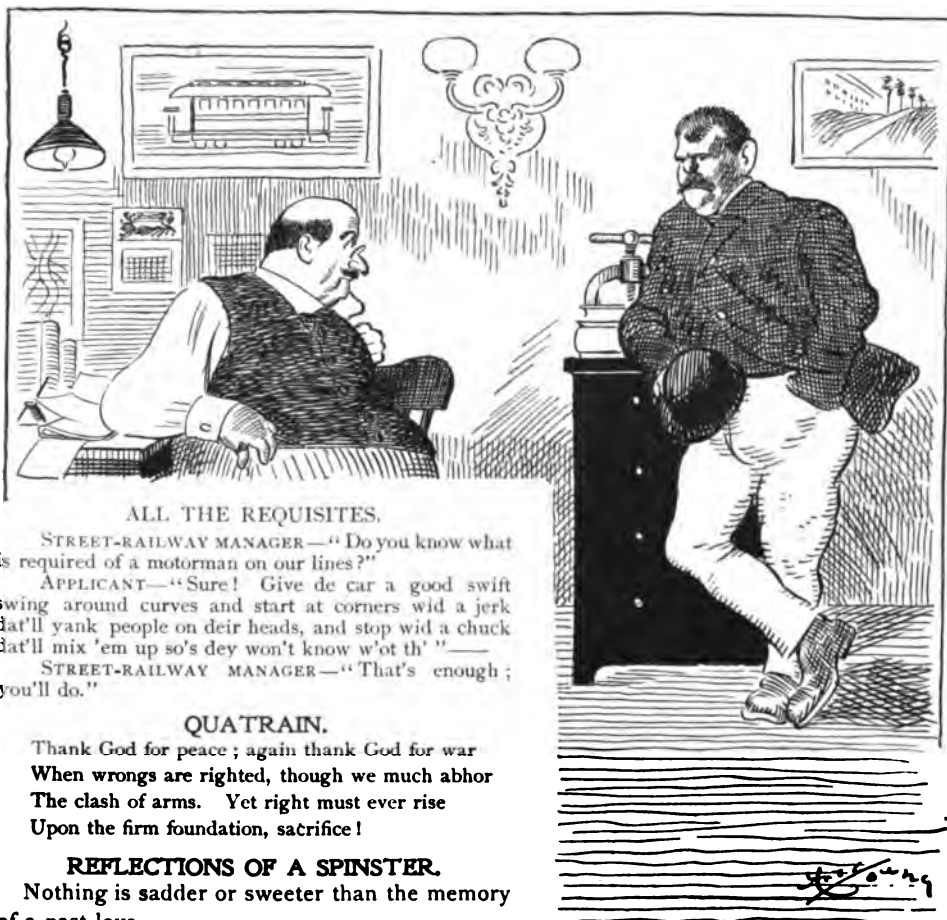


COULDN'T BEAR TO GO.

Boy—"Oh, sir! Chimmie's jest shot hisself in de stummick!"

MAN—"Why don't you carry him home?"

Boy—"He won't go! He's got four cartridges left w'ot he hain't shot off yet."



ALL THE REQUISITES.

STREET-RAILWAY MANAGER—"Do you know what is required of a motorman on our lines?"

APPLICANT—"Sure! Give de car a good swift swing around curves and start at corners wid a jerk dat'll yank people on deir heads, and stop wid a chuck dat'll mix 'em up so's dey won't know w'ot th' "

STREET-RAILWAY MANAGER—"That's enough; you'll do."

QUATRAIN.

Thank God for peace; again thank God for war
When wrongs are righted, though we much abhor
The clash of arms. Yet right must ever rise
Upon the firm foundation, sacrifice!

REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

Nothing is sadder or sweeter than the memory
of a past love.

To love and then to forget is the every-day comedy of the world.

The defects of a woman often charm a man more than her virtues.

To accept the inevitable cheerfully is a woman's true foundation of happiness.

There is no middle ground with a true, sensitive woman; she gives all or nothing.

NEEDED HELP.

Donald seemed greatly interested in watching a spider at work on its web. After a few moments the little fellow called to his mother, "Mamma, here's a poor, tiny spider all tangled up in its hair."



"That's a silhouette of my great-grandfather."
"H'm—which way is he looking?"

THE LAST STAGE.

Thespis—"What does a woman do when she becomes too old to be a ballet-dancer?"

Foyer—"Becomes a child-actress."

THE BOY OF IT.

Cobwigger—"Now, what would you do with a watch if you had it?"

Freddie—"Why, take it to pieces."

POLITE REFUSAL.

"Let us go out and get some ozone," said Gilfoyle to Bunting as the curtain went down at the close of the second act.

"I thank you," replied Bunting; "but I never touch intoxicating liquors."

WITH the aid of a powerful microscope we regarded the ptomaine in the ice-cream steadfastly.

"You are extremely ugly," we observed.

"Of course," replied the ptomaine. "Did you ever see a genuine lady-killer that wasn't more or less ugly?" To be perfectly candid—but why speak of this?

HE RUNG THE BELL.

Victor, a little street waif, who had been run over and crippled for life, was in one of the lower rooms in a public school.

The teacher became very much interested in the little fellow, and invited him to call at her boarding-place.

He hobbled in just as he would at the school-house, but was told that this was not polite—that he must always ring the bell.

So the next time, not knowing the use of the electric button, he took from the hall table a large hand-bell, used for calling the boarders to their meals, and rang it with all his might. The sound, at this unexpected hour, brought together the entire household in great consternation, but Victor complacently remarked, "I didn't forget; I rung the bell."



A PREFERENCE.

JOEL WIGGINS (*who owes the editor two years' subscription*)—"My boy Aleck wanted me to fetch this here poem up. Thought mebbe ye'd like ter run it in yer paper."

EDITOR—"What's the poem about?"

JOEL WIGGINS—"Suthin' 'bout 'Lovin' in Spring.'"

EDITOR—"What you got in your basket?"

JOEL WIGGINS—"Onions."

EDITOR—"Well, I'll take the onions."

HIS COGITATION.

"Lives of great men," ruefully remarked mild little Farmer Meeks, who had a perpetually-apologetic air and a huge and hawk-billed wife, "may remind us of the advisability of leavin' footprints on the sands of time, but in all the biographies of famous personages that I have ever read I've never seen so much as a single line advocatin' the leavin' of muddy tracks on the freshly-scrubbed kitchen floor."

BACKBITER—A devil's deputy who tells us the shortcomings of our neighbors in the effort to induce us to divulge

some of our own, so he (or she) may be enabled to keep things warm at the other end of the line. A sort of commission merchant in foibles, follies and imaginary evils of humanity.



POP'S TURN NEXT.

FIRST BOY—"By golly! You've got fourteen different-colored patches on dem pants o' yours."

SECOND BOY—"Yep! Ma says soon as she gets two more on she's goin' to make em over into a fancy vest fer pop."



EXERCISING WITH THE "DOM" BELLS.

HIS GALLANTRY WAS A BOOMERANG.



"Goodness! There's a terrible cow!"



"Bing! Thud! Bump!"



"Heavens! The beast is coming this way!"



"Oh, don't mention it. It was nothing. I am always happy to aid fair woman in distress."



"Fear not, ladies. Scat! Shoo! Get out!"



"Chase my caecows an' git 'em all riled up, will ye! Well, I'm the sheriff o' this here county an' I'll fine ye twenty dollars. Air ye goin' to pay?"



ENOUGH SAID.

FIRST BURGLAR—"W'ot's dat?"
 SECOND BURGLAR—"Bunch o' dressmaker's bills."
 FIRST BURGLAR—"Receipted?"
 SECOND BURGLAR—"Receipted."
 FIRST BURGLAR—"Come on; let's get out o' here!"



POACHING ON HER PRESERVES.

DOORS NOT COMFORTABLE.

Mrs. Rawson (to Dorothy, who had just visited at her aunt's new house)—"Is the new house comfortable, dear?"

Dorothy (who had never before seen portières)—"I'm afraid the doors are a little chilly, mamma—they all have to wear shawls."

JUST SEW!

Little Susan would not sew,
 In spite of spank or wheedle,
 And one day in a naughty mood
 She swallowed thread and needle.

The needle in her lung did lodge,
 The thread caught in her side,
 And Susan "hemmed" and had a "stitch"
 Until she "up and died."

HADN'T HEARD THE NEWS.

First Briton—"But I thought we had the Boers whipped some time ago?"

Second Briton—"So we did, and the fact was printed in every newspaper in the English-speaking world; but it looks as though them thick-headed Dutchmen couldn't read a word of English."

NO WONDER.

Duff—"I tell you that boiler-maker swings the sledge-hammer in great style, doesn't he?"

Huff—"He ought to. He learned the trick playing golf."

QUITE LIKELY.

Stone—"Violet Florentine is going to make a great hit at the Hyperion next month."

Brick—"What is she going to do?"

Stone—"She is going to play *Mazeppa* with an automobile."

COLOR-BLINDNESS.

Nice old lady (picking up a copy of the *Evening Telegram*)—"Dear, dear! I hear them talk so much about the yellow journals; do you know, this looks pink to me?"



NOT THE SAME.

VOICE FROM UPSTAIRS—"Johnnie, are you children in those preserves?"

JOHNNIE—"No'm!" (in a lower tone) "those preserves is in us."

LIKE A WOMAN.

The farmer hit the hen a whack
And now, as is women's whim,
Though of revenge she has no
lack,
That hen still "lays for him."

TOO FLY FOR HIM.

"Excuse me, sir; but there
is a fly in your beer."

This remark, addressed to
an apparently placid-looking
German by a somewhat seedy
personage, had the instanta-
neous effect of bringing the
worthy Teuton from a lethar-
gic sitting posture at once to
his feet, an object of vehe-
ment irascibility.

"Berhaps you vas von ohf
dose humanimydarrians vot
vould hate to see a fly got
trowned, ain'd id? Maype
you vas von ohf dem s. p. c. a.
agents vot vill haf me arrested
alretty vonce for cruelty to
animals? Berhaps you t'ink
dot I vill remove dot fly und
ask you to trink mit me out
ohf courtesy, or dot I vill de-
cline to gonsume dot lager
on agcount ohf dot fly's
bresence und offer it to you?



AN EXAGGERATED OPINION OF HIMSELF.
THE POUTER-PIGEON—"Humph! Seems to me I don't
weigh much for my size."

Nein; I vill do noddings ohf
der sort, so got a gait on your-
selluf. Dere may be flies in
Heinrich Schwartz's lager, but
dere vos none on him, py
chirn!"

PATERFAMILIAS.

His looks show he's dejected
And very sorely stirred;
He knows he is elected
Each year to carve the bird.

WEEKLY DUTY IN CHICAGO.

Maid—"Mrs. Lakefront is
very busy to-day and says she
cannot be seen."

Caller—"Dear me! I hope
she isn't ill."

Maid—"No, ma'am; this is
her day for opening sealed
proposals."

WHEN Brudder Johnsing
drinks cold chicken soup out
of the pitcher he knows that
he is having a shanghai-ball.

WHY HE DOESN'T.

"Why doesn't he mind his busi-
ness?"

He isn't so inclined,
Because he has no business
And because he has no mind.

PLAYING GOLF ON SAINT NICK.

Santa Claus (at the fire-
place, the night before Christ-
mas) — "Great chimneys!
They are ringing in golf-
stockings on me to such an
extent that I'll have to either
increase my transportation
facilities, or leave over some
of my orders until next year."

AN OSCULATORY ALTERNATIVE.

Ethel—"Mabel stood two
mortal hours under the mis-
tletoe without getting one
kiss."

Maud—"Poor thing! What
did she do then?"

Ethel—"Started up a game
of blind-man's-buff and got in
the way of everybody."

WOULD APPRECIATE IT.

I wish I was a shirt-waist man,
The turkey cried, distressed;
For then it wouldn't be my fate
To be beneath a vest.



"A BUFFALO ROBE."



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

"Winter, with its falling snow,
I thought was white," said Johnny Breen;
"But now I see it is not so.
For I have found a winter-green."



. ALL. THAT WAS NEEDED.

CASSIDY—"Wudn't yez loike t' live on a farm. Pat?"

CASEY—"Oh, ut's th' only way t' live! Ef they only hod illivated roads, cable-car-rs, plinty av saloons, concert-halls, tinimint houses, dirt, noise and polacemin on a farm Oi'd move onto a farm to-morrer."

STILL WORSE.

"Ah, how wonderful, how solemn, it is to be a woman!" exclaimed Niece Henrietta Louise, a somewhat angular maiden, who, having failed to accumulate a man, went in strongly for intellectuality and soulfulness. "How awe-inspiring, how soul-stirring, how mind-o'er-whelming, to know one's self the heritor of ages of mystic worship, of æons of physical pain; to inhale the incense of centuries of adoration; to bear patiently the burden of a yet potent curse!"

"Ye-es, I s'pose



MISUNDERSTOOD.

"Hold on ter yer head, 'Mandy; we're passin' one o' them theayters where they have them turrible scalpers!"

so," rather doubtfully replied old Aunt Flatfoot, who was almost as broad as she was long, and was solidly founded on the essential things of this life. "But to my mind the most aggravatin' thing in all creation is to try and make jelly when the dratted stuff won't jell."

THE WISH OF HERCULES.

"What is the matter, Hercules?" Jove asked as the former paused in his arduous work of cleaning the Augean stables.

"I was merely longing for the horseless age," replied Hercules.

THE HEIGHT OF INGENUITY.

Jaggles—"What do you think is the most wonderful machine ever invented?"

Waggles—"The one that puts the folds in time-tables."



ALWAYS POLITE.

"Oh, madam! excuse my back."



THE RIGHT BIN FOR IT.

THE ROOSTER—"Gimme a cocktail!"



AND WE DON'T BLAME HIM.

OLL SOL KLINK (*to his young wife*)—"Hattie, I'll stand a good deal from ye, 'cause I luv ye; but, gosh-blame it! ye've got to stop stickin' yer chewin'-gum on my head."

THE HEATHEN.

"Pardon me," inquired the tourist from the east, "but what was that Chinaman lynched for last night?"

"Lynched for?" repeated Tarantula Jim. "Why, the blankity-blanked heathen tried to murder a white man; that's what he was lynched for! Tell you how it happened. A gang of us, while out enjoyin' ourselves, busted into his laundry, pulled him out by the slack of the neck and started to drag him along to the lynchin'-tree. I reckon mebbey we kicked him a few times for good measure, as we went along—but a chap that is actin' as the party of the second part in a lynchin'-bee ort to expect that, bein' as it is entirely customary and accordin' to Hoyle. The Mongolian

didn't make no speshul protest till Appetite Bill, who alwers was more or less of a wag, attempted to cut off his queue, and then, quicker than a flash, the yaller heathen jerked out a big knife from under his gown, inserted the most of it in Appetite's stomach and laid him open from Alphabet to Omaha. Of course we lynched the pagan after that, and served him mighty right."

"H'm—yes; I see. But what had he been guilty of in the first place?"

"Guilty of bein' a Chinaman, of course."

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Crawford—"What induced you to invite your college friend down for the holidays?"

Grimshaw—"He's an athlete, and will come in handy to accompany my wife when she does her Christmas shopping."

NE'ER look a gift automobile in the mouth.



MADAM ROBIN—"Merciful heavens! is there no place left on earth where a law-abiding robin can build a nest?"

IN A QUANDARY.

CANNOT tell to which she's true,
For I am sore misled ;
Although her eyes are good Yale blue,
Her cheeks are Harvard red.

GOOD AUTHORITY.

Hopkins—"Old Brown is going to marry off one of his daughters pretty soon."

Popkins—"How do you know?"

Hopkins—"The gas-metre man told me."

ALL WARE AND NO FARE.

Guest—"Will you kindly tell me how you cut this beef so thin?"

Waiter—"With a carving-knife. Why?"

Guest—"Nothing, only I was just wondering if it was done with a safety-razor."



BETTER OFF WHERE HE WAS.

OLD TURK—"You better go way back and sit down, young feller. Take my gobble for it!"

WHAT'S MARRIAGE FOR?

Young man—"Why don't you get up and give this poor lady a seat?"

A party—"Huh! Guess not! Why, she's my wife."

"THEODORE," asked the Sunday-school superintendent of an eight-years-old bible-student, "what was the name of Moses' mother?"

"Jochebed," answered Theodore.

"Very good. Now, will you tell me the name of Moses's father?"

Theodore wrinkled his brows a moment. "I don't know," he began doubtfully; then he went on brightly, "bible don't say. I guess she must o' been a widow."



THE UNEXPECTED OFTEN HAPPENS.

I. *HUNTER*—"It's impossible to get a rabbit. Guess I'll see if I can hit that little round white mark there in the grass." (*Bang!*)

DURING THE POSTPRANDIAL NAP.

Tommy—"I am sure that papa is dreaming about the seashore."

Mamma—"Why do you think so, Tommy?"

Tommy—"Why, because he snores just like the surf."

USUALLY SO.

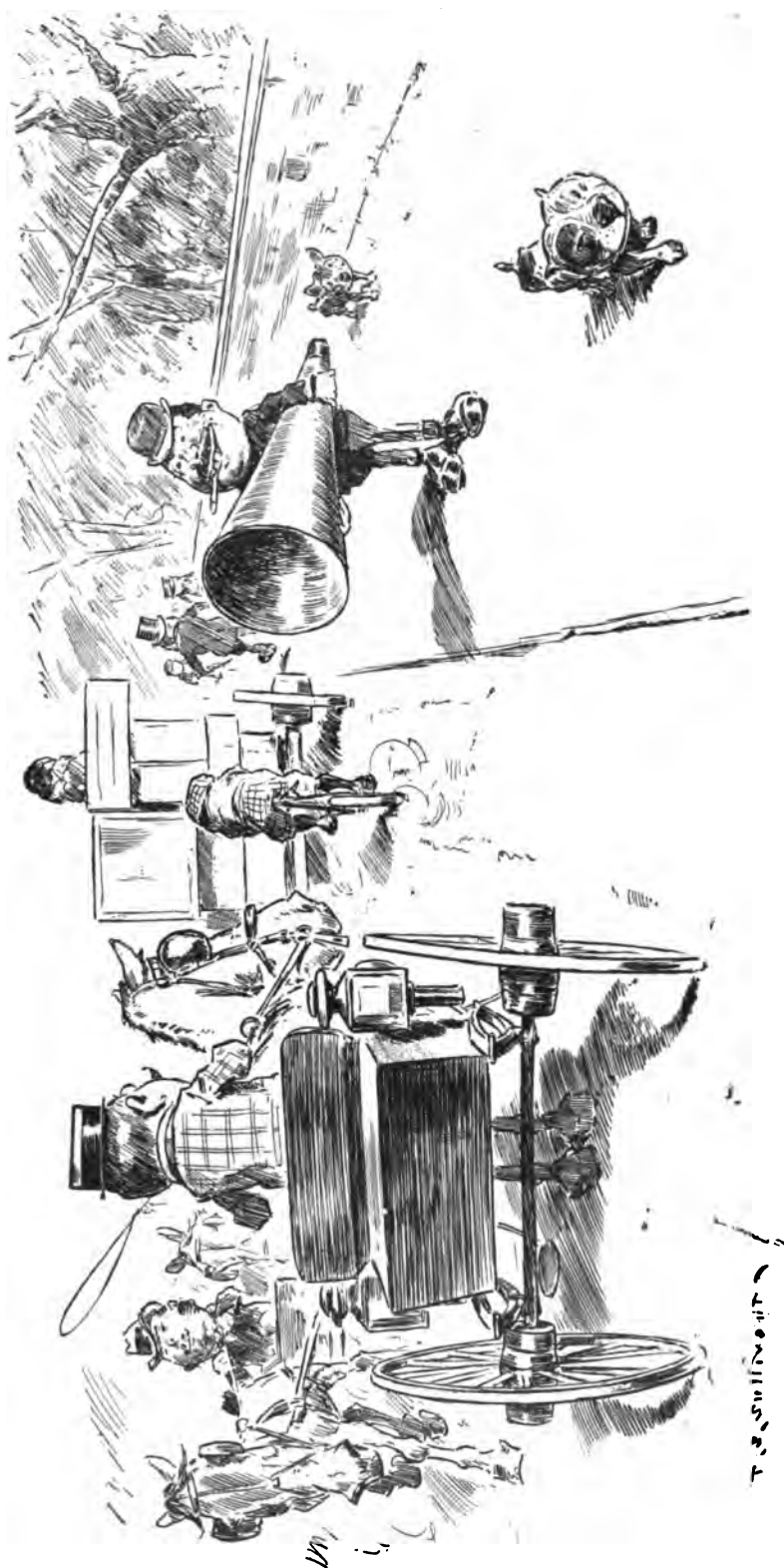
Sportsman—"Is the hunting good hereabouts?"

Native—"Yep; the huntin' 's better nor the findin'."

BALAAM—A walking delegate of the Philistines who lost his standing through an ill-advised strike.



II. *HUNTER*—"Well, gee whiz! A rabbit—the little round white mark was a cotton-tail!"



GETTING EVEN.

JONES—"Hello! What are you going to do with that megaphone?"
 SMITH—"Why, I'm going to point it out of my window toward Brown's house and snore into it at night. I want to get even with the Browns for their daughter's piano-lessons."



OUT IN KANSAS.

"Willie, won't you kiss your uncle?"
"I don't see no place!"

HE WANTED TO APPEAR AT HOME.

First westerner—"Quite a little excitement in town last night. A stranger that said he hailed from Vermont came in on the evening stage. As soon as he struck the main street he pulled out a gun and began blazing away at the street-lamps, and he wound up by threatening to shoot anybody that wouldn't go in and have a drink with him. He didn't appear crazy, either, when the marshal arrested him."

Second westerner—"Aw, he must have been another of them there eastern fellers that get their ideas of the west from the five-cent stories."

OMAR—TWENTIETH CENTURY.

*A book of verses, underneath the bough.
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness;
Ah! Wilderness were paradise enow.*

Ah! Omar, sage, in those few lines
you set

The sum of earthly happiness; but yet
If you had lived in these degenerate
days

I think you would have liked a cigarette.

THE FICKLE FAIR.

Cobwigger—"Howells says the women read books, while the men read the papers."

Merritt—"That accounts for the fact that the popular novel changes as often as the fashions."

THE SOLE EXCEPTION.

The new lodger—"I must look for another room, Mrs. Chamberhall. The noise in the neighborhood last night was simply unbearable! Three times was I awakened by the shrieks of some person in agony."

Mrs. Chamberhall—"Oh, please do not be hasty! It is but one night in the week when the painless dentist keeps open."

REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

If love's eyesight were good, pajamas would never have been invented.

Good men are products of the imaginations of religious women who have never married.

If God only lends people something to love, what bad judgment He sometimes uses in not calling the loan.

A handsome man divides women into two classes—those he knows he can kiss and those he thinks he can as soon as he has time.

NEVER deceive yourself into the suspicion that you are the star of the performance.



A MISINTERPRETATION.

HAIR-CUTTER (to parent)—"Shall I give your boy a bang on his forehead, sir?"
PARENT (busily)—"Yes; and if that doesn't quiet him give him one in the neck. He's been warned not to fidget in the barber's chair."

THE AMATEUR JUGGLER GIVES A PROFESSIONAL PERFORMANCE WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS.



I. "Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission I will endeavor to do what Columbus couldn't do——"

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

Richmond—"Have you bought your winter supply of coal yet?"

Bronxborough—"Long ago. I'm laying in a stock of ice for next summer now."

A DECEPTIVE SIGN.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"Freddie stole nearly all the nice things I had cooked for Christmas."

Mrs. Dorcas—"How did you come to leave the pantry unlocked?"

Mrs. Cobwigger—"I thought it was safe because he'd begun attending Sunday-school again."



II. Balance an egg on a feather——

THE GREATEST TRIAL.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"When you moved from the city to the suburbs what convenience did you miss the most?"

Mrs. Lonely—"It was such an awful walk to the next house every time you wanted to borrow anything."

JOYS OF SUBURBAN LIFE.

Mrs. Younghusband—"Hasn't baby been good? He hasn't cried a bit on the way to the station."

Younghusband—"He's saving up so he can cry all the way on the train."



III. On my——



IV. Face!"



1. WASTENINK (*the poet*)—"By Jove! here's an opportunity. The *Weekly Bazoo* offers a prize of fifty dollars for the most realistic poem on spring. Ye gods! I'll go to nature for an inspiration and capture the prize."



4. —I ought to have brought my raglan along—it seems to be snowing a little. However, that's more food for thought. And when the rain came dropping down it made the poet think—

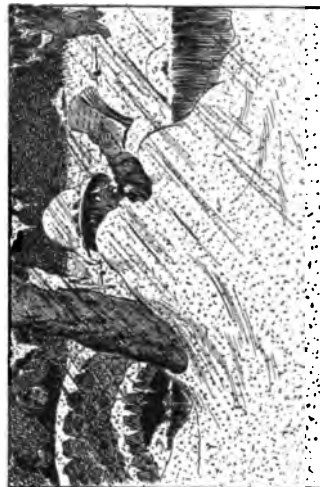
"I'll bow to nature's heart we are
When spring's soft breezes blow,
And gentle showers from above
Begin to turn to snow."



2. JOHNSON—"Wonder what the deuce Wastenink's sitting there for? Guess he's trying to get an inspiration for a poem."

WASTENINK—"Nothing like communing with nature when you want to feel the impulse of spring. Let's see. Ah! I'll start it something like this:

"The air was full of springiness,
The earth with life did teem
Its dreary winter's nap was o'er;
It could no longer dream"



5. —My! but it's getting chilly. Let's see—"Begin to turn to snow"—and—

"Faster and fiercer blows the gale,
Ah! truly this is spring;
And many a man will get the grippie,
While some its praises sing.

I don't know whether I've made that last thought clear or not. It would be bad to get spring and grippie mixed. Gracious! I can't move my feet. Wonder if they're frozen? Glorious! Another thought—

"The poet's feet were freezing fast,
But still he stayed to write
While snow was drifting down his neck—
Oh, what a gallant sight!"

JOHNSON—"Yes, there he is, poor fellow! I thought we'd find him."



3. —Hello! Is that rain? Quite providential. I'll work it in. Astonishing how nature helps one's musings. Let's see; I left off at 'It could no longer dream'—and—

"The sky o'erspread with fleecy clouds
Which made it black as ink;
And when the rain came dropping down
It made the poet think"



6. MANAGING EDITOR (*Weekly Bazoo*)—"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

JOHNSON—"I called to see if you found the poem on spring available that was written by my friend Wastenink, who was frozen to death the other day?"

MANAGING EDITOR—"Yes; it took the fifty-dollar prize. And I sent the money to Layemout, the undertaker, to bury him with."



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MY DAILY FARE.

A happy home, with loved ones near;
Raiment, food, and bed;
The book or two I hold most dear—
This is my daily bread.

Congenial comrades—just a few;
Winds from the mountains sweet;
Full strength my chosen work to do—
This is my daily meat.

Music and thoughts of the great and fair;
Wisdom and wit to dine;
Beauty and pleasure to have and to share—
This—ah, this is my wine!

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Mrs. Scaddsligh—"Now, Laura, you go right into the library and study your French. Here we expect to start for Paris the middle of next week, and you haven't looked at a single lesson."

Laura—"But, mamma, I"—

Mrs. Scaddsligh—"There, there! Go right along, now, and learn French. I don't believe in this habit of putting everything off till the very last minute."

OLD SNOWBALL.

It needs no second glance to see
He's just as thankful as can be;
He never would have got the turk
Hand not the spring-gun failed to work.

AN IDEAL EXISTENCE.

Weary Wraggles—"I wouldn't mind bein' dis straw hat meself."

Wandering Willie—"How's dat, pard?"

Weary Wraggles—"It's gittin' blowed off all de time."

THE ANNUAL RACKET.

Ted—"Come to the theatre with me on Thanksgiving."

Ned—"No, thanks. I don't care for those college-yells."

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DISTINCTIONS.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"So they are not in your set?"

Mrs. Proudfoot—"No, indeed. They go to a gymnasium, while we attend a physical-culture class."

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Cures by this Wonderful
External Remedy
Last Year.

Send for Trial Pair—FREE on Ap-
proval to Anybody.



Magic Foot Drafts absorb impurities through
the large pores of the feet.

The Drafts cured Mrs. W. D. Harriman,
wife of Judge Harriman of Ann Arbor, Mich.

They cured Carl C. Pope, U. S. Commis-
sioner at Black River Falls, Wis., of Rheu-
matic Gout.

They cured severe rheumatism of the arms,
neck and back for T. C. Pendleton, Jackson,
Mich.

Mrs. Caspar Yahrsdorfer, Jackson, Mich.,
70 years old, was cured in a few weeks, after
suffering 30 years.

The Drafts cured James Gilbert, Locomotive
Dept., Mich. Cent. R. R., Jackson, Mich.,
after 27 years of pain.

They cured Dr. Van Vleck, Jackson, Mich.,
and he is now using them in his practice.

Letters from these persons and many others
are reproduced in our new booklet on rheu-
matism—also sent free with the dollar pair of
Drafts—if you send your name to the Magic
Foot Draft Co., 1269 Oliver Building, Jackson,
Mich. Send no money—only your name.

CROUP

Coughs -
Bronchitis
PREVENTED




TRADE MARK

The Throat Band
is a fine silk
band worn about
the neck. A
pouch in front
contains a medi-
cinal powder
ground in an oil
seed which con-
veys the medi-
cine to the skin
over the bron-
chial tubes and
larynx, which is
absorbed through
the pores that have been opened by the compress effect of
the band on the neck and penetrates directly to the seat
of all bronchial and laryngeal troubles.

PATENTED

20 days free trial

We send this Band to any one on 20 days free trial.
Do not send us any money, just state age of child, or else
collar worn if for an adult. Keep it in use 20 days; if the
wearer has an attack of Croup or is not cured if afflicted
with Bronchitis, Coughing, Tonsillitis or Laryngitis send
it back and pay nothing. But if it proves all we claim
send us \$2.00 and keep the Band. They last all winter.

We guarantee every Band sent out to be new. Beware
of spurious imitations. This is the original Patented
Throat Band. References: Old National Bank,
Grand Rapids National Bank, State Bank of Mich.

Egyptian Manufacturing Co.,
21 Shepard Bldg.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Agents wanted.

HIS ILL FORTUNE.

"Gol-drat it all!" snarled Farmer
Climchpaw, who was popularly believed to
be as penurious as stone-soup, in the midst
of his absorption of the allurements of a
patent-medicine circular, "it looks like I
never have no luck at all! If I was only
afflicted with chronic indigestion, extreme
lassitude, agonizin' pains in the back, vir-
tigo, loss of memory, terrible dread of im-
pendin' disaster, splittin' headaches, in-
somnia, or a general breakin' down of the
entire nervous system, I could git a big
trial bottle of Old Dr. Soonover's quint-
essence of rum, gin and kohosh absolutely
free-gratis; but, gosh-lang it, I ain't got
a thing the matter with me but chilblains,
and it don't say anything about that
'ere remedy bein' good fer chilblains!
Ar-r-r-r!"

A FEW HINTS TO THE GROOM.

Never do things by halves, even if you
are the lesser half.

During the ceremony confine your
swearing to the service.

Let the bride's relatives have their own
way and get square afterwards.

Be good and you may not have to tele-
graph for money to get back home.

Try to conceal your feelings and be
cheerful; fancy you're some other fellow.

Lay in a large wardrobe; it will be a
long time before you will get a new suit.

If you want to be truly in the fashion be
sure to forget where you left your hat.

When calculating the cost multiply by
four and add one hundred per cent. in-
terest.



"YOUR FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE!"

But your face looks like an Egyptian Obelisk—
carved all over with aged hieroglyphics easily-
deciphered, viz., "Skin Tighteners," "Rollers,"
"Sheet Wrinklers," "Lotions," "Massage,"
"Cosmetics," etc. Monumental Testimony to Vie-
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will give you a skin soft and fine as white velvet. Results
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Century," in which he fully describes the science of Psychratism. Write for it to-day. It costs you
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the grandest of all sciences, by sending you the book free and postpaid upon receipt of your name. This is a
valuable book, not a mere advertising pamphlet, and contains much information and the rudimentary lessons in the
interesting and elevating science. Vernon Academy of Mental Sciences and Sanatorium, 3235 East Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

Hope for Consumptives.

A Positive Cure Found By a Celebrated Michigan
Physician—He Sends a Trial Package Free.

At last a cure has been found. Incredible as it
may seem, after the centuries of failure, a positive and



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OF THE ONLY CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

certain cure for the deadly consumption has at last
been discovered. It remained for a great physician of
Michigan to find the only known cure for consumption,
after almost a life's work spent in experimenting and
study.

Consumptives who have returned from the West-
come home to die because they thought nothing could
be done for them—have tried this new discovery and
are now well and strong.

If you are afflicted, do not fail to send at once to Dr.
Derk P. Yonkerman, 604 Shakespeare Bldg., Kalamazoo,
Mich., for a free trial package, proofs and testimonials;
it costs nothing. The Doctor does not ask anyone to
take his word or anyone else's, as he sends a trial
package free, and a few days' use will show you how
easily and quickly you can be cured. Delay is danger-
ous. There is no time to lose when the death hand of
consumption is tightening its clutch upon you. Write
to-day.

Want your moustache or beard a
beautiful brown or rich black?

THEN USE

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The new dis-
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Albert Vernon
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the world for
the first time.
You want it.

You are not competent to combat the influences of the world with-
out it. With a knowledge of the principles of this grand science failure has
been changed to success; the sick have been made well. It is a marvelous
force available in the every-day affairs of life between man and man in busi-
ness, in sickness and health. Psychratism is simply the power of putting another to sleep nor a name to mystify. Psychratism
is a science and appeals to man's intellect and reason. It enlightens; makes
truth of mystery and is the X-Ray of Self-Development and personal influ-
ence, enabling one to see and understand all that has been attributed to
supernatural agency, hypnotism and occult influences during the past ages.

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is the
tute where the sick are cured by Psychratism without drugs of any kind.
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drug, liquor, etc., are cured. PERSONAL INSTRUCTION

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the grandest of all sciences, by sending you the book free and postpaid upon receipt of your name. This is a
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A safe and painless home treatment that has completely cured cases in from ten to twenty days that noted physicians refused to treat, declaring them fatal and hopeless. Send name and address if you are a sufferer or if you know of any one who is, and we will send all necessary information and hundreds of convincing testimonials absolutely free.
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Nothing to Try.

A new tasteless discovery which can be given in tea, coffee or food. Heartily endorsed by W. C. T. U. and



OUR PAPA DON'T DRINK ANY MORE.

all temperance workers. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 408 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, O., and he will mail a trial package of Golden Specific free to show how easy it is to cure drunkards with this remedy.

EDUCATIONAL.

Weary Willie—"Let's learn ter hypnotize each other."

Stubbles—"Aw, what's de use?"

Weary Willie—"See de advantage? We kin work and not know it."

GEE WIZZ!

Merrily, merrily, to and fro
On automobiles to see the show.
And the crisis must come, as ages grow,
For very soon now 'twill be "Gee wo!"

HOME TRAINING.

"The powers are growing more excessive in their demands," said the first Chinaman.

"Yes," agreed the second Chinaman; "they insist on as many concessions from us as their servants exact from them."

THE TURKEY GOBBLER.

Though of his size he boasted,
He's now no cause to whoop;
If tender he is roasted,
If tough he's in the soup.

ONE KIND ALLOWABLE.

"Physicians cannot advertise," said Mr. Mulligrub. "Their code of ethics will not permit them to."

"No," agreed Mr. Billington; "the code will not countenance the paid variety."

A NEW KIND OF COUGH.

Reginald met me at the wharf
And said, with eager look,
"Auntie, I've got the hooking cough!
Do you want to hear me hook?"

A GOOD REASON.

Green—"Smith gave Johnson the lie yesterday and Johnson did not resent it."

Brown—"That's nothing; Johnson is a fisherman."

THE BASEBALL PLAYER.

Now Stanfield runs for governor
And thus it is, I ween,
That we will see a pitcher turned
Into a soup-tureen.

A GOOD TONIC.

Mrs. Youngwife (feebly, from the bed)—
"Oh, dear! if I die what will become of the children?"

Sister Maria—"Don't worry about that. William will get married again in a little while."

Mrs. Youngwife (briskly)—"Well, I ain't dead yet!"



Their Marvelous Growth of Hair

FREE TO ALL

a trial package of a new and wonderful remedy mailed free to convince people it actually grows hair, stops hair falling out, removes dandruff, and quickly restores luxuriant growth to shining scalps, eyebrows, and eyelashes. Send your name and address to the Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 6902 Foso Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, for a free trial package, enclosing a 2-cent stamp to cover postage. Write to-day.

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We will send you four full quarts or one gallon of our famous 10-year-old

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Whiskey for \$3.25 Express
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is the same quality as the famous XXXX only 4 years old, and is an excellent article for those desiring a newer whiskey. It is sold on the same conditions as the other, the price being

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FOR FOUR QUARTS
OR ONE GALLON.

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References: Any Bank or Trust Co. in New England
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A wonderful home remedy that quickly cures Catarrh where the mucus drops down the throat and lungs, sickening the stomach and causing bad breath and many diseases, including consumption. The discoverer, C. E. Gauss, 573 Main St., Marshall, Mich., will gladly send to any address a trial package of the remedy so you can try it at home and be satisfied that it is a genuine catarrh cure. Write to-day; it's free.

SEMITIC APPRECIATION.

Kohlback—"I vas happy all de vay through as a pawnbroker."

Schmoolstein—"Vhy vos you so happy, Isaac?"

Kohlback—"Vhy, vhy simply because I haf just schvollowed me down dree golden high balls."

FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE.

Thespis—"Why did he give up his intention of dramatizing his dialect story?"

Fayer—"He couldn't find an actor who could speak his dialect."

NO FRILLS FOR HIM.

"You will, I suppose," said the proud father to his soldier son, "not hesitate to bare your breast before the ball?"

"Do you take me for a society queen, father?" inquired the young man, with some sarcasm.

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

Freddie—"Why does money talk, dad?"

Cobwigger—"Because we are all too ready to listen to it."

PARADOXES.

Crawford—"Didn't you ever stop to think that many doctors would die without their patients?"

Crabshaw—"Yes; and I've often thought that many patients would live without their doctors."

ALTERED TO SUIT.

"This is the horseless age," said Killduff.

"It is," replied Poindexter; "and that good old adage should be revised to read, 'Money makes the auto go.'"

LAUGH heartily at the best man's jokes, and if he becomes too flippant, borrow money from him.

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